A VICTORIAN DEAN

A MEMOIR OF ARTHUR STANLEY, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, WITH MANY NEW AND UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

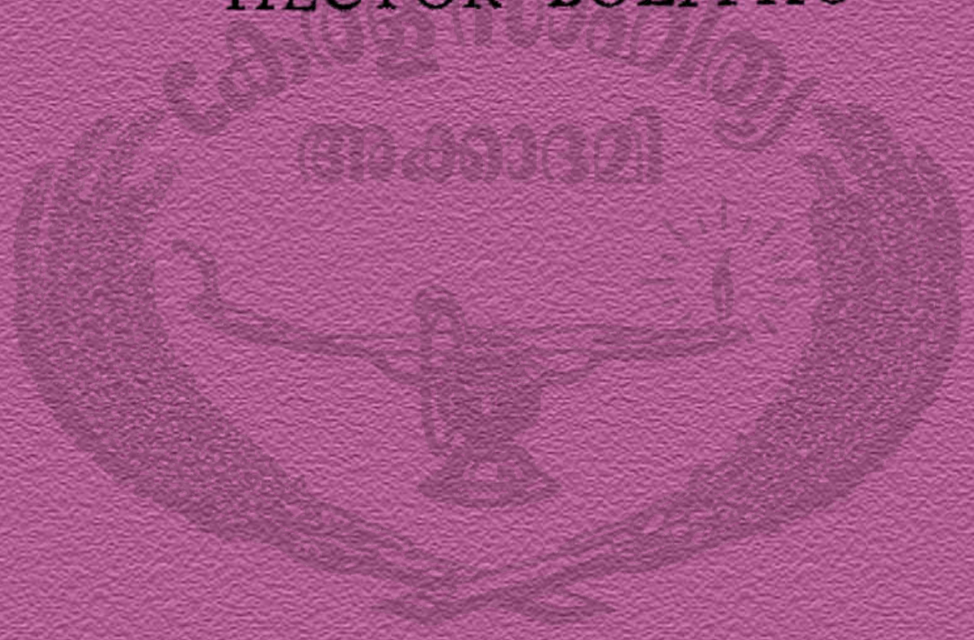
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THE DEAN OF WINDSOR & HECTOR BOLITHO

Editors of "Lady Augusta Stanley's Letters," "Later Letters of Lady Augusta Stanley"

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

HECTOR BOLITHO

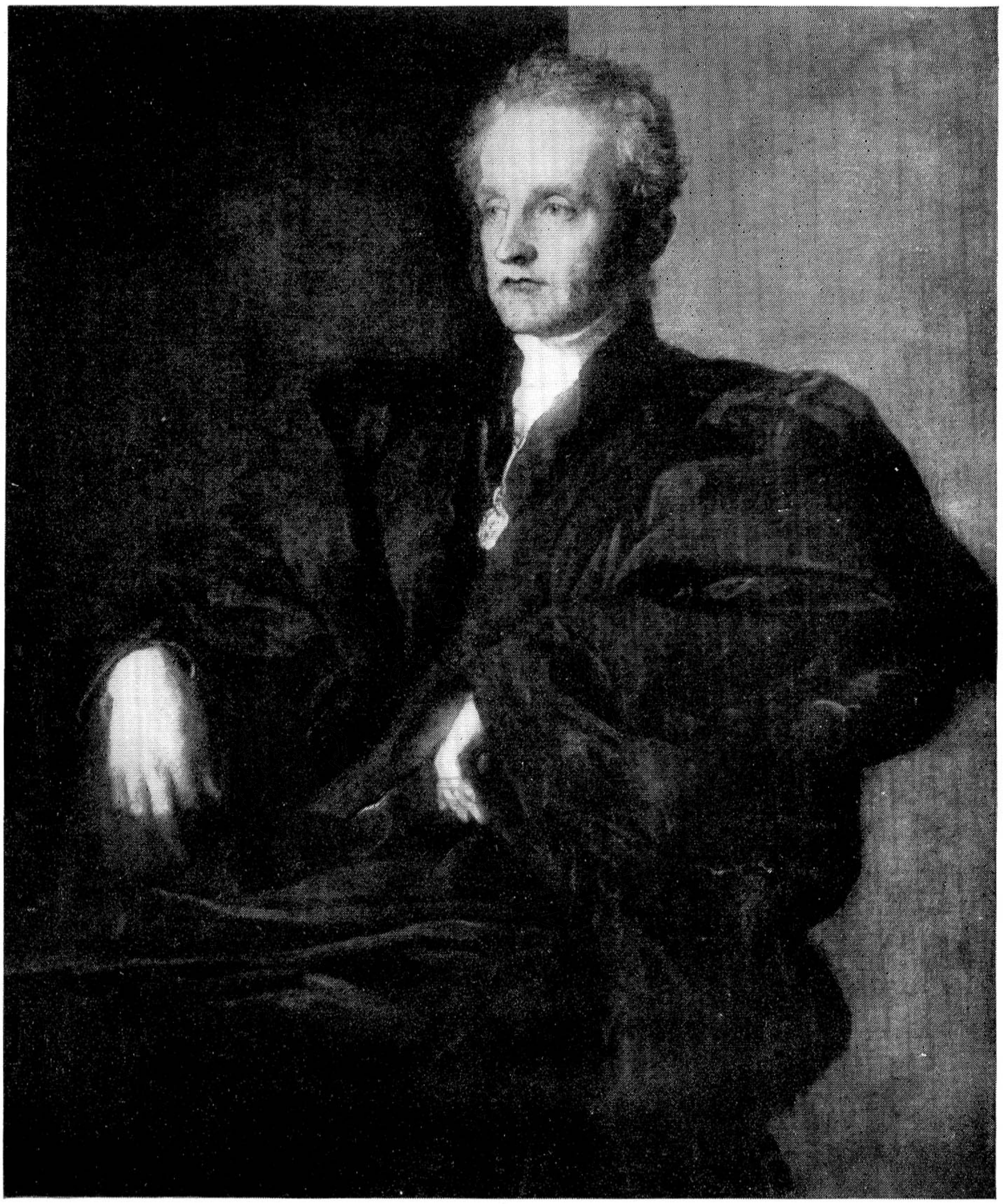


LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS
1930

A VICTORIAN DEAN

കേരള സാഹിത്യ അക്കാദമി

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FROM A PORTRAIT OF DEAN STANLEY BY G. F. WATTS

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TO

LORD ERNLE

IN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF THE GREAT DEBT THE EDITORS OWE TO HIM FOR HIS *Life and Letters of Dean Stanley.*

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INTRODUCTION

FOUR years ago I came to Windsor to help the Dean in editing the letters of Lady Augusta Stanley. At that time my interest in the Victorians was clouded with the prejudice of my generation, for I imagined them to be affected, sentimental and hypocritical. Lady Augusta's letters had lain in the boxes where her sister placed them, almost fifty years ago. For more than a year I read nothing but the great bundles of her letters and those books of reminiscences which helped me to understand her generation. From being a mere name to me, Lady Augusta slowly grew out of her letters as one of the loveliest characters I have known, in life or in history. Her wisdom, her humour and her gentle and unselfish love for all who suffered, slowly changed my interest into an affection so real that it now seems as if she were re-incarnated, as one of the people I know intimately and to whose judgement I submit my thoughts and my problems.

Some people achieve a kind of immortality in their letters. When one reads them again, after they have lain in boxes for many years, the writers seem to come back into one's life, with all the thoughts and humour which they poured into their letters, especially when they were written to somebody, confidentially, and with the frankness and love with which Lady Augusta wrote to her sister.

Lady Augusta Stanley, an early Victorian, and her nephew the Dean of Windsor, a late Victorian, have made me love their century with such a fervour that

I turned to its literature and its reminiscences as an adventure.

Among the Victorians Lady Augusta brought near to me was her husband, Dean Stanley of Westminster. His life had already been written by Lord Ernle;[1] there were three volumes of his letters and reminiscences and verses to increase my interest in the Dean. Then, to complete my understanding, there came three cases of his letters from Lord Stanley of Alderley, many of them unpublished. With the consent and kindness of Lord Ernle and of Lord Stanley, I asked the Dean of Windsor to lend his knowledge to my enthusiasm, in writing and editing another, shorter book in which these new letters might be incorporated.

There is no need, in this Introduction, to write of what the following letters reveal: the nobility, religious zeal, humour and charm of Arthur Stanley. He was unique in his generation and, in the midst of the controversies and theological storms of the Oxford Movement, and the years that followed, he preached by his life the Christian truths which cannot be assailed by changing theological theories. He illuminated all that he touched at Westminster by his vivid historical gift. Whether he served his Queen as adviser, or the poor of Westminster with a warm sympathy in their needs, whether he stood among the splendours of the Kremlin for a Prince's wedding, or in the room where the Emperor of the French and Bismarck talked, after the Franco-Prussian War, he touched the occasion with that genius which made it live and which made him seem more alive than almost anybody else of his time.

[1] Then Mr. Prothero.

INTRODUCTION

His religion was so certain that it grew, but never changed its character from the day when he sat under the pulpit and heard Arnold preach at Rugby. His love was such that it overflowed his own immediate circle and touched every kind of man and woman in the kingdom, bringing them to Westminster as upon a pilgrimage. His humour was such that it saved every incident in his life from being morbid. In him, virtue and humour seemed to be brought together as in a saint.

HECTOR BOLITHO

WINDSOR
April 1930

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CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

(1815–1843)

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CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

(1815–1843)

I 1815

ARTHUR STANLEY was born in the Regency: he died in the forty-fourth year of Queen Victoria's reign.

At the time of Stanley's birth, Thackeray tells us the old King was 'Blind and deprived of reason. . . . Some slight lucid moments he had; in one of which the Queen, desiring to see him, entered the room, and found him singing a hymn, and accompanying himself with a harpsichord. When he had finished, he knelt down and prayed. . . . He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled.'

Brighton was fashionable—the dandies of the day strutted beneath the 'strange domes and minarets of the Prince's pavilion.' Princess Charlotte still lived, with the shadow of England's crown over her. The heart of the Duke of Kent was completely engaged and he did not imagine that he would ever hold his famous conversation with the gossiping Creevey, two years afterwards, when he outlined the terms upon which he would be willing to marry for the succession.

Sir Walter Scott was enjoying the full tide of his prosperity at Abbotsford; just returned from Waterloo and seeing his *Letters of Paul* through the press. *The Antiquary* was still 'only a very general sketch';

he had just been to 'A great football match in Selkirkshire. . . . Your friend Walter (his son) was banner bearer, dressed, like a forester of old, in green, with a green bonnet and an eagle feather in it. . . .'

It was a day when public schools were 'heathenish at the best. At the worst, nurseries of vice. A famous head master of these days, indignantly answered a parental question as to the Christian character of his boys, by pointing out that he was there in order to teach Greek, not morals.'

II

Arthur Stanley's father too, had just returned from Waterloo, when his son was born: to the Rectory at Alderley, 'An old house with a verandah, forming a wide balcony for the upper storey, where bird cages hung among the roses. Its rooms and passages filled with pictures, books, and old carved oak furniture.' [1]

The quiet of these sentences describing his home, suggests the tone of all Arthur Stanley's early childhood. He was lonely, nervous and shy, but the curious difference between him and most boys of his nature was that his more sturdy contemporaries were never contemptuous of his frailty.

He was born of a family which had been of noble birth and established prosperity before the time of Henry the Sixth. His childhood was naturally protected from ugliness and irreligion. He did not come to saintliness through any fire of experience, but rather

[1] An article by Augustus Hare in *Macmillan's Magazine*, September 1881.

because goodness, tenderness and restraint were instinct in him.

His childhood makes a gentle story. It is told with rich detail by Lord Ernle, so we need do no more than suggest its outlines, so that the reader may not come too quickly upon Arthur Stanley, in the fullness of his manhood and scholarship.

He was a great letter writer when he was still very young, and we are not obliged to invent or imagine his thoughts as a boy. 'A little island opposite the Dee shore, all covered with sea pinks and wild violets,' first stirred him to write at all. He was the lonely boy of his school, industrious, popular because he could tell a story, but making no friends. The record of his schooldays is of diligence and an almost precocious desire to read the classics and write the verses they inspired in him: it is not a story of play or of leisure. While still a boy at his preparatory school, he was writing an ode to 'Superstition.' 'I have made her a sorceress, sitting in her cell,' he wrote to his sister. True, on the 5th of November, 'A gentleman near has been cutting down trees and has given them to us for our bonfire, so we have been dragging, pulling, tugging them along the road for many days.' But he is more concerned about a poem called *The Destruction of the Druids* opening 'It is the hour of deep mid-night.'

When he was thirteen, he went to Rugby: the Rugby of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. But he seems to have been an abnormal boy, for he was protected from the scandals and immoralities and vagaries of the public school of the day. When *Tom Brown* was

published, in later years, he said 'It is an absolute revelation to me: opens up a world of which, though so near me, I was utterly ignorant.'

It was Dr. Arnold himself ('I certainly should not have taken him for a doctor') who examined him. 'He was very pleasant and did not look old. . . . He took down a Homer and I read about half a dozen lines and the same with a Virgil; he then asked a little about my Latin verse and set me down without any more ado in the great book as placed in the fourth form. . . . I went to Mr. Townsend again to dine with the boys. The dining room was a place with a large fire and a table with benches, on the former of which was placed the dinner (which consisted of pudding and meat) and on the latter the boys—in number about seven—and two men servants to wait upon us. Not a word passed between me and them the whole of dinner time . . . at ten we were all in bed.'

'Now don't you expect some dreadful story of pulling toes etc.? I am afraid Mama and you will be very much disappointed, for I slept very quietly all night. . . . I discovered that it was an unknown and unpardonable thing for a Rugby boy to wear a cap.'

A little later he wrote, 'I think the only *misery* I have endured is that this night the boys have been smoking me with burnt paper through the cracks in the door. . . . The first advice about my hat was "Put your name in it, or you will have it bagged"—which means stolen. . . .'

One of his contemporaries has written of him as being 'short in stature, of slight frame, small and delicate features, with the gentle and amiable expres-

sion which marked him until the close of his life. . . . In six months he had attained to the dignity of being among the class exempt from fagging.' Another schoolfellow wrote, fifty-five years afterwards, 'I well remember when he was placed in the fourth form under Roger Bird, and leapt at one bound to the top—a little fellow in a round jacket.'

He was brilliant in his scholarship, but he did not make intimate friends. 'I have not fixed upon anyone whom I should like as a friend,' he wrote to his old schoolmaster. Rugby was growing then. Dr. Arnold was lifting it into fame. The little boy gives us a picture of him. 'He is very particular; the least word you say or pronounce wrong he finds out in an instant. . . . He does not sit still like the other masters, but walks backwards and forwards all the time and seems rather fidgetty. . . . Dr. Arnold has only preached three times this half-year, so he does not waste many of his sermons upon the young gentlemen.' And later, 'Oh! how particular he is; but at the same time so mild and pleasant.'

Eccentricities of character very seldom flower in a boy while he is still at school, and it is curious therefore to see how many of Dean Stanley's characteristics were already alive in him while he was in his early teens. His complete disinterest in his rooms and decoration made him add, when he wrote from Rugby, asking for a carpet, that he did not 'mind what it is like, if it is not ugly or extraordinary.' His very faint interest in physical prowess showed itself when he played football 'three days running. To be sure, I am a very poor player. . . . An enlivening, warm game; though I

sometimes catch myself looking at the sunset instead of the ball.'

In a later letter he wrote, 'I shall go on playing I think, though it is a joke among the boys, and they confirm myself for the most part, as I do very little more than run backwards and forwards after a crowd for the space of two hours. . . . I think I kick the ball whereas before they used to tell me I only pushed it with my foot.' The vagueness of the older Dean was alive in the schoolboy, even when he was given a place of authority. 'I have only twice called "*Silence*," on one of which times I said *Hush*, instead.'

The greatest passion of his later life was in visiting places of historical or dramatic importance. The memorials of the Abbey were an unending delight; a query over a tomb, an excavation in Palestine, the place where Amy Robsart was murdered or the site of a great fire were equal enthusiasms to him. This characteristic too stirred in the boy at Rugby.

The village of Brownsover had been chosen as the subject for the English poem. Immediately, he flew to the lively, historical interests of the place for his inspiration. 'The chief recommendation,' he wrote, 'is that Lawrence Sheriff, the founder of Rugby, was born there; besides this, the Avon—Shakespeare's Avon—flows under it and a little river called the Swift runs into the Avon into which the ashes of Wickliffe were thrown! . . . I and two or three other boys set out on a pilgrimage there the next evening. We asked a venerable old man who was standing by the gate, whether Lawrence Sheriff was buried there. "I knows of no Sheriff as has been buried here since

CHAPTER I

I've been here," was the reply—very probably not, Lawrence Sheriff having been a grocer at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign.'

He handed in his poem and later he wrote, 'Mine was the best of all the thirteen in the fifth. . . . I am somewhat bothered for copies, but not plagued about it, any more than being called "poet" now and then, and my study "Poet's Corner."' Some time after, he won the prize for his essay on 'Sicily and its revolutions.' 'Oh! what a moment! And when I came out, such a shaking of hands, such congratulations. There is a German sentence which we had in our lesson the other day, which is, "My heart laughs to me in my body"; that is just my feeling.'

In a day when schools were corrupt with bullying and immoral customs, it is refreshing and surprising to read the record of Arthur Stanley's years at Rugby. He was alive and intelligent, but no ugliness seemed to intrude to shock his sensitive nature and his picture of Rugby must be a consolation to those who harbour a depressing picture of the public schools at the beginning of the last century. Arthur Stanley did not allow his frail body to keep him out of pranks, and after writing 'At the beginning of one half-year I was in the fourth and had to sweep out another boy's study and at the beginning of the next I had fags to sweep out my own,' it is stimulating to know that the scholar sometimes lapsed. One day he joined the rest of his house in letting off squibs. 'Just as I had let one off, out came Mr. Anstey himself. We all stood stupified; he came directly up to me, and caught me by the arm, and another boy near me; the others all escaped.'

At the end of the year, Dr. Arnold called him into his study and said 'Very well Stanley; you have done very well.' But the boy did not allow the praise to inflate him, for he added in his letter, 'Dr. Arnold has not seen my sums yet.'

The latter sentence is very significant, for Arthur Stanley, on his own admission, was the poorest mathematician of his time. In February of 1830 he wrote 'I can quite fancy Archimedes not attending to the soldier who came in, if he was as much engaged and puzzled in his problems as I am.' As head of the house, the greatest nuisance he experienced was 'The collecting of the taxes for the newspapers and being obliged to reckon up over and over again, as I forgot the calculation as soon as I had finished.'

His pictures of Dr. and Mrs. Arnold are pleasant and shrewd. 'Last night we (i.e. five) went to dine with Arnold. I, being the head, was in deadly fear of making blunders in taking Mrs. A. in to dinner, carving, etc. I did make great work about taking her in, but that being over, she took all the carving to herself, till at dessert there happened to be a cake before me, which I had to cut; but unfortunately I thought, at every slice I cut, I had cut enough, and consequently laid down my knife, and was four times asked to go on again, reminding me of the lady curtseying to the King, and his saying "Come a little nearer." So much for the bodily part of it. The intellectual part, i.e. the conversation, occasionally flagged much, but part of it was very good indeed.'

'. . . . I have got my Essay back from Dr. Arnold, but I shall not be able to send you a copy just yet. . . .

CHAPTER I

I went to have it looked over with him. . . . He was looking at something about Smollett, and said *Humphry Clinker* was not thought enough of generally—and upon my telling him I had never read it—"Oh! you must read *Humphry Clinker*; if you have not got it, I will lend it to you. It is not too much to say that I have read it through fifty times"—and accordingly he jumped up and got it down for me.'

III 1830–34

These were the years of Arnold's struggle at Rugby, when his sharply defined theology and his educational reforms brought doubt and abuse, tumbling upon him. Arthur Stanley became Arnold's champion as well as his pupil, and he wrote to his old master, at Seaforth, 'It is possible that you may have heard him abused in every way—he has been branded with the names of Sabbath breaker and Infidel—but seeing so much of him as I do, I may safely say that he is as thorough a Christian as you can anywhere find. . . . He is to my mind the most powerful minded man I have ever had to do with. The information I get from being in his form is quite wonderful.' The pupil and champion became also the friend of the master, and we read in letters of the day, how in the last years at Rugby, Dr. Arnold would often turn to him in the classroom and say 'Stanley, what do you think about that?'

The Arnolds were invited to stay at Alderley, with his parents—but he was still a little afraid, and he wrote to his mother 'I had rather they would come

after I am gone from here. . . . I do not think I could ever have a perfectly comfortable talk with him, till our relations as schoolmaster and schoolboy are snapped asunder. I can hardly help laughing every time I open Boswell's *Johnson*, to see how very like my feeling towards him is to Boswell's towards Johnson.' Fourteen years after, Stanley played Boswell to Arnold's Johnson, for he wrote a book on his master which is one of the great biographies in our language.

The Arnolds went to Alderley, in spite of Arthur Stanley's entreaty to his mother. 'It certainly was a most total change from the exalted state in which he has appeared to my eyes for the week before—such childlike joy and simplicity. . . . He talked of his talk with Coleridge the other night, about chivalry, geology, phrenology, and Queen Caroline and mobs, and Niebuhr, and Thucydides and triremes and genealogies, etc., etc. . . . . Arnold was rather shy and tired at night. . . . I was rather alarmed . . . not one word of my going to the Lakes, when he at the last moment gave me the fullest invitation to go whenever I liked. . . . I hope to goodness I shall be the only one there.'

Arthur Stanley went to the Lakes and his letters to his sister gave pictures of 'Wordsworth. . . . He is an old man, with silver grey hair, and rather untidily dressed. I don't think there is anything peculiar in his face, except perhaps a great mildness.'

'Later. We had for dinner the Wordsworths, Pasleys and Fletchers. Wordsworth, they said, was quite himself, for of late he has been in a very gloomy

mood. Unfortunately the conversation did not turn on anything in which he could talk advantageously, but he was very merry and laughed heartily.' The boy was kind about Wordsworth's conceit. 'The only sign I saw of conceit was his being dressed untidily! He looks rather like a farmer; is quite old, about sixty. . . . The only evening on which I saw him, he gave me the idea of a pleasant old gentleman, was not dictatorial and did not engross the conversation.'

The boy's adoration of the master, seemed to border on a dangerous extreme, and he wrote in May of 1834, almost at the end of his time at Rugby, 'Most sincerely must I thank God for His goodness in placing me here with Arnold. Yet I always feel that the happiness is a dangerous one, and that loving him and admiring him as I do, to the very verge of all love and admiration that can be paid to man, I fear I have passed the limit, and have made him my idol, and that in all I may be but serving God for man's sake. . . . It is fortunate then, perhaps, that I can stay here no longer.' The letter was written to his greatest school friend, Charles Vaughan.[1] It ended, 'You too love him and admire him, as much as he deserves—but not more, and not dangerously, and you can help me—I would hardly say to love him less—but to love God more.'

In November of 1833, he competed for the Balliol scholarship and of this day he wrote to his sister, 'In the midst of my agony of expectation and fear . . . at last the Dean appeared in his white robes, and moved up

[1] Charles J. Vaughan married Arthur Stanley's sister and was Master of the Temple, when Stanley was Dean of Westminster.

to the head of the table. He first began a long preamble . . . all this time everyone was listening in the most intense eagerness, till "The successful candidates are—Mr. Stanley.' "

'I gave a great jump and there was a half shout among the Rugby men. . . . You may only think of my joy. The honour of Rugby is saved and I am a scholar of Balliol.

'My visit to Oxford has certainly most wonderfully reconciled me to what I had before such a dread of—going up to reside there, as now, instead of being associated with gross bigotry and gross profligacy as before, it is associated with the recollections of one of the happiest weeks I ever have had.'

Rugby was over for him and all his emotions on the last day were crowded into his record of what Arnold said to him, as he went up for the last of his six prizes. 'Stanley, I have now given you from this place every prize that can be given and I cannot let it pass without thanking you thus publicly for the honour you have reflected upon the school, not only within these walls, but even already at the University.'

Then, when Arnold and the boy were alone, Arnold, 'Speaking in that low, choked voice,' said 'God bless you Stanley, here and hereafter, and let me see you and hear from you as often as you can.' 'And then he called me in again, after I had gone out, and again blessed me.'

IV 1834–37

Towards the end of 1834, he went to London, 'into the Poets' Corner and part of the Abbey' of

which he was to be Dean thirty years afterwards. 'We went all round the Zoological Gardens, where Charley says the beasts were duller than usual, but easier to see, as there was no crowd. . . . We could observe who the monkeys were like. . . . What I liked the best were the brown bears, both on the pole, and one in the cage, that was the very image of the one in the German stories, fiddling. And those crested sort of peacocks, that hopped so exactly like exceedingly silly people; the monkeys were rather quiet, but the way in which they picked the fleas off each other was capital.' He caught the coach at White Horse Cellar and two months afterwards, he went into residence at Balliol.

'The country is bleak,' he wrote, 'but the hills make a strong feature, and the rivers and quantity of streams and canals come in very well. But the great thing of beauty in every walk is Oxford itself, rising with all its towers out of its solemn grove of trees.'

The early Oxford letters of Arthur Stanley show that he did not accept all that he was told without question and criticism. Whether it was instinct, or Arnold's training which gave him the confidence of a critic, he certainly frowned upon his tutors, if they deserved it. In the first week he writes, 'At twelve, went to my first lecture, to Oakeley in Livy. We construed in the old way, word for word, in turn, with one or two unimportant remarks from him. . . . However, he is not a good tutor, and so not a good specimen of Oxford.'

Again his physical helplessness disturbed him. He had forgotten that he would need sheets for his bed

at Balliol, 'So I bewailed myself to Lake,[1] whose mother kindly provided all that was necessary, adding even written directions as to how and when they were to be aired.' First he engaged a bed at the Mitre, and then to the rooms of a friend, where he took tea. The company were 'apparently clever and gentlemanly, but who, being utterly unknown to me and intimate with each other, only served to make my solitude and desolation more visible.'

When he found his rooms, they were on the west side of Balliol, looking out towards the Church of St. Mary Magdalen. He never completely escaped from domestic chaos—he wore a cap and gown on St. Luke's day, when he should have worn a surplice, and when he made his own breakfast, he was 'perlexed as to whence tea and sugar were to come, nor did I get my tea good when it did come, as I had imprudently taken the kettle off the fire meantime. . . . I have felt very desolate on the whole. I have as yet received no strong impression of liking or disliking the place, and I can hardly yet believe that the shadow of the cap on the wall belongs to my head.' He liked 'general society as much as ever; but in individuals, when I go out walking with them, I am disappointed. They all dogmatize very much.'

Oxford shocked him. He spoke to his friends of the wickedness which abounded there, and feared that his own love might wax cold. The broad-minded Churchman was already astir in him, and in this first year he wrote of a day when he went 'out for a walk with an acquaintance.' Suddenly a look of horror appeared

[1] Afterwards Dean of Durham.

on his face. 'I did not know that such a thing was tolerated in Oxford,' pointing to a notice on the wall.

I imagined it to be 'something dreadful'; it was an innocent *To the chapel.*

'Oh!' said I, 'you mean the Dissenting chapel?'

'Yes, how could it have been built here? I wonder they did not pull it down long ago.'

About this time Arthur Stanley came to admire the character and saintliness of Keble, whom he remembered until the end of his life, for every Sunday, until he died, he read the appropriate poem in *The Christian Year*. The young undergraduate wrote to Alderley of Keble, 'You will quarrel with me still more about my not having an eyeglass, when I tell you that his features were invisible. . . . He is middle sized, rather sharp faced . . . with very twinkling eyes. His lecture was in Latin, and I am ashamed to say that I so tired myself with trying to see his face that I was distracted from . . . the finest part of it (on the Odyssey it was) and I only heard a long argument, in part rather fine and true, but in part certainly most curious, to show that Homer was a Tory—not a poetical Tory, but a thoroughly downright political Tory.'

Rugby and Arnold were still his passions and he wrote a little later of how Moberley [1] had come back from Rugby, convinced that it was the first school in England. 'Palmer too, I hear, came back delighted with Arnold. . . . It makes me feel, perhaps rather superstitiously, that he cannot have all these extraordinary qualities given him for nothing, and that he

[1] Head master of Winchester, and later Bishop of Salisbury.

is, or will be, the great Elijah of the present evil crisis.' [1]

In September, the man who most occupied his mind was Newman. 'I heard him preach in the Parish Church on Sunday. . . . There were things that reminded me that he was a High Churchman, but the general tone, the manner, the simple language, reminded me of no other than Arnold. There was the same overpowering conviction conveyed that he was a thorough Christian—I had almost said, a man of the purest charity. . . . I dread more and more the collision between Arnold and the High Church. At present, he and Newman seem to be almost antagonist powers, whereas really they are of the very same essence, so to speak.'

This view ripened into deep concern for his master and friend and a few months afterwards, he wrote to his parents at Alderley 'I think you at the Rectory are just the people to do him good just now, in the political way, and you might impress on Mrs. Arnold how it is of the very utmost importance that he should not be considered a party man or a radical, for he is certainly really not in the least one or the other.'

Later he wrote of Newman, 'You forget that I cannot see his face with my poor eyes. His delivery is simple and earnest, though rather monotonous.'

His friend Vaughan was at Cambridge and at the close of the October term, he went to see him. The friendship was strengthened, but Cambridge must have held her dearest beauties from him, for he wrote

[1] This reference is to the maelstrom of interests which are now described as the Oxford Movement.

CHAPTER I

'The change from the great sweep of High Street and Broad Street to the wretched narrow, winding, collegeless streets of Cambridge, was at first overwhelming. . . . I could hardly conceive it possible for a university to exist with any degree of grandeur in a place so vile. I long to blow up all the houses . . . in those unsightly, undignified streets.' But if he frowned at Cambridge architecturally, he was impressed by the scholars, with whom he dined. He met Thirlwall, the historian, 'Melancholy looking beyond what can be told and satirical and seldom speaking,' but 'displaying more feeling over a huge dog, folding his arms round its neck and almost kissing it.' He met Whewell, the future Master of Trinity, 'most good humoured and good natured,' and also Wordsworth,[1] who in later years strongly opposed Arthur Stanley's election to the Deanery at Westminster. But Wordsworth eventually became his friend and justified Stanley's early judgement of him.

'. . . With the exception of Wordsworth, I thought them less polished than our Dons. On the whole, I do not repent being at Oxford, though the lectures here are as good as those at Oxford are bad.' He thought their manners more barbarous than those of Oxford and when architecture and deep thinking made him tired, he allowed his passion for historical associations to draw him to see Milton's mulberry tree at Christ's, and Cromwell's picture, taken from the living man, at Sidney.'

There were other escapes from the scenes of Oxford,

[1] Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Canon of Westminster, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, nephew of William Wordsworth, the poet.

and during the long vacation of 1835, he went with his father to Dublin. Among those whom he met there was Lear, the artist. He went to 'Two Roman Catholic Chapels, where I saw the worst of Popery, as it was on the day of the Assumption of the Virgin. There was much that I disagreed in, but I can bear testimony that they kept throughout within the limits of veneration, without idolatry.'

To go through the details of the development of Arthur Stanley's theological views at Oxford, would call for the reprinting of much that is already recorded in Lord Ernle's *Life*. He was drawn very closely into the case of Dr. Hampden,[1] and it is believed that Lord Melbourne himself sought the undergraduate's advice, in a letter written through the Secretary to the Treasury, as to how Hampden stood in the esteem of the undergraduates, as a scholar and a Divine.

In 1836, Arthur Stanley went abroad and lived for a month at Baden-Baden, 'A very amusing place. . . . The needy Scotch Baronets, the newly-married couples, the vulgar people trying to scrape themselves into good society, the gossips, the princes, the wicked Ex-elector of Hesse, and the noble ex-Duchess of Baden[2] are all very curious.' He found the conversation of the Grand-Duchess 'superior to anyone's that I have ever heard, except Arnold in his best moments.'

Back in Oxford, he wrote of the contrast to Bonn and Heidelberg and added 'I don't wonder that,

[1] Hampden was elected Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, in spite of spirited and bitter opposition, inspired by his Bampton Lectures, which had been delivered some years before.

[2] This was the Grand-Duchess who was married by Bonaparte to the Grand-Duke of Baden, against his will.

amidst these massive grey colleges, Newman delights in thinking that he is clinging to the only fragment left us of the ancient Catholic Church.'

Successes gathered around him and in 1837, Stanley won the Ireland Scholarship and then the Newdigate Prize for English verse, with his poem *The Gypsies*. In 1837, he was elected to a Fellowship at University College. While he grew in favour and in scholarship, he strengthened his links with Vaughan, who had obtained the Craven scholarship at Cambridge. Part of his heart went to his friend at Cambridge, but most to Norwich, where his father had been appointed to the Bishopric. With this appointment, Stanley too realized a fuller life and wider influence, for he became his father's adviser in many things. Indeed, his father's installation sermon, which was far from being calm or unobtrusive, owed many of its surprises to the undergraduate at Oxford. 'I do not like the sentence. . . . I should put it rather in this way,' he wrote. His father at once adopted his suggestion. Then the son continued: 'Look out for any inaccuracies in quotation. . . . I am always afraid of anything about the Roman Catholics; the relations of the Church of England to them are so very complicated, that it requires more subtlety and accuracy of expression than almost any other question.'

V 1838–40

In May of 1838, Arthur Stanley was in London, and there are pictures in his letters of Lord Melbourne, 'A most pleasant speaker, and a most agree-

able looking man,' and of Carlyle, lecturing on general literature.

Three kings had died and ended the stirring Georgian days, and in the letters which he wrote during this visit to London, we come upon a happy description of the Coronation of the Queen, in her 'Vast crimson train, outspread by eight ladies, all in white, followed by the great ladies of her Court, in enormous crimson trains, and the smaller ladies, with delicate sky blue trains, trailing along the dark floor. When she came within the full view of the gorgeous Abbey, she paused, as if for breath, and clasped her hands. I never saw anything like it; tears would have been a relief; one felt that the Queen must sink into the earth under the tremendous awe. . . . The Duchess of Kent burst into tears and her Lady had to put on her coronet for her.'

'. . . More beautiful than I could have conceived possible. I should wish almost never to see her again; as this was the first image I had ever had of her, so it should be the last.'

Stanley joined his generation in frowning at the theatre, but he rejoiced over Macready's reformation of Covent Garden and the fact that he spent his Sunday evenings with his children, 'More like Arnold's with his children than anything else I have ever heard of; teaches them especially, notions of Christian honour as opposed to worldly and duelling honour. Prayers of his own making for them, etc.; so thoughtful and kind to all people about him; fatherly care of all the actors and actresses.' He rejoices too that a person who believed it wrong to go to other theatres, thought

himself right in going to Covent Garden, because of Macready's character.

He tells a story of Macready, walking along a street in Edinburgh. There was 'A house on fire; a woman in the street called out "My bairn! My bairn!" which was in one of the highest windows: he saw it, rushed up the ladder; people trying to hold him back; his hat fell off; caught the child, came down, and instantly ran off, so that it would never have been known but for his name in the hat. If all this and more is true . . . he certainly is entitled to everyone's support; and I should be delighted to think it was so, as it would solve for me the problem of the lawfulness of going to plays, by making a point of going to Covent Garden only.'

One is tempted to over-quote the stories of Stanley's helplessness, because each one attracts one more affectionately to his character. In Newcastle he made a desperate effort at small talk with his partner when they were dancing.

'A very fine town,' said I.

'Not half so fine as Edinburgh—if you like this, you will be delighted with Edinburgh.'

'Very fine rooms.'

'Oh, nothing like the rooms at Edinburgh; they are vastly superior.'

'Very large.'

'Oh, those at Edinburgh are so much better lighted.'

At Newcastle, when he visited Ravensworth, 'with infinite labour and dexterity' he had 'dragged two ladies through the crowd into lunch, and being asked to help them to some venison—nothing else would

satisfy them—I saw there was nothing for it but to cut the Gordian knot, so I seized the knife and fixed it at random in the back of the haunch. The effect was all that could have been desired. I was immediately stopped by a piercing shriek from an old lady further down, three or four gentlemen rushed to the rescue, and I delivered the haunch unmutilated into their hands.'

Within himself, he was wrestling with problems more serious than those of carving venison or inventing small talk in a ballroom. His struggle involved the religious views of Arnold as opposed to those of Newman, and he crystallized Newman's fault in a sentence. It lay, he wrote, 'Not in requiring us to believe that such secrets and mysteries exist, but in requiring us to make them (not their practical side) the food of our religious belief and feelings, a fault which will, if carried out fully, turn theology into metaphysics and religion into mysticism.'

These shadows and dissensions did not turn him from his early decision to take Orders, nor did the arguments of Oxford sway the steady flame of religion this way or that—it burned, as it had ever done, under Arnold's teaching. Arnold and his pupil may have become faintly estranged in thought, but Arnold's religious influence on him eventually overwhelmed the many tides of Oxford opinion.

In taking his Orders, he was afraid of the damnatory clauses in the Athanasian Creed and the horror of the phrase 'without doubt shall perish everlastingly' especially frightened him. He took his doubts to Archdeacon Clark, just before his Ordination. After

a long conversation, the Archdeacon said to him, 'There is no need to be under any further anxiety or apprehension about it.'

After this, he wrote to Vaughan 'And so we parted. . . . To-morrow I sign and seal, and on Sunday am Ordained.'

With his Ordination, his interests widened, and his influence deepened. He becomes the close adviser of his father. Lord Ernle describes him in the Palace at Norwich, 'Day by day, year after year,' standing 'at his desk by the fireplace . . . with his books and papers before him, wrapped in those days in a blue dressing gown, from ten to one every morning; often with his younger sister at her studies or assisting him, in the same room. At one, he came down to luncheon which he generally ate standing with his back to the fire.'

His character developed and his faint eccentricities assumed definite form. The breadth of his friendship and interests took in Joseph John Gurney, 'The Quaker poet, and Elizabeth Fry.' 'Scenery,' Lord Ernle writes, 'apart from its associations, and viewed in its own light, possessed little attraction for him.' The Matterhorn was uninteresting because it had no legends. Lucerne was real only because it was the background of William Tell. There is something very attractive about the picture of the wise, eager and devout Arthur Stanley travelling abroad, still looking so young that an Englishman who saw him said that he thought boys should not go to Italy and Greece 'till they get older and acquire a fund of historical knowledge.' He forgot his luggage at Mayence—just

walked away and left it standing on the bridge. But he said he would not disquiet himself about it. 'Fortunately I have all the necessaries of life with me, and my pockets are filled with books.'

It was on this tour, in 1840, that he met Bunsen, whose conversation 'flowed like a fountain.' He met the Grand Duchess Stephanie again and, after the brilliant company at Bunsen's house, with stories of Talleyrand and Madame de Staël, Thiers, and Guizot, Bunsen showed him his extinguisher. 'It was a hollow figure of a Jesuit, with his arms folded, and Bunsen's delight was to put him on the candlestick, and imagine him to say, as the smoke rises round him, "Thank Heaven, I have extinguished a light." '

He found the Alps and the Rhine 'unmeaning.' 'The only places which have come up to my ideal of what they ought to be are Lucerne and Geneva; and of them, the last is the only place I should like to live at, and there is no place, except Lucerne, which I ever wish to see again.' He advanced towards Venice, 'Silently, in the hearse-like gondola, through the dark sea, to the lights that glimmer upon it in the distance.'

'I never before was so much impressed with the futility of pictures. . . . No picture can give you the way in which the Piazza of St. Mark stands quite alone of its kind in Venice. . . . But still, I think the general strangeness and beauty have been exaggerated. A city on the sea or on a river may always, more or less, be like it. . . . Certainly, if Switzerland teaches one the evils of democracy, Venice is not less useful in teaching the evils of an aristocracy. Even in the very gorgeousness of the Piazza there is a look of resolute,

hardened pride, that seems to call for the vengeance that has visited it.'

He went on board the steamer 'From Corfu to Patras, wearing a strange garment—a Scotch plaid shawl, given me by Tait, turned into a coat merely by the addition of sleeves, which the tailor made more ridiculous by having them made of a different colour. All eyes were eagerly turned upon this, and I could not enter or go out of the cabin without exciting shouts of laughter.'

He approached Greece with the ecstasy of an antiquarian. 'It seems too good to be true that I shall really see Athens.'

In one day, he 'saw everything in the town, except the Acropolis. . . . The first day was like a strange dream, every single step being so perfectly familiar, both from pictures and associations—more familiar, I suppose, to me than any other single place in the world except the neighbourhood of Alderley.' When he did go to the Acropolis, he found it 'blazing like a topaz, embraced in the violet folds of Hymettus.' And then Olympia, 'Where the national and religious feelings of Greece lingered after Rome and Christianity had extinguished them everywere else.'

In Naples, he found Hugh Pearson,[1] who was to become the greatest friend of his life. They went on adventures together—to the Museum which lowered his 'notions of Pompeii, and gives a sort of Pickwickian character to one's expectations.'

He came home with Pearson, through Sicily and Italy. He paused in Rome, where the first thing that

[1] Later Vicar of Sonning and Canon of Windsor.

awakened him 'from an interest in Pagan to an interest in Christian Rome, were the Catacombs; the first which awakened me from an interest in Imperial, to an interest in Papal, Rome, was the Pope. My first sight of the Pope was at S. Maria, on the Feast of the Annunciation, when he goes there in state, to give dowries to poor girls. . . . High in the air I saw the waving of the enormous fans of white peacock feathers, which announced the coming of the great sight. Under these fans, raised on a chair on the shoulders of men, high above the heads of the people, wearing the triple crown, motionless as a corpse, except when his two fingers moved in blessing, his whole figure visible from head to foot, sate the Pope.[1] The moment he appeared the whole congregation, guards and people, fell on their knees, calling out, "Benedice, Santo Padre." It was a most impressive, almost an awful sight to see the old man so very near, in such a tremendous position —the prostration of the people making his own exaltation more striking. I could see every feature quite distinctly—not unlike Uncle Stanley, but very corpse-like. On he moved, like a statue, under the waving of the peacock fans, and I saw no more of him.'

The ceremonies did not tend to convert him, but he wrote, 'If I were already inclined to Roman Catholicism, they would tend to make me a Papist. . . . The Pope's manner is particularly devout and good.'

When Arthur Stanley returned to England, he came upon the sensation of Newman's Tract Number 90, which gave the turning-point to the Oxford Movement. To describe the dissensions and differences in

[1] Pope Gregory XVI.

CHAPTER I

Oxford at this time, would involve excursions into the antiquities of theology which would be out of place in this story.

VI 1841–43

Stanley returned to Oxford in June of 1841, to live through a few human scenes, which compensate for the rather intense and confusing part he played in the 'embittered controversy which overhung the University.'

One day, in London, he went to breakfast with the poet Rogers. The poet Wordsworth was there. Whenever he had seen him before, he had been 'stiff or prosy; but on this occasion he not only gave birth to several wise remarks on words and meter, but it was beautiful to see the playful way he and his brother poet sported together and bantered each other on their respective habits. It was exactly the *Town* and *Country Mouse*. . . . And there was a most amusing account of their going together to Hampton Court and how the country mouse had fixed on the only day and the town mouse on the only hour, when it could not be seen, and how they were beset by fashionable acquaintances of the town mouse. . . .'

His friend Pearson too was to be ordained, and letters passed between them, serious and charming letters. 'It is a great privilege to be a Minister of the Church,' Stanley said to him, 'but it is a far greater privilege to be a member of it; he who most magnifies the solemnity of Baptism will most rightly value the far inferior solemnity of Ordination.'

At the end of 1841, the year was crowned for him by the coming of Arnold to Oxford, as Professor of Modern History. Stanley wrote of his delight at his inaugural lecture, 'Seeing the crowds of men standing till the theatre doors were open. There was a regular rush. . . . Such an audience as no Professor ever lectured to before, larger even than to hear the famous inaugural lecture of Hampden.' In a later lecture, Arnold 'Gave a most striking account of the horrors of the blockade of Genoa, at which the Master of Balliol is said to have wept. . . . No other Professor has produced such an effect, I should think, for centuries.'

In April of 1842, he began his lectures, 'As public tutor, which I consider a great event.' At first, he said that the only unpleasant part he found in his lectures was 'The total absence of any expression of feeling in the faces of my twelve auditors.' But he added later, 'You will be glad to hear that my audience has at last given signs of human feeling by a burst of laughter at a ludicrous story. I was quite alarmed at the effect of my own wit.'

Just as the previous year was crowned by Arnold's coming to Oxford, so this new year was made tragic for him by Arnold's death—'this dreadful calamity, the greatest that ever has happened to me.' He went to Rugby to help 'to fix upon the place in the Chapel for the burial. It is to be within the rails, immediately before the Communion table, that being the place usually allotted to the body of the Founder; and as the real Founder is buried elsewhere, I think one may safely predict that there will never arise another who can dispute his claim to it.'

CHAPTER I

The election of the new head master[1] to Rugby, brought out what was perhaps the weakest point in Arthur Stanley's character—his indecision. When he was very young, he had said, 'No; my life never will be written. My fatal irresolution will prevent that.' This indecision embarrassed him when he was asked for advice in the appointment of a new head master. Three of the candidates, Vaughan, Tait and Bonamy Price, were his friends. His judgement wavered and only 'his transparent sincerity' and the generosity of the candidates averted a disaster to their friendships. Lord Ernle tells us that 'He never forgot the "mess of misunderstanding" in which, with the best intentions, he had become involved.'

Almost immediately, he began to write his *Life of Arnold*, which has since been grouped with Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, and Boswell's *Johnson*, as one of the great biographies in our language. When he was a boy at school, he had said that he walked in Arnold's shadow as Boswell behind Johnson: the same love and understanding which enriched the pens of Boswell and Lockhart, came to Arthur Stanley in his work and when the book was published in 1844, it was received with universal pleasure and respect.

[1] The honour fell upon Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait, later Archbishop of Canterbury.

CHAPTER II

(1843–1847)

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CHAPTER II

(1843–1847)

I

1843–44

ARTHUR STANLEY withdrew a little from affairs during the two years in which he was writing Arnold's life. In this retirement, he wrote and lived, only half-conscious of everything outside his master's story. Indeed, when one reads the record of this time, it seems that he was so deeply engaged in re-creating the character and scenes of Arnold's story, that he had very little life of his own. His only respite was a holiday in Paris, with Charles Vaughan, in July of 1843. He paused before Versailles, 'that gigantic palace, filled with the one only thought of royal pride and selfishness. . . . The whole place unredeemed by one single association of heroism or holiness.' Then he came back to his work again.

While he grew as a scholar, he was perpetually distressed by the theological dissensions at Oxford, and during the next four years, as he assumed the work of College tutor, his letters were heavy with the stories of Newman's growth and leadership, Pusey's sermons, the renewed Hampden agitation and the story of Ward's degradation. Stanley went to hear Ward avow 'his belief in the whole cycle of Roman doctrines' and wrote of his lamentations, that 'a mob of twelve hundred persons' should assume 'judicial functions, after the most solemn warnings of their incompetency, on a question which it is quite impossible they can have

studied and then proceeding to inflict sentence, such as in its present form has never been inflicted on any one in the whole history of the University. One of the painful parts was to feel during Ward's speech, how many qualms of conscience must have arisen and been put aside, because men felt it was then too late to change.

'Some did change—one man that I knew was standing in the Arena and lamented, as soon as the speech was finished, that it would probably exasperate, instead of conciliate. Two unknown masters, standing near him turned and said, "You are wrong, Sir, we came up to vote against Mr. Ward, but he has convinced us that we are incompetent to judge."

'What are you going to do, one old clergyman was heard to say to another. "Oh, I do not know—Vote for the old Church, I suppose, come and have a rubber afterwards."

'The Doctors gave their votes as they sate aloft in the semicircle—a flush it is said passed over the pallid face of the Provost of Oriel[1] as he voted for the degradation.

'Later. The scene without must have been rather amusing as described by some undergraduates who had stationed themselves at an adjacent window—After Ward's second speech was over he left the theatre. They saw him rush out "perturbed" as they imagined by the Beadle and in rushing out down he fell on his face on the snow. Pamphlets, papers, etc., flying in all directions. Recovering them he descended into the street where stood a crowd of sixty or seventy

[1] Dr. Edward Hawkins.

undergraduates who loudly cheered him and followed him home to Balliol cheering all the while; there round the gate stood a semicircle of Scouts, bowing profoundly as he entered and so he vanished from the public gaze. Then came out the V. Chancellor and he also was met by the same troop of undergraduates who received him with loud groans and some snowballs it is said were thrown, which were intercepted by lamp posts.'

In August of 1844, Stanley went to Germany with Benjamin Jowett.[1] They steamed down the Danube, 'A wild, straggling river, turbid as if carrying off the dregs of Europe.' They came to Vienna, where he saw all but the picture galleries. Only the human interest of portraits could ever induce him to face walls covered with pictures, no matter how fine they were. But the landscapes he painted with words live in his letters with so much beauty and realism, that one is tempted to quote great passages from them. As he travelled over the country, a little war of the past, a hero who walked bravely over the earth, or a fair and romantic legend would inspire him to write a letter in which he unconsciously made a story of pure beauty and literary distinction.

On the way home, they came to Dresden, whence he wrote to the Hon. Louisa Stanley, 'We were deliberating how we could most rapidly pass on from Dresden to Berlin, when we suddenly discovered that we had arrived on the day of a great assembling of German scholars and schoolmasters and professors,

[1] Afterwards Master of Balliol. Stanley wrote in later years that he had learned more from Jowett 'than from any living man.'

exactly answering to the British Association only for the advancement not of Physical but Philological Science. There was a great meeting of them in the evening in a large hall on the Terrace and there we went—almost the first person we saw was my old friend Professor Bocking, my host at Bonn. I renewed my acquaintance with him and from that moment we went a round of introductions till we finally reached the President of the Association, Hermann, the Father of German Philology, a very old man, but still strong and vigorous and receiving with great pleasure, the adoration which was paid him. . . .

'There was Lachmann with long yellow, streaming hair, the Editor of the Greek Testament which you have often seen in my rooms. There were others whose names would not interest you. . . .

'The meeting was like the British Assoc. in many respects—a great meeting in the morning, various sections established—a great dinner and various modes of entertainment—we went to the dinner at which there must have been four hundred, and sate by some Americans who were intelligent but gave signs of Americanism, viz., pronounced Emerson's works too "greeny," meaning theoretical visionary.

'The toasts were characteristic—all very short speeches, 1, Hermann proposed the King of Saxony, 2, the Association, 3, Thiersch proposed Gottfried Hermann, which was drunk with vast enthusiasm, someone else proposed "The Land of Freedom, the Land of Learning and Science, the Land of the Reformation, the Land of Luther and of Frederic the Wise, *The Land of Saxony*," with great enthusiasm.

CHAPTER II

'(I have been struck by the way in which the Saxons seem to pride themselves on their freedom as compared to their northern and southern neighbours, and the bitter spirit in which they seem to speak of the King of Prussia.)

'But the next day's dinner was far more entertaining, the first four or five toasts were one after another various forms of homage to Hermann, at last almost reaching the height of apotheosis. This is in fact the great feature of the present meeting—one man spoke of him as the hero of Scholars, another uttered a formal prayer in Latin that he might long be preserved for the good of Dresden, of Germany, of Europe, of Christendom. A third rose as the Representative of Silesian Holstein to offer him the homage of the remotest parts of Germany—a fourth with great pomp, presented him in the name of the Association with a silver cup found at Pompeii—pointed out the appropriateness of the classical symbols carved on the cup to him, how he was the Eagle of Olympus, the Interpreter of the Iliad and Odyssey there represented.

'All this Hermann received with considerable pleasure and emotion, thanking God that he had lived to see that day, saying that the best thing they would wish him, was a good gallop (he is a great rider and has written on ancient horsemanship) . . . at last the Meeting became tumultuous . . . it finally ended in the really grand sight and sound of a Latin Song (*Gaudeamus*) sung by the united voices of the four hundred most learned men in Germany. I should add that the scene was considerably enlivened by the

German practice of touching glasses before drinking wine and by the various cross purposes, occasioned by the toasts being given while the dinner was going on. Thus, at the end, while all was going off into violent uproar, there was quite a melody of the jingling glasses which you were told to hold by the handle, that the "Kling" might be more complete. This was done, not with your immediate neighbour, but with the half dozen all round you. Then a ludicrous effect was produced by a loud pop of an opening bottle of champagne, resounding all thro' the room, just as Hermann in his small shrill voice was returning thanks for his Apotheosis. What a strange contrast to the British Association. . . .'

In Berlin, 'with the exception of the King and Schelling' [1] he saw everyone that he wished to see. 'Von Humboldt, Ranke,[2] Neander,[3] etc., etc., I am very glad to have seen them; eminent men are now always a pleasing recollection to me. But otherwise it was a failure. I am never good at drawing-out people, especially when alone. . . . I talked to Ranke a little about the Hussites and the Reformation, and got a little but not much out of him. I was glad to find that he agreed with me in thinking that Henry the Eighth's natural greatness had been under-estimated.'

1 F. W. J. von Schelling, Professor of Philosophy at Berlin.
2 Leopold von Ranke, the historian.
3 Johann A. W. Neander, Professor of Church history at Berlin.

CHAPTER II

II 1845–1847

After this interlude, Stanley returned to Oxford, and to its controversies. While he was thus engaged, he tried also to enrich his knowledge and experience as a Parish Priest. Bishop Hobhouse has written the story of how Stanley asked him to introduce him to some few houses of the lower class, which he could enter for pastoral visitation. 'I selected a few of the more cultivated of the cottager class, doubting his capacity for reaching the lowest. There was only one who was cultivated enough to understand him fully—an old College servant, whose health had broken in mid-life, and driven him to reading and meditation to an extent unusual in his rank of life.

'This man died just at the time of the movement in the Oxford Convocation for the condemnation of Mr. Ward's "Ideal of a Christian Church." On my way to the stormy meeting, I called on his widow to make arrangements for the funeral. The widow said, "Mr. Stanley is upstairs." There I found him, cap, gown, and hood, ready for voting in the Convocation, and just rising from his knees. I said, "Do not I know why you are here?" "Yes," he replied, "I thought this chamber of death would be the best training for the spirit, to calm it for the coming Convocation." '

Many times he lifted his eyes to see the affairs of people who lived outside the Oxford circle and he noted the fall of Peel's Ministry in 1846. Peel's speech, he thought 'The most affecting public event' he could ever remember: 'No return of Cicero from exile, no triumphal procession up to the Temple of Capitoline

Jove, no Appius Claudius in the Roman Senate, no Chatham dying in the House of Lords, could have been a truly grander sight than that great Minister retiring from office, giving to the whole world Free Trade with one hand, and universal peace with the other, and casting underfoot the miserable factions which had dethroned him.'

Lord Ernle has written of Stanley's increasing influence, which was 'At that time, unexampled in the University. Nor was his influence confined only to his College. His appointment as Select Preacher in October 1845, is evidence of the position which he had acquired . . . he speaks of himself in 1846 as "disinclined to any work which is not connected with my College work." . . . He refused the offer of Alderley Rectory and, in 1849, of the Deanery of Carlisle.

'His efforts as a tutor to raise the character of his College were crowned with unprecedented success. University, in the year 1838, when Stanley first became a Fellow of the Society, was half its present size. The number of scholars was small; the proportion of undergraduates in easy circumstances was large; athletic interests predominated; scanty attention was paid to reading, and little private work was done. The standard of teaching and of learning was low. Neither tutors nor undergraduates looked beyond the immediate requirements of the necessary examinations; both were satisfied if the conditions of attendance at lectures were fulfilled with some approach to regularity. Stanley's election as a Fellow introduced a new epoch in the College history.

CHAPTER II

'. . . Attracted by the rising fame and drawn by the magnetic influence of the young Fellow, an unusually large portion of the very *élite* of the best schools was sent to University. Throwing himself heart and soul into his work, he felt the successes of his pupils as personal triumphs, and their failures as personal calamities.'

George Granville Bradley, who was afterwards Dean of Westminster, has also left an attractive picture of Stanley at this time. He 'had, no doubt, some drawbacks as a tutor. "I am no moral philosopher or metaphysician," he said of himself later. His interest in the minuter shades of philological scholarship was never very keen. No man knew better his own weak points.

'. . . He was—need I say it?—a singularly attractive and inspiring teacher; but in saying this I feel that I have said little. It is impossible for me to describe to you—it is difficult for me to analyse to myself—the feelings which he inspired in a circle, small at first, but with every fresh term widening and extending. The fascination, the charm, the spell, were simply irresistible; the face, the voice, the manner; the ready sympathy, the geniality, the freshness, the warmth, the poetry, the refinement, the humour, the mirthfulness and merriment, the fund of knowledge, the inexhaustible store of anecdotes and stories, told so vividly, so dramatically—I shall not easily enumerate the gifts which drew us to him with a singular, some of us with quite a passionate, devotion. . . . We walked with him, sometimes took our meals with him —frugal meals, for he was at the mercy of an unappreciative college "scout," who was not above taking

advantage of his master's helplessness in arranging for a meal, and his indifference to any article of diet other than brown bread-and-butter. We talked with him over that bread-and-butter with entire freedom, opened our hearts to him; while his perfect simplicity, no less than his high-bred refinement, made it impossible to dream that anyone in his sober senses could presume upon his kindness.

'. . . We always knew—and it was the secret of his winning to the end of his days the hearts of the young, and, let me add, of the humble and working classes of his countrymen—we always knew that he treated us and felt to us as a friend; cared for us, sympathized with us, gave us his heart, and not his heart only, but his best gifts.'

His own simple needs in the matter of food made it almost impossible for him to realize that soft tea cakes were not enough for his hungry guests. Lord Ernle tells us that those who joined him in his rooms to walk with him in the afternoon, would often find him writing at his stand-up desk, 'And at the same time eating his luncheon; that is to say, they found him nipping off bits of dry bread with his left hand, from an irregular cube which lay beside him, while he wrote busily with his right hand.'

In July of 1846, he went to Scotland—to Abbotsford, 'A place to be seen once, but I hope never again. There is nothing of real interest, except just the study where the novels were written and perhaps a picture of the (beheaded) head of Mary Queen of Scots.' He noted the 'great height of the houses, and the blackness and gloom' in Edinburgh, and added, 'When one



EDWARD STANLEY, BISHOP OF NORWICH
FATHER OF DEAN STANLEY
by George Richmond, R.A.

remembers that, till within sixty years ago, all the Scotch aristocracy lived there, it agrees with one's notions of the half-civilized state in which Scotch society continued for so long.' He stayed with Lord Moncrieff, 'glad, too, of the opportunity of passing two days in a strict Presbyterian family. . . . The place was Tullybole, an old castellated house, at which the Kings of Scotland used to sleep on their road from Stirling to Edinburgh.' He walked by the shores of Loch Leven and then returned to Oxford.

'As a compliment to her excellent character,' Jenny Lind was invited to stay with the Stanleys in the Palace when she went to sing at Norwich. There was doubt as to 'how the visit could eventually compensate to the Bishop for the clamour raised against him for having invited an operatic singer to the Palace.'

Her presence caused a sensation, 'the crowds at the station, at the doors of the concert hall, the windows of the streets filled with faces and outstretched necks as she passed underneath, the dense throng which had to be forced asunder in the Cathedral on her way from there to the Palace—in short, in no respect inferior to the excitement produced by the Queen at Cambridge. . . . And then you should have seen the flocking together of the whole household when the first notes of her warbling were heard in the Palace: the kitchen-maids lying prostrate on the stairs at one door; the guests, all standing, at the other; the flight of every single servant in the house to the second concert, so that I took the letters to the post myself. . . . Of course it is not often that one sees anyone possessed with what is obviously a gift, and with all the circumstances of

extreme delicacy and sensibility of organization corresponding; but it is still more rare to see anyone possessed with such a perfect consciousness that it is a gift—not her own, but given her by God. Hence the deep conviction of responsibility, of duty of using it for the good of others; hence the great humility. Conceive a young girl having now for ten years lived in this whirlwind of enthusiasm and applause, and yet apparently not in the least spoiled by it, always retiring to the lowest place, like a servant or a child. . . . Whatever doubt there might have been before about the propriety of asking her here has been absolutely dispelled now. Even the poor people speak of her as "the good lady." '

CHAPTER III

(1848–1849)

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CHAPTER III

(1848–1849)

I

1848–49

STANLEY rose above the tide of Oxford concerns in February of 1848, when the French Revolution of that year excited him to a sort of boyhood zeal. 'I could hardly get through my lectures. The first was on the revolution of Jehu, and you may imagine how Paris rose before me instead of Jezreel.'

When the Revolution was over, there was a plan for Jowett and Stanley to visit the scenes. He wrote of the plan to his sister, of Jowett's dilating on the practicability of the scheme, 'No danger anywhere except at Paris: railroad almost all the way: no night journeys; the effects of the Revolution on all the countries and races of Europe; the interest never to be forgotten; a work to be written immediately on return, entitled *The Capitals of Europe in 1848*. At first I was thunderstruck at the greatness of the enterprise.'

On April 8th, Stanley, Jowett, F. Palgrave and Morier, described as 'a Balliol undergraduate of gigantic size, who talks French better than English, is to wear a blouse, and go about disguised in the clubs,' left for France. Then follows a story a little too old to be told at length. But Arthur Stanley's letters make Paris of 1848 lively and dramatic. We find them in Paris, the streets empty, nothing but the Trees of Liberty to remind them of the Revolution—until they came in sight of the Tuileries—'it was truly awful to

see the vast grey mass standing as before, with the consciousness of all within gone, or dead for ever. . . . The fountains played, and the columns glittered in the clear air as before; but the brilliant throng of well-dressed people had vanished from the empty streets. . . .'

He went to see Rachel in a modern play—the story of Lucretia and the flight of Tarquin. 'The chief thing that struck me was her great simplicity, and the total absence of rant. The two great scenes were—one, when she described a dreadful dream till your blood ran cold; the other, when she came in, after the catastrophe, to kill herself, and then it was extraordinary to see the complete transformation which she had undergone. You could hardly have recognized her. A world seemed to have passed over her head since she last came on the stage. The play closed by a mob rushing in to announce the Republic.

'Then a pause, and she came forward for the *Marseillaise* in white, as before. It is difficult to describe it. She had seemed to be a woman—she became a "*being*"—sublime irony, prophetic enthusiasm, demoniacal fierceness, succeeded each other like flashes of lightning. And then, with a solemn march, she advanced at the last stanza to the tricolour standard and knelt, folding it in her embrace, as if with a determination that nothing should ever part her from it—a love, an adoration as if it were an animated creature. . . . Had Nero fallen instead of Louis Philippe, the impression conveyed could not have been more ferocious. They say that Rachel enters into it herself heart and soul, and is so wrought up by it that she usually faints away when it is over.'

CHAPTER III

'Now for the Clubs. They sit, you know, in every part of Paris, and at night, that the lower classes may attend. . . . What would you have given if you could have been mesmerically transported there, and seen the hall, dimly lighted with tallow candles, a French mob of one thousand persons, shouting and yelling at the top of their voices—amongst other cries, the one that I so wanted to hear, *à bas! à bas!*—and the Poppet's head enclosed within the embrace of two huge arms of a rough-bearded and bloused man, who was leaning over me, and every now and then pouring his complaints into my fraternizing ears? Yet with all this the most perfect good-humour prevailed.'

He went to Notre-Dame on Palm Sunday. 'The sermon lasted till three p.m. and was on Labour.' He stood at the Triumphal Arch on April 20th, when the regular troops were brought back to Paris. 'The Provisional Government arrived in carriages—truly the eleven Kings of France—and saluted by the Royal salute of twenty-one guns (to protect ourselves against the report of which Jowett and I had provided cotton wool to stuff our ears).'

The man he wanted to see was Lamartine. Stanley climbed on Morier's back 'by which means I was enabled to look down into the Tribune.' But this was not enough. He attached himself 'in company with Jowett and Palgrave, to one of the advancing legions, and actually walking bareheaded, amidst the shouts of the people, as one of the troop, underneath the platform, and so looking up to the great eleven as they sat on their thrones alone. He was motionless when I saw him, and therefore I did not recognize the fire and genius which you usually see in his portraits. The one

thing which struck me in him, as contrasted with his colleagues, was his very aristocratic appearance—a perfect gentleman, the one gentleman of the set.'

Stanley went to Paris in October of 1848, and again saw Lamartine, this time on the occasion of a speech in the Assembly. 'About four p.m. to our unspeakable delight, the tribune was ascended by Lamartine. . . . The change of scene was extraordinary. From the utter apathy and vacancy of the House before, with its indifferent listeners and lifeless speakers, the whole was transformed into a beautiful picture. All the faces turned in one direction to the central tribune, and the tribune occupied by that noble figure, in himself so well suited to be the central object, with his graceful gestures, gradually becoming more and more impassioned as his voice grew louder and his countenance more animated. . . . The voice was very distinct, with great variety of inflection, but with a certain thinness, as if it would come to an end, and required effort. The action was incessant and theatrical, but always striking—folded arms, hands raised up, but chiefly a pointing upwards or horizontal cleaving of the air, as if at the passage of visions before him. On the whole, the impression was of consummate art, and coolness, and elevation of feeling and expression, but of too much aiming at effects to be quite agreeable; still a sight never to be forgotten.'

II 1849–52

Arthur Stanley's father died in September of 1849. He poured out his grief to Mrs. Arnold, remembering

her as the living link with the only other great sorrow in his life. 'They were very different in many ways,' he wrote to her, yet 'there was the same immensely generous love of truth and justice, united with the purity and devotion,' in both of them. Jowett wrote to him, 'It gives me great pleasure to think that I knew him, and, as I have received so many kindnesses from him, am better able to understand your sorrow for him. I wish I knew your address: I think I should venture to come to you at once.'

He wrote of the funeral that there had been nothing like it 'seen in Norwich Cathedral since the Reformation—I very much doubt whether in any other English Cathedral.' He added that he believed that the fact of his father's 'naturally unclerical tastes gave a double value to all that he did, because it made people feel that what he said to them, and did for them, he said and did, not merely as a clergyman or a bishop, but as a friend, as a man, and as a Christian.'

'The crash, the gloom, the uprooting and the void, are at times overwhelming . . . all seems so changed that I cannot tell yet how all the old pleasures and duties will look when I come to them again. London will be our abode.'

Almost immediately after his father's death, he was offered the Deanery of Carlisle, but he was afraid of the remoteness of Carlisle and the fact that it would take him away so far and for so long 'from those interests in the University of Oxford to which I have long devoted myself and from which, unless for some grave cause, I should be unwilling altogether to part.' Instead, Dr. Tait, the Head Master of Rugby, went to

Carlisle as Dean. Stanley wrote, 'I cannot imagine a place which would suit him better. I reflect upon it with curious joy every hour of the day.'

Oxford held him firmly and his opinions and character strengthened year upon year, so that his usefulness to the University was increased. It was the time of the University Reform Bill, and Stanley wrote long and wise letters to Lord John Russell on the changes and enlargements he favoured. He was present in the House on the day of the final debate on the Universities Commission, heard the 'very feeble' ministerial speeches and thought Gladstone's 'was very powerful.' Gladstone's 'allusion to Peel was very touching, and the House responded to it by profound and sympathetic silence, with the exception of two M.P.s who, having been for some time, lying head to head in the Members' gallery, were roused from repose by the pause and, on hearing what it was, exclaimed one to the other "Balderdash! Damned balderdash!" and so to sleep again.'

'. . . "Put not your trust in Prime Ministers" is the chief moral I derived from the recent events.'

The Universities Commission held the first of its eighty-seven meetings in October of 1850, with Arthur Stanley as Secretary. These meetings were spread over two years and in this time he left Oxford and accepted a Canonry at Canterbury, where he lived for some years.

The pictures in his letters, depressed because of the death of his father and later of his brother, and serious because of the Commission and other duties, moved towards a slight relief in May of 1851, when the great

CHAPTER III

Exhibition was opened. 'There was one question, I am sure,' he wrote, 'in everyone's mouth this morning, as soon as they woke, from Victoria R. down to the humblest workman in the Exhibition: "What kind of a day is it?" and I can imagine the delight with which Albert would answer, in the same words as Stephen announced to me, "A beautiful morning, and quite dry."

'The clock reached five minutes to twelve, the platform cleared, and a flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the Queen. . . . I never had so good a view of the Queen before and never before saw her look so thoroughly regal. She stood in front of the chair, turning round first to one side and then to the other, with a look of power and pride, flushed with a kind of excitement which I never witnessed in any other human countenance. . . . The band in the eastern nave was like the booming of distant cannon. . . . The two children [1] were charming to see, and it was evidently a grand moment for the whole party when they reached the platform again in triumph: the Queen's severe look was melted into smiles, and everyone looked happy and relieved, as if a victory had been won.

'. . . I cannot say, with *The Times*, that the pageant of yesterday was the most magnificent I ever saw. In many essential points, the coronation was finer, in many the entrance of the Pope into St. Peter's on Easter Sunday.'

The letters of the Dons and undergraduates, bidding him farewell when he went to Canterbury, were

[1] The Prince of Wales and Princess Victoria.

coloured with informality, for it is true that he was loved a little more than most of his neighbours. When one of his pupils went in to say good-bye to him, he found him, cowering over the fire. Arthur Stanley looked up at him and said, 'Think of me, lost in that huge cathedral.'

But he was not lost for very long and 'the cradle of English Christianity' gave him the opportunity for great influence as a preacher and also the time to explore and write. Even with his mother and sister, enjoying Canterbury as they did, he was very often lonely at first, and he wrote of the 'visions of familiar faces' that passed 'thro' the vast Cathedral,' and of 'the features of an old pupil, beaming thro' the moustaches of an Officer in the Lancers quartered here.' They made his heart leap. He was at home among the great monuments, pursuing the story of Becket's murder ('Did you ever realize that it was in the dark—by twilight?'). On the day of the murder, he 'went to the spot at five p.m.—the fatal hour—with what results you shall hear. The place absolutely teems with history and ghosts, ancient and modern.'

His sermons were beloved by the people. But the machinery of business affairs with which the Chapter was concerned distressed him, and made him feel wholly incompetent. He wrote from the audit room, while he listened to 'A conversation in Chinese (as far as relates to me) going on between the Dean, Dr. Spry, and the sexagenarian C——, on leases and tithes, at one end of a long table, the aged M——, wrapped in *The Times*, the infirm D——, wrapped in vacancy, the auditor warming himself by the fire;

Archdeacon Harrison really doing business, Lord Charles Thynne and A.P.S. writing letters as fast as the pen can carry us.'

While he was at Canterbury, he wrote his Commentary on the Epistles to the Corinthians, all his *Canterbury Sermons*, and the lectures which were published as *Memorials of Canterbury*. But the University still held a great portion of his interest, for he was also engaged in his work on the Commission. Apparently he was a great Secretary. Gladstone himself said that the Oxford Commission would avoid giving any handle for attack owing to the ingenuity of the Secretary, and one of the Commissioners wrote, 'I know no Secretary who could have brought to the work the same patience, good temper and conciliation as Arthur Stanley.' The report of the Commission was published, and the whole of the University life of England was the richer for what he had done.

III 1852

Arthur Stanley went to the Holy Land in 1852, and while he was there, he gathered the material from which he wrote *Sinai and Palestine*. He left England in the shadow of the death of the Duke of Wellington. He went to the funeral, breakfasting with the Dean, meeting Lord John Russell and then going into St. Paul's. 'If ever St. Paul's could bear comparison with St. Peter's,' he wrote, 'it was on that day.'

'. . . the successive banners of the Duke, the standard, the banner of Wellesley, carried with all heraldic pomp; the eighty-three old Chelsea pensioners,

toiling up with all the stiffness and slowness of age; and, above all, what came very nearly at the close of the procession, the funeral car—not, indeed, the car itself, for that was ungainly and extravagant, but the vast black mass which preceded it in the shape, or rather shapelessness, of the twelve black horses, so loaded with plumes and trappings that they might have been elephants. You knew not what. You saw only the vast pagoda towering high above, and before it this awful mass advancing like a cloud of Death, a living Grave. Alone, of all the parts of the procession, this mighty monster passed through the gates of the Churchyard and stopped at the Cathedral doors . . . by far the most impressive figure that I saw in the whole day, was the Dean of St. Paul's himself. He wore a black skull-cap, which gave a concentration to his features, and, as he moved on, he looked truly venerable.'

He described the service, until it moved on to the grand end, '. . . the *Nunc Dimittis*. Then the *Dirge*, which, like all the other additions to the regular service, was selected by the Dean, and which I must give myself the pleasure of transcribing. "The King said to all the people that were with him, 'Rend your clothes and mourn.' And the king himself followed the bier. And they buried him, and the king lifted up his voice and wept at the grave. And all the people wept. And the king said unto his servants, 'Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?' " '

He met the Oxford deputation in the covered gallery. They had said to each other, in the Cathedral, 'Oh! how Stanley would enjoy this sight!' He adds, 'I came

back with them in their coach to their hotel, where I met the other Heads. The Master of University of course received me as he would have done if I had come from Oxford with him the day before, or descended from the stars in a flaming comet.'

IV 1852

On the way to the Holy Land, he paused in Paris, in time to hear the second Empire proclaimed. He saw the entrance of the Emperor '(Oh marvellous, fateful, and heart-stirring word!).' 'The roar of artillery and crash of martial music were wonderfully impressive, and gave it all the appearance of a great event. He bowed graciously to right and left and looked pleased and well.'

He drove round Paris at night to see the illuminations, 'the Hôtel de Ville with flags hanging out of every window, and every window flaming with lights; the Luxembourg with every outline marked in lamps; the Chamber of Deputies, with the statues in front rising out of a sea of gas; the Elysée gardens all blue, red and white . . . what added to the interest was that the political feeling even now could, to a certain extent, be traced by the greater or less amount of illumination. The city and all the Government offices were in a blaze, the shops also in the Boulevards. But the "aristos," as our coachman called them, who dwell in the Faubourg St. Germain, were all in sullen darkness. Great old houses, which for Henry V, as the same sapient authority pointed out, would have been lit up from head to foot, had not a candle to show.'

A VICTORIAN DEAN

V 1852

Stanley's book *Sinai and Palestine* is based on the letters he wrote during this journey, and for this and another reason it would be superfluous to quote extensively from them here. He travelled over the same country again in 1862, with the Prince of Wales, and these letters, hitherto unpublished, form three chapters later in this book.

He paused at Alexandria, he jumped on a donkey and galloped at full speed through the streets. No scene except the ascent of Vesuvius, 'was so inexpressibly diverting. I shook and shouted with laughter at the mere comicality of the sensation.'

He arrived in Cairo 'in time to witness the "Doseh," or "treading" of the Dervishes, with which the birthday of the prophet is celebrated.' He travelled up the Nile, with a dragoman named Mohamed, himself a Dervish, who had offered his body to be trodden under the feet of the Sheykh's horse at the 'Doseh.' This man was to be more than a transient dragoman. They went through their adventures together, crossing the deserts on camels, pausing at the foot of Sinai for a service on the Fourth Sunday in Lent, and at the Convent on Mount Carmel. They went through Palestine, talking to ploughmen in the fields 'who know no more of David's wanderings than of those of Ulysses.' And Mahomed became the friend and worshipper of the English 'Sheykh.' When they parted at Beirut, 'He came on board the boat with us, and there I gave him his character and told him the substance of what I had written in it.' Mahomed asked him 'Do, master, come

downstairs, and give it to me there.' 'We came into the cabin where we were alone. He then took our hands and kissed them, and said, turning to each of us, "Do not, do not forget poor Hamed. . . ."

'"No Hamed, I shall never forget you." He turned away, and burst into an agony of tears, kissed our hands again and again, and rushed out of the cabin, and I saw him no more.'

Ten years afterwards, Stanley saw Mahomed again, when he was travelling through the Holy Land with the Prince of Wales. His love had not faltered. Indeed, he revealed the pathetic fact that he had been sending letters to him, addressed to 'Sheykh Stanley, England.'

VI 1853–1855

He came back from the Holy Land with the impressions and stories from which he began to write *Sinai and Palestine*. The Universities Commission was ended and his ambition to visit the Holy Land was realized, so nothing lay between him and Canterbury. He wrote to Professor Max Müller, 'I consider I was never so well worth a visit.' Many letters of the day testify to the truth of this half humorous boast. He reached the height of his power as a descriptive writer. *Sinai and Palestine*, *Memorials of Canterbury* and the *Canterbury Sermons* were published—he wrote the story of Becket's murder in such a way that one may still read it as perhaps the most graphic piece of historical writing produced in his generation. Yet the scholar never became aloof from the parish Priest. He worked among the poor, long and generously, and

out of this unaffected simplicity there grew a character which joined with his talents in making his house at Canterbury a wise and entertaining place.

He went into the deathlike silence of Canterbury Cathedral and with his pen he made it alive again. He wrote of the pilgrims and of the funeral of the Black Prince and of the destroyer Cromwell and of all the little stories that are woven into the Cathedral's fabric, as if they were happening before him.

Sometimes he left the industry of Canterbury, to travel in England or Scotland. We find him at Penrhos with the Bishop, 'stiff and old, but very simple withal—and easily amused—and, though so feeble on his legs that when walking along a slightly uneven pathway he clambered along as if on the edge of a precipice, yet with fresh faculties, and eyes unspectacled, and voice unbroken—only now and then reminding us of his age by talking of the great-grandfathers of people now alive and of not having seen Canterbury or the like for thirty or forty years.'

Many of the journeys he made with his friend Hugh Pearson. They were so much together, that Pearson does not appear very often in the letters, but the friendship ripened year after year, up to the time of Stanley's death. From Glastonbury he wrote, remembering Joseph and his thirty-two companions, who 'landed and rested after their long voyage and planted the Sacred Thorn—and came to drink of the sacred well. How beautiful too, the legend of Arthur, coming in his barge over the same waters, to the same "inland valley of Avilion," to rest after his weary voyage from Camelot, to "heal him of his

grievous wound" in the same consecrated spring—and repose there till the day of his reawakening should come. How soothing a sight even in these modern days—even when the high hill of Brent on the horizon reminds you that there is a Benison on one side of it, and a Pitcher on the other—how soothing a sight to look over those green meadows, and smiling orchards and tall steeples—and grey ruins—and Alfred's Athelney beyond, and Monmouth's Sedgmoor, and Ruth's Quantock, all poetical still. Did you know that after all, another Arthur did actually spring up out of this land of sacred "wells." Not by S. Joseph's wells, but by S. Andrew's wells, which gave their name to "S. Andrew's Cathedral Church of Wells"—in the little village of Wells-leigh—"the meadows of the Wells"—a mile from Wells—and from this started the standard-bearer of Henry II with that great king on his conquest of Ireland—and the standard-bearer remained in Ireland, but still retained the name of the Somersetshire village, and in the end of the eighteenth century, there was born to his descendants *Arthur* Wells-ley, the deliverer of England.'

From Hereford he wrote to Louisa Stanley, that of all the objects in the town, the 'choice morsel' to him was Berkeley Castle. 'I have seen the poor Edward first trying to escape to *Lundy* Island(!)—then sleeping in his damask bed in the castle; then in the dark dungeon; then brought up into the room almost as dark over the gateway—one small grated window alone admitting the light; a little pallet in the corner, richly decorated, on which the unhappy king slept quietly for two nights. Then on the third night I have

heard "the shrieks of death—shrieks of an agonizing king"—and all was silent.

'At the end of a wall I look up, and see a black band of Benedictine monks coming over from Gloucester Cathedral, just burnt down—and take the body, and for want of horses, fasten stags out of the Castle Park for the bier . . . and in the ruin of the Cathedral he was laid—and out of the fame of the dead man's son, and out of the crowds of pilgrims who came to worship the dead King, arose the magnificent Cathedral as it now stands.'

In Scotland, he came to the burial place of the McNabs. 'They lie in an island, in the midst of the Dochart rapids—firs, and beeches, and birches, all embowering the country—an aged female guides you to it, whose every word is poetical. The avenue to the tombs overarches a green carpet of moss.

' "The high folk from London," she said, "tell me that I should gather it up in a basket, and give it to the Queen for the carpet of her house."

'Inside a rude chapel, lie in one division "the lower gentry"—in another "the high Chiefs." The Chief himself is always laid under a rude stone slab carved with the figure of a warrior. "Many a time have I seen it lifted," she said. "It was found by the Chief years ago on the top of Ben Lawson and he put it on his shoulders and carried it down here, and underneath it from that time the Chiefs have been laid."

'A headstone hard by contains the arms of the McNabs. "Look," she said, pointing to the several parts—"In old times when there were no coaches running along the roads, the McNabs in Kinnul Castle

(on Loch Tay) had all their provisions brought from Perth for New Year's day. But there was a robber who lived on an island in Loch Earn who came out and stopped the carts. So one New Year's Eve the Lady at Kinnul said, 'Now let us see whether the Laird is Lord.'

'"They understood what she meant—and the Chief carried a boat to Loch Earn (you see the boat) and it was by moonlight—(and that's the meaning of the moon)—and he put the helmet on his head (there it is) for he did not know what weapon the robber might have—and he landed on the island and knocked at the gate.

'"And the robber answered from within 'Who's there?'

'"And he said 'Who shd. it be but John McNab?'

'"The robber was taken, and McNab cut off his head—(there you see it)—and brought home to the Lady—and the meaning of the words above that they took from that is 'Don't be afraid.' "

'"Well," I said, as I went down the mossy avenue, "I had rather be buried here than with the Breadalbanes."

'"Yes," she said, "Here it is all natural—it is a natural island; you see the water of Dochart and the water of Lochy meeting round it—natural and no fansse work. The scripture says 'Dust we are and to dust we shall return'; and it is better to be laid here in dust and earth—all natural-like—than in yon holes there that they put men into." '

CHAPTER IV

(1856–1857)

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CHAPTER IV

(1856–1857)

I

1856

ARTHUR STANLEY'S sister Mary followed Florence Nightingale to the Crimea and while she was establishing the military hospital at Koulalee, a tumult of bitter criticism fell about her. She was still a Protestant, but she confessed the Papist tendencies which eventually carried her to the Roman Catholic Church. The *Record* attacked her in such a way that Arthur Stanley's resentment was aroused. His blood boiled 'at such fiendish folly and stupidity.' He believed her 'free from any sectarian bias' and in a letter he quoted the lines from *Measure for Measure*—

> I tell thee Priest,
> My sister shall a ministering angel be
> When thou liest howling.

Her war experiences strengthened Mary Stanley's prejudices again 'Protestant bigotry and intolerance' and in March of 1856, she joined the Church of Rome. Arthur Stanley and his mother wished to be away from England when this happened and we find them at the Embassy in Paris, watching 'Clarendon's grey head bowed low in conference with De Morny, Orloff deep in dialogue with the Prussian Minister. Of all, Orloff was the most conspicuous, a Saul in head and shoulders.'

While they were in Paris, they heard the 'burst of cannonade on Palm Sunday morning,' when the

Prince Imperial was born. It was about this time too, that Stanley wrote an innocent enough sentence in a letter to his mother. 'If you see Lady Augusta Bruce, will you tell her that she may calculate on me for a dinner by Thursday at latest? You will probably meet her at the Mohl's.' It was not until 1864 that he married Lady Augusta, but at this point, her name creeps into his story with slowly growing affection.

II 1856–1857

Towards the end of 1856, Arthur Stanley was appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford. The uprooting from Canterbury was not easy for him and he turned to Hugh Pearson and wrote 'Oh! this Professorship! I do not well see how I could have declined it, certainly not after the efforts made to procure it. But at times, my heart quite sinks at the prospect both of the work and of the place.'

Stanley went to Oxford, but his return was not welcome to the theologians who wrestled there. By this time, his place in the Church was more or less established: it was certain that his qualities rose more from his character than from his scholarship. He was not a theologian: his books, so alive that they almost created a new kind of historical writing, were sometimes inaccurate in detail. His power grew from the simple directness of his Christian spirit and faith. When he drew the young people of Oxford towards a fuller realization of the significance of the Church, he did it more with his heart than with his mind. When he came to Westminster he was a Churchman giving

religion to the people, never a theologian settling points of faith.

Some of the old Oxford scholars rose against his appointment because of this, but never once was there any suggestion of personal dislike. They were disquieted because their interest lay in the theological accuracy, whereas it was his inspiration to present the Bible story as the living flame.

All religious-minded people loved him and felt his influence, except those who believed that religion expresses itself only in terms of theology. Arthur Stanley was constitutionally incapable of giving religion that expression.

He could serve the Church, only as a Christian with a vocation, not as a professional theologian.

These things must be explained before we see him at Oxford, Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and an ardent advocate of University reform. 'How many letters of congratulation,' he wrote to Pearson, 'do you suppose I have received from residents in Oxford? One from Jowett and *not one besides*.' Jowett wrote to him, 'I am delighted more than I can express. As children go about saying to themselves, "This is Christmas Day," or "This is Easter Sunday," so I go about saying to myself that one of my oldest and best friends is Professor of Ecclesiastical History.'

But there was a new pleasure for him in his return to Oxford, for Matthew Arnold, the son of his master, had been elected Professor of Poetry. 'Matt's election was an unmixed pleasure,' he wrote to Mrs. Arnold, and in the same letter, he made his comments on *Tom Brown's Schooldays* to her. 'I have just finished

it,' he wrote. 'The special phase of life described is one of which I remember or knew but little; and I think that here and there a dash of Kingsleyism comes in, not akin to the general simplicity of the book or the subject. But the descriptions of what I do remember strike me as wonderfully, startlingly accurate, and how remarkable is the account of the reception of the news of the death! In this, as in so many other parts, so exactly my own feelings reproduced in a quarter so wholly new and different. What a testimony to the character which could produce an impression so precisely alike in characters so wholly unlike!'

At Oxford, he knew little peace outside himself. His own attitude towards his appointment was expressed on the morning after he accepted it, when he burst into his mother's room before she was dressed. 'I have settled my first course,' he said. 'I shall begin with Abraham. He is the true beginning of Ecclesiastical history.'

Long deliberations and affectionate and anxious letters to Hugh Pearson brought him to the preparation of his introductory lectures. 'They were evidently quite successful,' he wrote to Pearson after the lectures had been held. Yet he added 'Oxford is dry as dust.' But the theologians frowned upon him and Pusey, who had been his friend, wrote 'Loving you personally, I was grieved not to be able to congratulate you on your appointment. But I viewed it with sorrow and fear . . . reports which I have heard of your lecture on Abraham were very distressing to me.'

CHAPTER IV

III 1857

In July of 1857, Stanley started for Russia, travelling through Sweden on the way. We find him standing beside the stone on which the ancient Kings of Sweden were crowned, in the sacristy at Upsala, 'astonished at the splendour of the Archbishop's cope and mitre.' He went to a service at Lecksand on the southern shores of Lake Silojan, and watched the boats come in to the shore over the 'broad waters of the lake . . . each from its own village on the opposite shore, where every slope and promontory was sprinkled with the red cottages of the populous region. Like birds with outstretched wings, the white spots with their outspread oars, came soaring towards us, and all at once drove into the little creek.

'It was such a spot as is given in pictures of Robinson Crusoe's or Cook's voyages, for the landing of the savages—perfectly silent and solitary, the wild woods waving above, the blue water and yellow sand below. . . . Each carried his or her psalm book . . . carefully wrapped up, and in the other hand a nosegay or a large bunch of onions, the latter for their breakfast or luncheon. . . . Presently three coffins, which had been brought in the boats, were lifted up and carried to the churchyard, and then, high above the grave, on the slope of the hill, were piled the white caps, like a pyramid of snow.'

'And now,' he said, as they landed in St. Petersburg, 'for Peter the Great and Ivan the Terrible.' Arthur Stanley's *Lectures on the Eastern Church* provide a full record of his journey to Russia, of how he arrived in

St. Petersburg, 'amidst a clatter and confusion almost equal to that of the Cairo donkey boys . . . the broad, majestic Neva, which, ages before Peter, gave its name to the old Russian warrior saint Alexander of the Neva, who now lies in a splendid tomb on its banks. . . . The gilded domes and spires, flashing like meteors, both by sunlight and moonlight, above the churches . . . countless pigeons, everywhere, in streets, and churches, and palace. They multiply and multiply, because no Russian will kill what he believes to be a likeness (curious and primitive belief) of the Holy Spirit!'

The figure of Peter the Great appealed to him immensely, 'this mighty emperor . . . with all his barbarism, and all his weaknesses, and all his sins, conceived, and, by one tremendous wrench . . . executed the prodigious idea of dragging the nation into the light of Europe. . . .' Not knowing any Russian, Stanley moved about 'in thick darkness,' but his Russian friends helped him, in spite of the fact that the memory of the Crimean War was so new.

In Moscow, he 'drove straight to the Kremlin.' A few years afterwards, he was to come here with his wife, to represent the Queen at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to Princess Marie. Then he came as the courtier; now he walked simply, as a scholar. He loved the 'boundless plain of green, the green roofs, diversified with innumerable islands of forest and garden, out of which spring up like reeds and flowers, blue, red, green, yellow, silver, golden, the domes of hundreds of churches and convent towers.' He went to the monastery of the Troitzka, sixty miles

from Moscow, and the Prior responded so quickly to the little English Professor, that he caught him in his arms and embraced him, 'with such enthusiasm that my companions thought I should be smothered.' He stood behind the altar, where Peter the Great hid as a boy, when the 'murderers rushed into the Church, and nothing but the altar and its sanctity stood between them and the extraordinary boy, who was to change the fate of Russia.' He saw the Church of St. Basil, 'built by the mysterious, monstrous, marvellous Czar, Ivan the Terrible . . . senseless, useless, pointless, but most characteristic of the man . . . the architect had his eyes put out, that he might never build another.'

He saw the festival of the Assumption in the Cathedral of the Assumption, with the Metropolitan 'tottering between his two enormous archdeacons, wan as a shadow, and each time that he advanced from the altar to give his blessing, a carpet embroidered with the eagle of old Capital Rome, was thrown beneath his feet. It symbolized the triumph of the Christian Church.' He saw Philaret, reading from the Book of the Gospel, given by the mother of Peter the Great, 'so huge in size, so loaded with ornaments, that two strong Minor Canons could hardly carry it.'

Stanley saw the sad exiles departing for Siberia, and then he turned again to the history of the Eastern Church, and wondered how far it could be brought into closer contact with the West, and as he drove away with his friend Michael Sukatin, the Russian made a statement which comes down a little sadly to this day when Christianity is being ousted from Russia. 'There are those amongst us who believe,' he

said, 'that Russia has received a precious treasure in the religious faith which has been given to her. . . . God grant that she may keep it. . . . Yet I often doubt and fear whether we shall not rather be shipwrecked on the wrath of God.'

Stanley returned to Canterbury and dwelt as a Canon in the Cathedral for the last time. The history and beauty of the place surrounded him with glory, but when he appeared at his last audit meeting, his interest lapsed while they were discussing 'The substitution of rents for fines and beneficial leases.' Archdeacon Harrison asked him, as they walked away, 'I wonder, Stanley, whether you quite understand the meaning of fines?'

'I have not the remotest idea,' was the answer.

IV 1857

In October, Stanley's curiosity was excited by 'the Archbishop's Chaplain,' who mentioned 'that in the house of a gentleman in their neighbourhood was preserved no less a marvel than *the head of Oliver Cromwell.* He had never seen it, but believes it to exist, but twice afterwards urged my coming to Addington to inspect it. Twice I was obliged to decline, but having a day to spare between Fulham and Canterbury, I seized the opportunity—was graciously received by that very gracious and good personage, our Primate, and on the following day was driven over in the Archiepiscopal barouche . . . over Kent and Surrey hills for five miles, to the rural abode of Mr. Wilkinson, late M.P. for Lambeth.

CHAPTER IV

He, with an accomplished daughter who kindly filled up the blanks of her father's memory, had been prepared, and received us with all attention—first reciting to us the history from ancient newspapers, and then showing us the relic itself.

'Let me give you the story in true order.—The Protector, as doubtless you know, was embalmed after his death in 1658, in royal state and buried in Henry VII's Chapel in Westminster Abbey. There he lay till Jan. 30, 1661, when (as states Mercurius Publicus) to commemorate "the foul and bloody tragedy of that day"—there were dragged out from Westminster in their coffins "the carcases of his cursed Highness, his son in law Ireton, and the monster Bradshaw, (if indeed it be right to rail at the Devil)"—and dragged to Tyburn—There they were hung at the three corners of the triple trees till sunset, then at dawn, their heads struck off by the executioner, the trunks buried under the gallows,—and their three heads stuck up on Westminster Hall, the scene of the trial of the King,—Bradshaw as Judge in the centre, Ireton and Cromwell on each side.—So far we trace our head in history—having, as you will perceive, undergone these three vicissitudes, unparalleled in the history even of royal heads:—*embalmment*, *decapitation* and *transfixment on a spike*!

'Now comes in tradition. Twenty-five years afterwards, when Ireton's head and Bradshaw's had wasted away from wear and tear of weather, Cromwell's, preserved from its embalmment, still remained; and was blown down, spike and all, in a stormy night—picked up by a sentry and by him sold to an obscure family

of Russells, twice, however, connected by marriage with *Henry* Cromwell. With them it abode till the end of the last century, when it passed from a spend-thrift Samuel Russell into the hands of one Cox, from them again to three gentlemen, admirers of the Protector, who all dying sudden deaths, it fell into the hands of the daughter of the survivor, ward of Mr. Wilkinson, father of the present owner.—

'Now for the Head itself. Out of two strong boxes and many wrappings, its present owner produced it.—And it is its own best witness.—An embalmed *head*, like a *mummy*—with the marks of two *strokes of the axe* on the neck, and the ancient *oak staff* and an iron spike running thro' its skull.—The hair still remains, so that you see the moustaches, beard, and *eyebrows meeting*.—There is a mark of the *mole* on the right eyebrow.—The nose slightly turns to the left.—The underjaw is *short, as was his*.—A very awful apparition, and I really believe it can be no one's, but Cromwell's own.—

'The feeble part of the historical evidence is the story of the storm and the sentry, which only rest on tradition. Did you ever hear of it before? There is a strange story of Charles I having been, by Cromwell's desire, substituted for him in his coffin, and he buried at Naseby—but this has been proved fabulous by the discovery of Charles I at Windsor.'

CHAPTER V

(1858–1862)

'I am of the religion of Walter Scott. . . . One of the greatest religious teachers of Scottish Christendom.'

DEAN STANLEY.

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CHAPTER V

(1858–1862)

I

1858

IT was not until April of 1858 that Arthur Stanley made his permanent home at Oxford. The first year was unsettled and unreal—he was a little shocked at the discussions in the Chapter meetings. Pusey appeared, sharp and surprising, and Stanley assured his mother that the Chapter contained 'very explosive elements.' He regretted the 'dusty, secular, dried-up aspect of the place,' and he added that the 'stiffness of the undergraduates in social intercourse is only surpassed by their marvellous lack of interest.'

Yet, when he went back to Canterbury, to preach in the Cathedral, he confessed to Hugh Pearson that what was more sad to him than anything was the feeling of how the whole place had faded away from him. He feared that this implied 'a hollowness in one's affections' and said that he had no wish to return.

In August of 1858, he went to the northern provinces of Spain, to 'treeless, dusty, idle, extortionate' Madrid, and even to a bullfight. But he was 'quite unable to feel a spark of excitement either for bulls, fighters, or spectators.' He liked 'Murillo's lively art of telling a story,' but otherwise the pictures in the galleries made little impression on him.

He approached Toledo through the 'wild, savage, mountain scenery. . . . A solitary group of women

washing on the bare rocks below, a watch-tower on the hill, a troop of gypsies or foresters passing over the mountain track with their laden asses.' We find him visiting every Cathedral, telling the story of every tomb and deciphering every inscription. His zeal was almost frightening, but his pictures are always enchanting. He loved the castle where Gil Blas was imprisoned, and he followed the lives and deaths of Christians and sinners, kings and adventurers, so that his letters are like a succession of living pictures and his heroes and villains move and live, breathe and talk, when he tells their story.

II 1859–1861

He enjoyed his victories at Oxford, in spite of the intellectual discontent among the Dons. He had a rare understanding of the young mind—he loved children more than wise men and undergraduates more than tutors. Although it is a cliché of the sentimentalist to say that love adjusts and inspires all good human relationships, it is true of Arthur Stanley in his relations with the undergraduates who came to him. He said that his heart leapt up when he beheld an undergraduate. In letters of the time, we find stories of his Sunday evenings, when his gentle and unpatronising interest brought the youngest about him, unselfconsciously. If they spoke thoughtlessly or said a stupidity which made the others laugh, Stanley never hurt the foolish one in his answer. His sermons were great sermons and his lectures vivid and picturesque, but they could not have helped

loving him for the human touches he gave to everything he essayed. He used a long stick for his lectures, indicating the undergraduate from whom he expected an answer. Once, when he touched a head which was bent over a notebook, asking a very simple question, the head rose 'and disclosed the blushing features of a well-known Oxford tutor, who could not answer the question.' Lord Ernle tells us that after this accident, the stick was used no more.

And what a delicious side of him emerges in the story of the day when he was preparing a chart of the early Fathers and the principal heretics! He decided that the heretics should be underlined with red ink. 'But it was amusing to see his tenderness for Origen, his unwillingness to brand him even with the faintest mark of disapprobation; and it was only after a struggle that he allowed the undergraduate who was helping him to put "a very small line of red" under his name. "Perhaps," he added, with his playful smile, "they won't see it."'

Dr. Pusey and his cronies were contemptuous of Stanley's religion, and of the influence he poured out to the undergraduates. But many of the undergraduates said that his sermons were the only ones in all Oxford that gave them a thought for their minds and an ideal for their lives. One wrote to him, 'I was utterly miserable when I wandered into your lecture room.' And then 'I found that old vague reverence of mind for personal goodness, which alone remains to me, widened by your teaching into a true catholicity. I used to think, as I left your lecture room of how many different faiths and persons you had

spoken, and how you had revealed and taught me to love the good that was in them all.'

His friendships were made with the young, and until he married, his mother, his sisters, Hugh Pearson and Jowett were the only older people who enjoyed his full, rich confidence.

His friendships were associated with his quiet and permanent interests in his life which were the true substratum of his being. But there was another part of him which leapt into controversies, with a vigour which persisted until the end of his life. A wronged colleague, an underpaid Professor, an appointment to some office, would stir him so that he became vigorous and tireless, until he gained his wish. His personal helplessness never intruded into a cause to which he pledged himself. In 1859, the riots at St. George's in the East continued Sunday after Sunday, and 'The noisy, irreverence of a disorderly mob profaned the services. . . . A regular plan was organized to cough, hiss, stamp, scrape the feet, slam the doors of the pews, let loose dogs in the building, hustle and insult the Rector and the choir.' Lord Ernle tells us that in May of 1860, 'Stanley intervened as a peacemaker.' The common sense, foresight and assurance with which he governed the dissenters changing the whole spirit of the organization, showed that when brought up against a practical issue, he had all the strength necessary to dominate it.

Phillips Brooks[1] has written of the 'enthusiastic chivalry' which was 'ready to spring up at the slightest cry of oppression of unfairness, and utter itself in word,

[1] The famous American preacher, later Bishop of Massachusetts.

and deed . . . whenever meanness or bigotry lifted its head, we knew that we should hear from Stanley. When the atmosphere grew heavy, we looked for the lightning of his speech.' Phillips Brooks chose as an illustration of this 'enthusiastic chivalry,' the time when Stanley stood up in Convocation to defend Bishop Colenso. Colenso was the Bishop of Natal and he had offended Convocation with his theological writings. Brooks describes 'the small figure, with great indignation . . . on his feet in the midst of the Bishop's enemies . . . he pleads for free speech and for light. "The Bishop of Natal gives us more than he can ever take from us by the testimony which is thus rendered to all the world that the power of thought and speech is still left to us, even in the highest ranks of our hierarchy. This is worth a hundred mistakes that he may have made about the author of the Pentateuch." He tells Convocation that among living prelates and clergymen of the Church of England there are hundreds and thousands who hold the same principles as Bishop Colenso, "against whom you have not proposed and dare not propose to institute proceedings." Among these he describes himself. Then he cries out, "At least, deal out the same measure to me that you deal to him; at least judge for all a righteous judgement. Deal out the same measure to those who are well befriended and who are present as to those who are unbefriended and absent."

'It would be hard to find a truer chivalry than that. It would be hard to say what nobler use could possibly be made of privilege and power and prosperity than thus to hold them like a shield over the oppressed and helpless.'

In 1881, Stanley made another plea for Colenso, when the Natal Bishop came to England to plead the cause of Langalbalele, a South African chief, in his opinion grievously wronged by the Colonial Government. Stanley spoke of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and said that Colenso was 'the one colonial Bishop who has translated the Bible into the language of the natives of his diocese. He is the one colonial Bishop who, when he believed a native to be wronged, left his diocese, journeyed to London, and never rested till he had procured the reversal of the wrong.' Then he crowned his championship of Colenso by inviting him to preach in the Abbey.

In 1859, he went to Denmark in the vacation—to Elsinore. He felt that he 'got to the bottom of all that there is of connection between the play and the country. The real story of Hamlet throws him back into the remotest legendary pagan times. . . . The Castle, as it stands, is evidently what he had heard of. . . . There the Guards are still pacing to and fro, Bernardo, Francisco and Marcellus. . . . The three steamers which run between Elsinore and Copenhagen are *Hamlet*, *Ophelia* and *Horatio*.'

With every tour abroad, he wrote letters which are rich in pictures, Ober-Ammergau, the Carpathians, the streets of Pesth on St. Stephen's Day, with the procession 'following from church to church the withered hand of the first apostolic king of Hungary.' He went back to Constantinople in 1861. From Constantinople, he went to Mount Athos, coming to the holy mountain in September. He wrote, 'The monasteries are twenty in all, with several inferior establishments dependent

upon them—all independent of each other, but all under a common Government, held at a town in the centre of the peninsula. In this respect, as in many others, there are only two institutions in the world with which, as far as I know, they can be at all compared; and that is the two English universities, the colleges being like the monasteries, the Government like the University Council.'

Even here, Stanley was called on to play the part of peace-maker. A dispute had arisen between the monasteries, and with the English Consul from Salonica and a young Scotch missionary, he set out for the hill. As soon as they approached the convent, the bells began to ring and when they 'entered the courtyard, the grateful Abbot and his monks were there with unfeigned joy to receive us. We were immediately taken to the church, and a Te Deum was celebrated for our arrival. It was certainly a curious and impressive sight. There was an unmistakable sincerity of gratitude in the service. The name of Victoria was distinctly audible in the Greek prayers. The congregation before whom the service was performed consisted of three persons—the English Consul, a Scotch Presbyterian Minister, and an Oxford Professor of Ecclesiastical History. I whispered to the Scot, "If you will promise not to inform against me to the Archbishop of Canterbury, I will promise not to inform against you to the General Assembly."

'. . . ten times that day were the sweetmeats and coffee served round to us. . . . It was evident that our arrival was an event of the first magnitude.

'. . . In some respects it is very different to what I had conceived. There is no appearance of asceticism. . . . They have, most of them, the manners and looks of kindly, friendly, jovial people, who are full of little jokes, delighted to see strangers, and making hospitality one of the first of virtues. Again, there is very little restraint. In half of the monasteries there is no abbot—only two wardens, elected by the community—and in these every monk can make as large a fortune as he pleases on his own account, which he can dispose of as he wishes during his lifetime (though after death it must come to the monastery).'

III

At this point, we must extend our horizon and bring in the Court at Windsor, for very soon, Stanley was to be chosen to go to the Holy Land with the Prince of Wales. There were still two years of Oxford before he embarked, but the growth of the Prince's character is so important a concern in the Dean's story that we might divert our attention from Oxford at this moment, and observe the Prince at Windsor, returned from Canada and Newfoundland, 'Perfectly happy and cheerful and good humoured. . . . He has grown and has become much more manly,' wrote Lady Augusta Bruce to her sister. And then, 'He retains that sort of youthful simplicity and freshness which give his manner such a charm.' The Dean still lived outside the Court circle and also outside the friendship of Lady Augusta, whom he was to marry some years later, but in reading the letters written about this

time, one is tempted to anticipate events by stealing a glance at the Windsor picture, the Queen and her Consort in the last years of their happiness together, and the Duchess of Kent, in the last year of her life, at Frogmore. Lady Augusta made one small reference to 'Dr. Stanley and his mother' about this time. They asked her to go and stay with them at Oxford, but much as she was tempted to do so, 'To live in Christ-church, among such interesting people, and in the unspeakably soothing calm of those beautiful colleges,' she 'did not dare to take the liberty' of prolonging her stay, as she was then in waiting to the Duchess of Kent.

IV 1861

In October of this year, the Prince Consort died at Windsor. In later years, Arthur Stanley was one of the few people who came so intimately into the Queen's life, that he understood the full measure of her grief. Also, he was among the few contemporaries who appreciated the Prince Consort's character, his inviolate sense of duty and the passionate love which he inspired in the Queen. Just as the Prince's death drew Lady Augusta Bruce nearer to the Queen than any other of the ladies about her, so it opened up a way by which the Dean could be a person of influence in the Court. He wrote 'No public death could have affected me so much. . . . So long as he lived, I felt sure that there was a steady support to all that was most excellent in the English Church.'

He had attended the funeral of the Prince Consort in St. George's Chapel, 'A profoundly mournful and

impressive sight. Indeed, considering the magnitude of the event and of the persons present, all agitated by the same emotion, I do not think that I have ever seen, or shall see, anything so affecting.' Arthur Stanley loved the flame of duty which burned every day of the Prince's life, and in a long letter, in which he wrote an account of his death, he referred to the last entry in his diary. It referred to the morning when he went to the review of the Eton Volunteers, and he wrote 'Ought not to go, but must.'

Now began the association between the Prince of Wales and Stanley. He was invited to go to the Holy Land with the Prince. 'It was the wish of the lamented Prince Consort,' said General Bruce, when he wrote the Queen's wish, from Osborne. Dean Stanley approached his pupil with a faint prejudice, which must be explained. The explanation begins with the Prince Consort himself, in his teens, living in Coburg. When Baron Stockmar came to educate him, all natural instincts, affection and sentiment in the boy were suppressed. Baron Stockmar emblazoned the word *duty* upon every hour and ever incident of Prince Albert's life, and when he came to England, his natural feelings and sentiments were a filmy memory of the past, buried with his teens beside the stream at the Rosenau. When he lived in England, that meticulous sense of duty became the Queen's ideal of what a Prince should be. But she forgot that duty should carry a man along the line of his own capacities. The Prince Consort was intellectual, and his interests were those of a scholar. Such interests were impossible to the Prince, who was not intellectual

by nature. But, because the Prince Consort had been intellectual, the Queen thought that his son ought to be, and instead of urging him to duty along the lines of his own capacity, she fixed her eyes on his limitations, as if they were faults, failing to encourage the virtues of which he was capable. In nature the Prince was like her, and not like his father. Like her, he had in him the blood of the Georges—that full, red blood, with its instinct for pleasure. As his later life showed, great virtues went with this, and capacities of the utmost value to the nation. But the Queen could only see the points in which he failed to be like his father and thus she did not realize the really fine qualities of his character.

Dean Stanley had all these false preconceptions impressed upon his mind, before he knew the Prince personally. They made him shrink from accepting the responsibility. He pleaded 'I doubt whether I am the proper person. It is neither compliment nor blame to me to say one thing or the other. I should not be a suitable companion for him.'

But the Queen knew that the Prince Consort had wished it. He had said 'I cannot endure to see him placed under any of those extreme influences. There is only one man in Oxford to whom I could entrust him for this—that is Dr. Stanley.'

General Bruce, the voice of the Queen on this occasion, said he was willing to accept any terms that the Dean offered, and in the end, he yielded, as he felt that he 'could not refuse such a contribution to a household plunged in such grief as this.'

There was little chance of Stanley knowing the

Prince during the few days he was at Osborne. Thus, when he joined him in Egypt, some months afterwards, his mind was filled with all that the Queen and General Bruce had told him—of how it was the in Queen's wish that Stockmar's ideal should burn again the boy. In the early letters which Dean Stanley wrote during this tour, this prejudice is seen and explained. But these letters must be read in the light of the later friendship which was made between them. In fairness to both the Prince and Stanley, it must be explained that Stanley slowly realized and made his own picture of the Prince. In later years, the early prejudice, formed from the opinions of others, completely died away and gave place to great esteem for the Prince's character. The Prince of Wales was always loyal and grateful. The most devout worshipper of Queen Victoria cannot deny that she did not understand her son. Through all this misunderstanding and the vigour of the misdirected training, the Prince was never for one moment disloyal to his mother, to his Governor, General Bruce, to Dean Stanley or to any of the others who were engaged in training him. Sometimes there is a plea in his letters, but never a complaint nor an idea of revolt.

The initial prejudices shown in the following letters must not be read too gravely, for they soon gave place to a wider, fuller and more affectionate relationhip, which was inevitable between two natures as completely honest and given to affection as, those of the Prince and Stanley.

CHAPTER V

V 1862

There is an attractive picture from Canterbury, before the story of the tour of the Holy Land begins. 'Perhaps you will be pleased to hear of my visit to Canterbury; where I had not been for nearly two years,' he wrote to Louisa Stanley. 'I had always intended to go about this time, and I felt that my stay there might be made to fall in with the coming of little Prince Arthur.[1] His arrival was kept a fearful secret except from the Harrisons—with them I was staying, and with them I arranged that he should have his luncheon. Nothing could answer better. He and his tutor, Major Elphinstone, came at 11 a.m. I went down to the station to meet them, drove them in the Harrison's carriage first to the [illegible] and then to the Cathedral. The little boy was extremely intelligent, had been reading up the subject in the Handbook of Kent—and was full of questions—"Shall you be able to show me where William of Sens fell from the scaffolding?—and where Becket was buried?—And who will read the service?"—(For he had soon expressed a desire to attend the afternoon service.) We first surveyed the well known view from the top of the mound—and then tracked the scene of the murder, all thro' the cloisters, and Deans yard—and crypt—and little Prince constantly saying "And where was he buried?"—"Shall I see his tomb"?

'To which I kept replying—"That is a secret, Sir, that I shall not tell you till we reach the place."

'After leaving the Cathedral, I took him to Mr.

[1] H.R.H. The Duke of Connaught.

Robertson's garden (that which was Dr. Spry's), where I had given a hint before that he might be expected—and so a group of Canonical persons was assembled—and had the pleasure of hearing his little chat, and seeing his pretty ways,— . . . Prince Arthur was extremely anxious that we should be quite clean before we went to Church—having contracted some of the dust of antiquity in scrambling about the ruins. He was put into the Dean's stall—where his father and Godfather [1] had once sat before.'

[1] The Duke of Wellington.

കേരള സാഹിത്യ അക്കാദമി

CHAPTER VI

(1862)

കേരള സാഹിത്യ അക്കാദമി

CHAPTER VI

(1862)

I

1862

DR. STANLEY'S association with the Royal Family began in 1862, when he accompanied the Prince of Wales to Egypt and the Holy Land. The Prince was then twenty years of age. When they started on their journey, the interests of the Prince and the Dean were poles apart. The one was an antiquary, a student and an ecclesiastic. The other, although pathetically anxious to do his duty, was boyish in his tastes and rather bored by the maze of historical associations brought before him in Egypt and the Holy Land. His attitude towards the glories of the past was revealed when the Dean found him sitting at the foot of a Pyramid, reading a novel.

While he was abroad with the Prince, Dean Stanley wrote almost every day to his mother or to his sister. These months made an important contribution to the Prince's education, but they brought an awful tragedy into Stanley's life, for his mother died while he was in Egypt. From this point, he wrote his letters to his sister, and they reveal the courage and the gentle faith with which he faced the rest of the journey. His first letter was written to his mother from Paris, on February 13th. He was to travel overland and then by sea to Egypt, where he was to join the Prince and the Royal party. He wrote, 'My dearest Mother, All well—

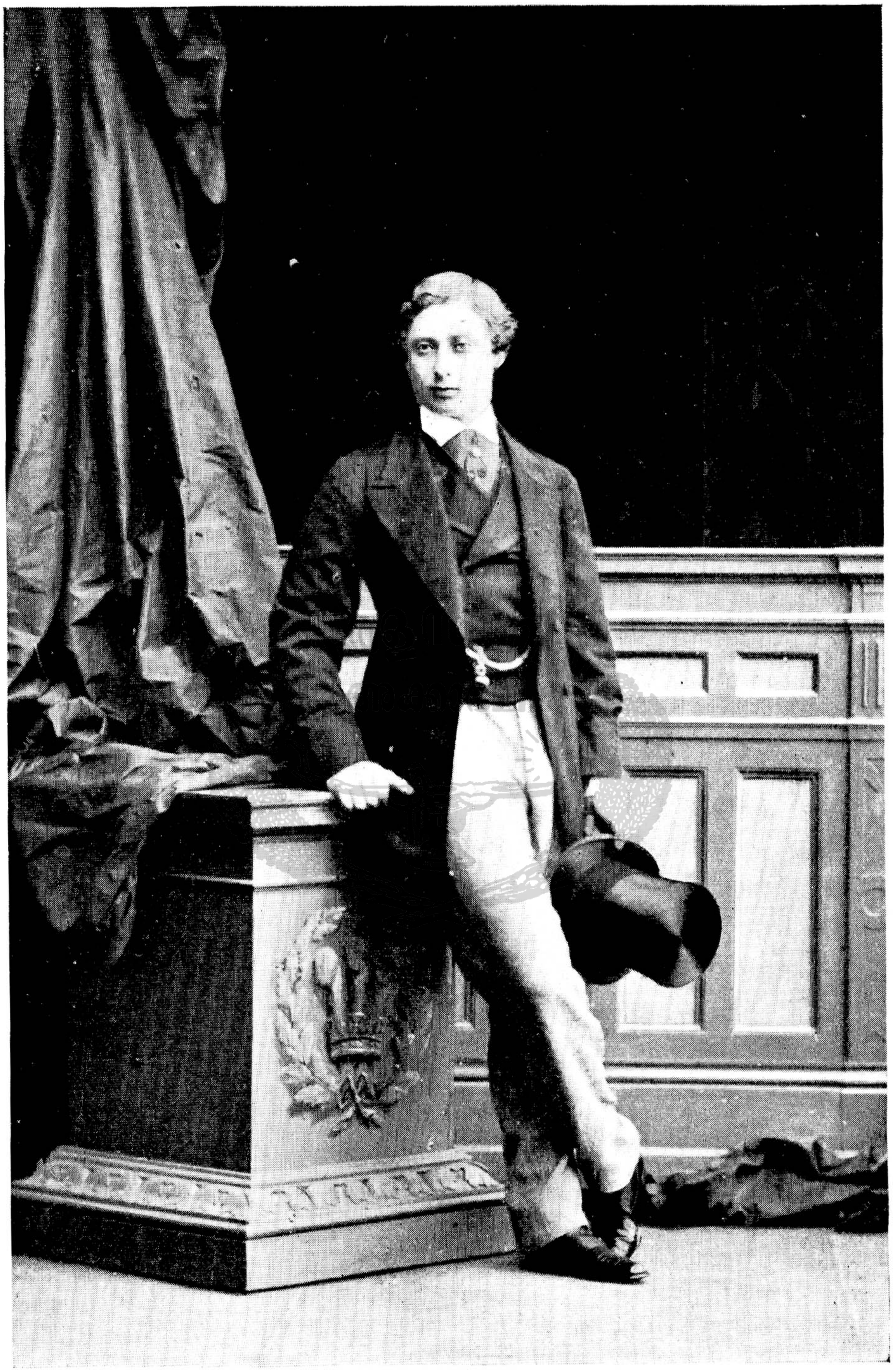
arrived at six.—Drove straight to Mohl's [1]—A great deal from Renan—All this at length you shall hear from Marseilles— . . . Nothing left behind but the inkstand wh. can be supplied here. I am quite well—and have no backward looks.—Never went abroad with so strong a feeling of its necessity.'

HOTEL DES EMPEREURS,
MARSEILLES,
Feb. 15*th*

A pleasant passage—and journey—and reached Paris at six—drove at once to Rue du Bac:—found the Mohls delighted to receive me.

I devoted myself chiefly to Renan, who was, what Mdme. Mohl called 'very nourishing'—. He showed a curious mixture of interest and want of interest. Had not been to Damascus, however there were no monuments there—was disappointed in Jerusalem, because there were so few monuments,—had made every effort, with special recommendations from Fuad Pasha, to enter the Mosque of Hebron—[the tomb of Abraham] but found it totally impracticable,—unless by storming the town—Circourt spoke with the greatest interest about my going—said that it gave such satisfaction to the Russians and Greeks that the Prince of Wales should have someone with him who would not prejudice him against them.—

[1] Madame Mohl was the famous Paris hostess and a dear friend of Dean Stanley and Lady Augusta Stanley, before and after they were married. Madame Mohl's friends included people as gentle as Mrs. Gaskell, and as revolutionary as Renan who, on one occasion, when he came to breakfast, had to be entertained secretly, for fear of shocking her more conventional relatives and friends. Madame Récamier, Tourgenief, Merimée and Browning were her friends.



KING EDWARD AS PRINCE OF WALES

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I then . . . went back to the Hotel, and there found M. Carvallo, Sir C. Eardley's friend, the President (I think) of the Jewish University at Paris. As I was in the midst of packing, or rather directing Waters to pack,—taking my last cup of tea, paying the bill etc.—the presence of this Israelite was at first somewhat troublesome. But I found him so willing to be interrupted, and his conversation so curious, that I encouraged him to go on talking, in the lucid intervals of preparations. The curiosity was this: that, tho' a Jew, he possessed the greatest desire not for conversion, but for reunion with Christendom. He said (what I had gathered from others before) that the old feeling of the Jews against Our Lord had entirely passed away, and that they now regarded him as the greatest of their Prophets—not however as *their* Messiah, but as the Messiah of the Gentiles.

'And who do you expect as your Messiah?'

'There is much difference of opinion—some think that civilization is the Messiah—others, the coming epoch.'

'What is the opinion of modern Jews about the authorship of the Pentateuch?'

'Great difference as to the date of its composition—but unanimous belief that Moses wrote only a very small part of it.'

He was a Portuguese Jew—and one of his family in former times had been burnt by the Inquisition. I asked him to what he attributed the great change of sentiment amongst the Jews towards Our Lord. 'Undoubtedly to the change of dealing of the Christians towards us. . . .'

Whilst holding these . . . opinions on Miracles etc. he was firmly convinced of the restoration of the Jews, and the rehabilitation of Palestine—and thought that steam engines were predicted in Ezek i, railroads in Deut xl and telegraphic messages in Deut ii.

His ignorance of England was curious. . . . Tho' full of curiosity about the Prince of Wales, he repeated, evidently with a half belief, tho' very glad to have it contradicted, a story which he said was widely circulated in France—that the Queen had become a R. Catholic last year—that this was the real cause of Prince Albert's death, and that the P. of W. was become a R. Cath. and hence (as I understood) his journey to the Holy Land.—

Waters [1] is delighted—felt the Paris atmosphere so much clearer than London that his cold almost entirely disappeared—thought it so clean and gay—women washing the streets etc. and he has succeeded perfectly both at Paris and here, in getting the luggage away in very good time.

Only two things had been left behind—my ink-stand and his Bible. Both rectified at Paris.

P.S.—I asked my haircutter here—whether the Emperor had ever been to Corsica. Not since he became Emperor—nor will he ever. 'Quand on a arrivé la où il est arrivé,' 'one must not go back to those whom one has known under other circumstances.'

[1] Waters was Dr. Stanley's personal servant, to whom he was deeply attached. They had made the earlier tour of the Holy Land together and in his own way, Waters shared the Dean's antiquarian enthusiasms.

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OFF SARDINIA,
Feb. 12

This I shall hope to post at Malta. . . .

At last we turned, to my great joy, into the jaws of the Straits of Bonifacio.—Corsica itself was somewhat thrown into the distance, but the rocky islands, which block up the Straits, forced us to pass thro' a channel so narrow as to show us distinctly the houses in the villages, the cows and horses . . . grazing on the hills, and one or two Sardinian fishermen coming down to the shore. Of these islands, one was La *Madeline*, marked by a Church or Convent—with fantastic islets at its feet, called sometimes 'the Dogs' and sometimes 'the Monks'—and a crag opposite, on the top of which is seated a ludicrous freak of nature, a rock, exactly like a bear. Another island . . . was Caprera and that large white castle is the abode of Garibaldi, who is now at Turin, but who, when there, may often be seen in the straits fishing, not for kingdoms, but for salmon.—It was an interesting passage.—Waters was quite enchanted—could hardly believe his eyes at seeing Garibaldi's house—'Well that is worth coming to see.'

Indeed for me, it has been almost worth while coming thus far, to give so much pleasure to him. He enjoys everything—enjoys the size of the steamer, and the climate, and the sea, and the sight of the cooks, and the cleanliness of the decks, and the Arabs and has completely fallen on his legs with the . . . 2nd. class passengers. I had a long talk to-day with the Americans who come from New York (so called—did you know it?—from James, Duke of *York*, it

having till the time of his brother Charles changed its name from New *Amsterdam*, as the original Dutch settlers had called it.)— . . . They were Presbyterians, and the Episcopalians they considered to be the most powerful denomination in America, from their hold on the upper classes—tho' the Baptists and Methodists were most numerous. Archbishop Hughes, the R.C. Archbishop of New York was 'the smartest man' in the whole R. Catholic Church.— . . .

Feb. 19

No land to-day—rough. . . . Waters and I better than ever.—*New York Herald*, say my American friends, not read by any respectable people.

. . . This morning (the 19th)—the whole length of Sicily from Marsala to Passero—Mt. Eryx and I think Mt. Pollyrino visible—also perhaps Girgenti. Waters much disappointed not to see Etna. On the other side, Pantellaria, a two peaked island, now full of figs—to which in former days were banished ill-conditioned members of the Imperial Family of Rome.—Malta not till to-night—and Alexandria not till Sunday.

Thick fog—which much delays us.—I have read thro' Tancred again. Exceedingly clever. The English servants in the East are so well described and a great deal of what he says of the Jews is really very interesting. Clever too, the character of the late Bp. of London.— I still hope (as the Americans say) to 'mail' this letter at Malta.

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BETWEEN MALTA AND ALEXANDRIA,
Feb. 21

'And neither sun nor stars in many days appeared—and when it was day they knew not the land and when they were escaped, they knew that the island was called Melita.' For 'many days' read 'many hours,' and this describes our misfortunes at Malta.—The fog thickened so much before we reached the island that we had to go at a foot's pace in the night—and in the morning, not an object of any kind could be seen in the harbour.—Such a fog, they said, had never been known within the memory of man—and it was thought to forbode an earthquake.

However, the stay at Malta was not wholly lost.—. . . Our crew has become rather more varied—twenty more Arab pilgrims are now added, on deck, a flight of Carmelite monks, and to our dinner table, a high ecclesiastical dignitary, Bishop at least, who however, speaks nothing but Italian.

Did you ever hear of Aaron Buer?—He was the grandson of the great Calvinist Minister, Jonathan Edwards, was left an orphan, and was brought up at the College of Princeton in America, was a boy of great abilities and firmness, and powers of persuasion—but wonderfully ambitious and unprincipled—. A Revival took place in the College and the head of the College talked to him seriously and apparently made a deep impression. Aaron Buer retired to his room, walked to and fro in great agitation and then said 'I have made my resolve—I will never think of religion again as long as I live.'—

Accordingly he devoted himself to his political

career, was all but elected President—was elected Vice President, and only failed of the other by the influence of Alexander Hamilton, a man of high character, and (from his being the sole survivor of the friends of Washington) exceedingly popular thro' the United States.—Aaron vowed revenge—and challenged Hamilton to a duel. Hamilton reluctantly accepted the challenge, made it known that he wd. not fire at Buer—Aaron, meantime practised, till he was sure of his aim—Hamilton fired in the air—Aaron shot him thro' the heart—and returned home to take his bath.—A howl of execration against him—and he was to be arrested for murder as soon as his Vice Presidentship was over—But such was the persuasiveness of his eloquence that the Senate who hated him, were melted into tears at his farewell address—and under cover of this and a momentary excitement, he escaped to France.

He sent up his card to Talleyrand, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs. T. sent down the message—"The Minister of Foreign Affairs for France will be glad to see the Vice President of the United States, but M. Talleyrand begs to inform Mr. Aaron Buer that he has always the picture of Alexander Hamilton hung in his room'—

He returned at last to America—There was only one person for whom he cared in the world—his only daughter—and he went to implore her to come and see him. She embarked from Maryland—He went every day to the shore to meet her—The ship was never heard of and he died of a broken heart—and was buried, no one knew where—a monument was

raised to him by a lady whom he had 'declined' (this seems to be the expression)—He figures in the 'Minister's Wooing'—and he appears to be the acknowledged villain and at the same time, genius, of American history.—

One of the passengers is a Professor of Physiology, going out at the expense of the French Academy, to investigate the fishes of the Nile.—The special point which my friend takes interest in is the voice of fishes, and marine acoustics. They have, it seems, nothing corresponding to our voices, but have a kind of musical instrument in their intestines, on which they play, and of which the sounds at times penetrate to fishes, save on the surface, and by which they communicate with each other. So that the Professor anticipates a time, when, by further knowledge of these sounds, we shall be able to summon together shoals of fish, as we now whistle for flocks of birds.—

He was exceedingly interested when I told him the object of my voyage—wished to know whether it was true that the Queen was going to abdicate—was much annoyed to find that there was no naturalist going with the P. of W.—

The Americans have given me a good deal of curious information about their language. *Corn* is, with them, maize. What we call corn, they call *grain*.—'Slewed' in the extreme west is 'sloughed,' 'lost in a swamp.'—

Waters . . . continues to enjoy himself much. I found him to-day (Sunday) by himself, leaning over the sea, reading his Prayerbook. . . . He said that he could not 'get out of his mind the beauty of the Church

at Malta—he had quite longed to clean the silver rails.'

II

ALEXANDRIA,
Feb. 25, 1862

The Prince does not leave Corfu till to-morrow—and does not arrive here till Sunday morning.— . . . I have to be here four whole days—and thank the slow passage of the French steamer that I have not had a week.—

We started on ten donkeys to see the town . . . and when to this was added the delight of all the others—even the Americans melting into general humanity—and Waters hardly able to keep his seat for laughing, all the old sights pouring past . . . this once magnificent city—second only to Rome in the ancient world, before the rise of Constantinople with its palaces and libraries and temples—looks like a third rate town, left after it had been hardly finished or after some terrible sack or conflagration.—The Palace of the Viceroy has one or two fine rooms—the rest, with the windows broken or holes in the wall.

ALEXANDRIA,
Feb. 26

After a whirl of five hours on the donkeys, we parted into two divisions on the mound of Pompey's pillar.—The Americans have behaved themselves, on the whole, extremely well—and had rather risen in my estimation. . . . Whilst we were . . . looking at an excavation called Cleopatra's Bath, another traveller

joined us, on his donkey—and said in an accent compared with which that of the other five was pure English,—'I guess this location is only called so to attract travellers'—and afterwards, to me 'Can you tell me, Sir, what are the latest dates from New York?'

'Dates!' I bethought myself—for we had just been eating some.

'Yes—I have had no dates from New York for some weeks.'

'Oh!' I replied, 'I am English, not from New York.'

He evidently had not the slightest perception of the difference between his accent and mine—He was a Southerner and an Episcopalian clergyman.—But to return to our ride. . . . I rode home another way, to call on the Consul General.

Mr. Colquhoun and his sister received me very kindly—I do not imagine that either he or the Consul (Mr. Sadler) had ever heard of my existence before.—He (Mr. C.) was totally absorbed in the grandeur of the coming visit. Had Telemachus been Ulysses or Agamemnon, he could not have been more occupied.—He calculated that they could not arrive till Saturday. The Prince is not to stay in Alexandria longer than is necessary for passing from the steamer to the railway, and then arises the great difficulty that the Viceroy is determined to receive him in State, on his arrival.

A Palace has been prepared for him on the Canal, 'regardless of expense' (says the 'General'—) but the Consul taking a more measured view of the matter, describes that when the same Palace was offered to the Comte de Chambord, altho' they sate on velvet divans and walked on marble floors, there was not a

table in the house, so that the Comte de Chambord had to write his letters on his knee.—The 'General' expects to go up the Nile with us etc. etc.—Probably the Viceroy too etc. etc. Two steamers are in readiness to take us—in short—it will require all the diplomacy of General Bruce to prevent the expedition on the Nile being as grand an affair as Canada or the United States. We shall see. Thank Heaven that I have no responsibility in the matter.

After this call we rode home along what seems to be the evening drive of the Alexandrian aristocracy—and most remarkable it was. Hardly in the Park in London—certainly nowhere else—have I ever seen such a succession of splendid equipages and prancing horses—their grandeur increased in many instances by a running footman, rushing before the carriage to make way thro' the crowded streets—literally the original '*foot*man'—what a long interval between the dark coloured, fleet-footed courier, his white robes flying in the wind—and the demure footman, now no longer a footman in anything but name, standing behind the carriage in immovable dignity. . . . At 7, Crichton and I went to dine with Mr. Saunders (not Sadlers as I unadvisedly called him), the Consul.

He was a mighty hunter—and promises Albania to be the greatest sporting field in the world—hence no doubt the delay of the Prince. Still Egypt is not to be despised—for has not Lord Londesborough killed seven hundred geese on the Upper Nile this winter? Twenty-five geese at one shot. But the passion has reached the highest pitch in the person of the Duke of Saxe Coburg—who meditates, with the

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Duchess, the descent of the Red Sea in May and June, in order to shoot wild boars in Abyssinia at some point a hundred and fifty miles from the sea coast, but really to look after a German traveller, who has gone after another German traveller in whose success the Duke's credit is staked.

To-night I have dined with Mr. Colquhoun—took a much more favourable impression—The Viceroy has been persuaded to remain in Cairo—so that the Prince will proceed at once, as soon as he lands on Saturday morning.—I shall go on board with the Consuls to meet him—and Waters will wait at the station with the luggage—Mr. C. was at Oxford with Jeune—was Consul at Bucharest—is intimate with Strilezki.—He described with just horror the outrage of the English officers at Cairo, where he was at the time—it was only wonderful, he said, that there was not a general massacre of the European inhabitants in consequence. One of the officers had come into Shepherd's Hotel from the Mosque—and pulled successively out of the pockets of his shooting coat, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten fezes—with brass plates at the top showing that they came from the heads of the Viceroy's servants. 'Ten—I thought that there were twelve—I will go back and get the other two.' and was with difficulty prevented.—At dinner was Mr. Rasp, husband of Mrs. Austin's granddaughter who is absent, but will be back on Friday, when I am to dine with them.—He gave an exact account of the famous story of Lord Stratford, on the decapitation of the renegade. An American had become Mussulman—but left Constantinople and had

become Christian again, had returned to Constantinople and, partly as a disguise, wore a hat; but was recognized and tried under the law which made such a relapse a mortal crime. Lord Stratford remonstrated—But the man was condemned—and immediately executed—the head placed, as usual, on the back of the body, and the hat, for greater distinction, on the top of the head. Reschid Pasha, full of anger and terror, said to the Council 'You have done this day what you will always regret,' and left the Council Chamber.

Lord Stratford immediately ordered a steamer to be in readiness to take all the effects of the Embassy on board—wrote to the Grand Vizier to say that this act having been committed against his remonstrance, he must see the Sultan and have the law repealed—or else he, with all his Embassy and with all the European representatives, whom he had gained over to the same view, would leave the place. The Council were at their wits' end—They urged the millions of Mussulman souls to which they were responsible for keeping up their law. Lord Stratford, in reply, urged the millions of Christians souls who would come and take vengeance for their murdered brother.—At last they [brought] an aged ex-Minister from his retirement . . . to give them advice.

'What are we to do?'

I will ask you one question. Is it better to be obliged to give up the whole of our religion or to give up one part of it in the hope of getting it back?'

'The latter,' they replied.

'Then,' he said, 'you have answered your own

question.' The law was repealed and has never been revived since.

ALEXANDRIA,
Feb. –

So ends my week at Alexandria—thoroughly delightful.— . . . I hardly know how I shall be able to stoop from the exalted company of Alexander and Anthony and Athanasius and Caliph Omar.—To-night whilst we were at dinner—bang, bang, bang went the cannon—'The Prince?' 'No—it is the first day of Benaza—They have just seen the New Moon.'

To-morrow—but at what hour unknown,—he will come.—Have I mentioned Hugh Thurburn the merchant? excellent.—Or Schnepp, the French Secretary of the Institution who took me for 'the doctor' of the party and poured forth all his medical knowledge. The next day I explained—'Il faut avouer que je vous ai trouvé un peu froid sur les crânes.—'

III

CAIRO,
March 1, 1862

The first eventful day is come and gone. At 7 a.m. the news came that the *Osborne* was in sight—

. . . The whole party were on deck—not in travelling costume, but in round hats and black—They received me as if we had parted yesterday. You can guess the first remark the Prince made. 'Your beard has got the start of Keppel's.'—And in fact it has, of all; tho' still in a very ungainly, bristly state.

. . . At last we embarked in three beautiful Cleo-

patra-like barges—and went direct across the Harbour to the R.R. Station, whence up a red cloth staircase, we at once entered a superb suite of gilded carriages, drawn by a no less superb engine, decorated like the Alhambra—in short no more like an engine than a dragon—

. . . We halted to partake of a splendid luncheon halfway in a Kiosk, overlooking the Rosetta branch of the Nile, and then swept on to Cairo.

. . . Finally the train drove us straight into Sayd Pasha's Palace. The platform being actually the steps of the house—and we were immediately ushered into a large state apartment where the great man sate—great, literally, for he is enormously fat, in full uniform—and covered with orders, surrounded by his ministers—The Prince sate by him—we all were placed round, on the divan. An army of servants or slaves rushed in, and simultaneously placed pipes, of which every single stick, magnificently worked, was different from every other, before every guest, while the Viceroy, excusing himself on the ground of its being the 'Holy Month,' carried on a conversation (almost a monologue) with his neighbour, of which, as he spoke in a very loud voice, the remarks were audible throughout the room. 'Mon Seigneur, vous avez fait deux voyages, un dans le nouveau monde, ceci dans le vieux monde.' 'La chaleur du desert est insupportable presque pour les indigènes,' etc. After several long pauses of silence, there was a move somehow and we departed, a suite of gilded carriages took us off from the door and drove us to an uninhabited Palace, surrounded by braying donkeys without, but filled

with every luxury within—We took possession of the different rooms and dined in state, all in full evening dress, at 7.30 p.m.—the only guests being the Consul General, and Calvert the Consul of Cairo (brother to the Consul at the Dardanelles)—The party lasted till 10 p.m. and then broke up and here I am writing in a very comfortable room, opening into a Turkish bath which the Prince is to occupy at 7.30 a.m. to-morrow—Waters has lit on his legs—and the Prince is already delighted to hear of his art in bird stuffing. General Bruce had been wishing that they had someone for that purpose.

I feel that if I were to draw any inferences either from the unfavourable or the favourable side, that I should be misleading myself or you. I will only say that I am *very much pleased* with Dr. Minter—and very agreeably surprised by Teesdale, who, after all that I had heard on one side or the other, is so much more gentle and tranquil than I had expected.—

I have marked the only parts of this (as regards H.R.H.) that I think ought to be shown to anyone—and will try to do so for the future. It really is no use to attempt to describe mere blanks. Anything that is of the slightest interest you shall hear.—I repeat to myself that the hours pass—and that nothing can be worse than I have long ago anticipated, and that everything must be taken as part of an inevitable whole.—

Sunday, March 2.—The Viceroy intimated his intention of calling at 11 a.m., which put off the royal Churchgoing from the morning to the afternoon.—At an early hour troops of sable attendants passed

through my room with preparations for the Turkish bath, and finally—the young Telemachus, in a robe of Tyrian purple—I breakfasted early and started for Cairo—to see who there might be at Shepherd's Hotel.

Meanwhile H.R.H. and suite had gone down to a Museum of Egyptian antiquities, collected since I was here, some of them extremely curious.

After luncheon there was a ride through the streets on donkeys, much to the horror of the old Turkish Pasha. . . . H.R.H. rode on a donkey called 'Captain Snook,' but which no doubt will be transformed into 'the Prince of Wales.' I had 'Tom Sayers,' someone else 'Bill Thomson.' . . . At the termination of the Turkish quarter, we were met by five beautiful open carriages, in which we were (in order to save the ignominy of arriving on donkeys) to reach the English Church. . . .

It was a remarkable proof of the Prince's quickness of memory and kindness of attention that in Church he recognized Crichton (of whose arrival in Egypt he had not heard a word) as having once played at tennis with him at Oxford. He immediately on coming out said to me 'Was not that Crichton?', stopped for him, begged me to call him and spoke to him for some minutes.—That is certainly a most useful and Kinglike quality.

General Bruce very kind—had a fall from his donkey in riding home with me to-night from Buckle—not hurt, tho' at the moment I was alarmed, for the donkey rolled over him.—

We are kept to-morrow by the necessity of returning the calls of three of the Princes. Certainly what

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Royalty gains at one end by the conveniences of travelling, it loses at the other by the useless consumption of time in these formalities. Ordinary travellers wd. not have had the express train of Saturday or this splendid Palace. But they wd. have seen all Cairo, whilst H.R.H. has seen almost nothing.

We are to sleep (in tents) at the Pyramids on Tuesday and then embark.—Large steamers, and I with the largest cabin.—The tents for travelling will make a perfect camp.

The Emperor of Austria called, as you saw, on them at Vienna—very civil etc.—but took no interest in anything but military affairs—They shook him off by proposing to go to the picture galleries, to wh. he never thought of accompanying them. At Venice they saw the Empress. Dr. Minter had been with her to Madeira. She had insisted on sleeping in her stays—in order to keep up her figure.—Mr. Colquhoun goes up the Nile—not the Viceroy—nor I think, the Chamberlain.—I shall be the only one of the party who has ever been there before! and I do not believe that anyone has formed the slightest plan of operations—so that I could, if I chose, omit or add every single thing.—Keppel extremely good and considerate.

IV

CAIRO,
March 3, 1862

One more letter before we start. To-night we sleep at the Pyramids.

H.R.H.—I certainly agree with the eulogies on his

manners and from time to time he tells a good story well. The beards are a constant subject of discussion—and this suggested a story of a Frenchman who had a very few hairs on his head, which he prized so highly that each of them had a separate name. One day, conversing with a friend, he exclaimed 'Ah! mon cher Alexandre est tombe.' 'Mais qu'est que c'est?' It was one of those cherished locks.—

Up to this time, one curious effect is produced by [the Prince's] presence which I had not anticipated.—Almost the same formality as if his father or mother had been present.—Not only has every dinner (all thro' the voyage, as well as here) been full evening dress, but no one speaks at dinner above their breath.—A remark or two across the table is all that is ventured upon. To-day for the first time the costume is to be changed—we shall see whether the rest will follow.—(We dine at 7.30 and get to bed by 11—breakfast at nine—lunch at one. The luxury is beyond all bounds—.)

General Bruce.—His whole mind is so absorbed in diplomatizing the arrangements, that I do not think he has at present room for any other thoughts. Nothing can exceed his consideration, and, *vue les circonstances*, every allowance must be made for what he does and does not say or do.—

Teesdale.—Up to the present moment, the most courtly of the whole party—never encouraging any approaches, usually silent, now and then an interesting remark about Kars—but as a general rule, veiled in mystery, or reserve, or extreme courtesy, or any other name that you choose to call it by.

CHAPTER VI

Dr. Minter, a thoroughly sound, good man—plain spoken—and with some expression of interest in the journey.—*Keppel* and *Meade* are the two boys of the party, with whom I feel really at ease.—We confide our mutual grievances to each other.—They are both excellent, open hearted, intelligent youths—who would be excellent fellow travellers under any circumstances.—I see that the only plan for one's own comfort is to consider oneself as part of a machine—and now and then one may act as a flywheel or the like.—But the whole affair is an *institution* like Oxford, or the Church,—or the House of Commons—to be dealt with accordingly.—The servants are all capital.—So you may rest in good spirits. I was a little discouraged at first—But I have found my place now—and shall keep to it.—

The characters of the different members of the Vice Regal family are curious—One, (Ishoud) an agriculturist, Mustafa (a wag) Hallam (a sportsman) none of them on speaking terms with the other, except in public.

THE NILE,
March 6

Our accommodation consists of two steamers—one containing the servants and the cookery—the other, General Bruce, Keppel, Meade, Dr. Minter, and A.P.S.—One tows a barge containing H.R.H. and Teesdale—the other, a barge containing the Consul General—Nothing can be more luxurious. Each of us has a cabin to himself—and there is a large sitting-room besides—The Prince's still more splendid in proportion. . . .

By ill luck, the Pharaoh of Modern Egypt was enjoying himself on the river side at Ghizeh in a small Palace he has there—and accordingly he signalized to us to land on his own pier—and presently appeared himself, his huge carcase wrapt in a loose white bed gown, and welcomed us in. I sate nearer to him than before—and had a good view of him—a coarse ruffianlike face to be sure.—He was very anxious to show off an improvement in the Minié Rifle by no less a person than M. Minié himself, who is in his service and who appeared on the scene to explain the construction.

After losing half an hour or more in these proceedings, we were at last allowed to start—

Every conceivable means of locomotion short of Railroads was ranged along the shore—carriages and four donkeys, horses, and dromedaries.

Dromedaries were chosen—most of them with velvet saddles, and silken trappings and gilt and silver ornaments.

The Chief of the Viceroy's camels dressed in the usual scarlet robes of the Bedouin Sheiks rode before us, and so we wound our way along the high causeways, thro' the sea of verdure which runs up to the desert platform of the Pyramids—It was a beautiful sight—and I thought the contrast of the Egyptian verdure and African desolation more gorgeous than ever.

There was less of formality than there had been before, the dromedaries, in fact, pushed their long necks forward regardless of rank, and no one was able to guide them and so there was more general conversation, of which I report this scrap.

CHAPTER VI

H.R.H.—'Your sister wrote that out of the Crimea in Macmillan—I thought it so interesting—so prettily written—I know who Col. H. is, it is Hamilton—and you wrote the preface.'

A.P.S.—'Yes, Sir, I was very glad to write the preface and I quite agree with you—it is beautifully written.'

We reached the Pyramids, just after sunset, too late of course to ascend but not too late to see the Sphinx and to walk round the platform by the light of the crescent moon.

Then came the Tents—Three splendid tents belonging to the Viceroy—Carpets, beds etc. The only misfortune—again following naturally in the wake of this pomp—was that the dinner which was coming up from the steamer did not arrive till 9 p.m. It had been put on camels and the camels had lost their way in the dusk. At last the dinner arrived—but without knives and forks.

Finally we sate down to a repast as sumptuous as the rest.

'Where should you be at this moment if you were at Oxford?' asked H.R.H.

'Dining certainly with some Head of a House on Shrove Tuesday.'

General Bruce and I slept in the same tent. . . . At break of day, Keppel opened the tent curtain and announced that the Prince was already off for the Pyramids. We got up and rushed on as fast as we could—we all reached the base of the Great Pyramid, from different directions, and in the dim twilight, I stumbled over someone as I was setting foot on the

first step. It was H.R.H. We were so early that the Arabs had not collected, and instead therefore of the superfluous help that most travellers find, there were not enough to furnish one apiece.

I had secured one little Bedouin boy—whom I offered to the Prince, but he resolutely refused and began the ascent himself. I became somewhat uneasy, for the stones, tho' manageable enough with the assistance of the Arabs, were so smooth in certain places, that a single false step would have tumbled down the Heir Apparent to the bottom.

My boy kept asking 'Where is the Governor? What, that little Chap—Why he go up alone?' At last I insisted on the boy going alongside of the Prince —and tho' he still went on without help, the Arab could have given him a helping hand in case of need. And so we all came to the top. The sun had just risen and the view but for the mist on Cairo was glorious—altho', no doubt, far inferior to the view at sunset. We sate there for about half an hour and then came down—General Bruce, the Captain and myself found ourselves alone at the foot of the Pyramid and went off to see the Tombs.—When we came back we found that the rest of the party had breakfasted—and gone off to look at the tombs. (Then, after mentioning the fact that the rest of the party have gone off to look at the tombs, he adds, with evident sadness that they have all gone 'with one exception.' The Prince of Wales 'was sitting in front of the tent, smoking, and reading *East Lynne*.')

Nothing can be more agreeable than the two companions on board *our* steamer—(Meade and Keppel)

and they both ask questions with the utmost interest. So do all the Royal servants—I hope that at any rate to *them* I may really make myself useful.—With General Bruce I had a most interesting and satisfactory talk yesterday.—I daresay the first of many. Teesdale (who as Senior Equerry) is always with H.R.H., keeps almost aloof—rarely speaks.

I don't think I told you the characteristic questions of my donkey boy at Cairo, as Meade and I rode up to the Citadel. 'What is this son of the Sultan Inglese. He here some time ago—quite little boy, now grown tall—' (evidently thinking that it was Prince Alfred at a later stage of his existence). Then pointing to Meade. 'He with the son of Sultan Inglese?' 'Yes.' 'Servant?'—'No'—'Master then?' (not conceiving any other alternative).

Waters began his birdstuffing yesterday. There is constant stopping for shooting. I am now writing from the Royal Barge—on the most splendid yellow damask couch;—In the interior is a huge bed—and a huge arm chair (besides all other luxuries) enough to contain five Princes of the dimensions of this 'little Chap.'—At his request I am reading *East Lynne*—which will while away this—even in a steamer, most uninteresting portion of the Nile.

OFF MINIEH,
March 7

. . . H.R.H. is perfectly friendly and easy. He set his mind on my reading *East Lynne*—which I did, in three sittings yesterday, and stood a tolerable examination in it. It is impossible not to like him.—And to be

constantly with him certainly brings out his astonishing memory of persons and names.—

. . . I had another very long and very interesting talk with General Bruce. I wish you could see the party on deck. It is like a scene in a play—Half the party lazily reading—the other half with their guns ready for pelicans and crocodiles—Waters in the background, up to the elbows in doves and partridges, stuffing. The royal servants deep in Handbooks.—

I think that perhaps the incident that I told you at the Pyramids hardly does justice to our friend. He hardly knew where we were gone—had he done so, I believe he wd. have gone with us.

. . . A very amusing scene last night. A brisk cross examination between H.R.H., A.P.S., and Meade, and Keppel, over *East Lynne*. I came off with flying colours—and put one question which no one could answer.—'With whom did Lady Isobel dine on the fatal night?' There is absolutely unlimited time for reading—because there is nothing to see, on these well-known and monotonous banks.

We passed to-day several returning boats which fired salutes—and lowered their flags—and thought it no doubt an event in the day to have seen us. . . .

H.R.H. to the rest of the party—'You must shoot as much as you can to-day. There will be none to-morrow—Sunday.'—

I shall preach a very short sermon on Gen. xii. (lesson of last Sunday) 'Abraham went down into Egypt.'

Teesdale is busy sketching. Every now and then an intelligent question and then total silence.

CHAPTER VI

NEAR GIRGEN,
March 9

I am more and more struck by the amiable, I may almost say endearing, qualities of Telemachus. Some one said, in one of those numerous interviews—that the best time to see him was when he was perfectly happy and that he evidently is. No one is better able to enjoy and carry on all the little jokes of travelling.—General Bruce manages invisibly to control the whole concern and is most agreeable and kind to me. Keppel and Meade are both most amusing—as in quite different ways are the Captain—and the Doctor—Teesdale alone, still preserves his impenetrable courtesy.—This morning, we had our service—on the Royal barge, on deck—including ourselves, all the servants, the R.C. Courier, and the American commissioner.—I abridged it and had a sermon about 10 minutes long on 'Abraham went down to Egypt and rejoiced there.' All went off very well.

H.R.H. had himself laid down a rule that there was to be no shooting to-day—and tho' he was sorely tempted as we passed flocks of cranes and geese, seated on the bank in the most inviting crowds, he rigidly conformed to it. A crocodile was allowed to be a legitimate exception, but none such appeared.—He sate on the deck quite alone with me, chatting in the frankest manner for an hour in the afternoon—and made the most reasonable and proper remarks on the due observance of Sunday in England.—We are now sitting in his cabin—He writing his journal, I writing this.—We shall probably be in Cairo again on the 25th and I think shall see all that we need

see.—In short, I am very happy and shall be so to the end, if all goes well.

V

ABOVE THEBES,
March 11, 1862

This evening was the first Temple-seeing.

At dinner, when allusions were made by the General to the place, a sudden cloud descended—The Prince 'Why should we go and see the tumbledown old Temple—when we get there, nothing to be seen—like going to Rome to see the Theatre of somebody and only two stones left.'

A momentary pause. The General—'Well, sir, you need not go—but some of us wish to go and shall go.' 'Nothing to see.' . . . A.P.S. (after a pause) 'Did you see the Vatican by torchlight when you were at Rome, Sir.' . . . 'Oh—yes—and there were present——'—and then was enumerated a whole catalogue of Italian and English names which anyone else wd. have forgotten long ago.—The next step was the departure—: on clambering up the mud bank, there appeared a troop of horses, all saddled and caparisoned—After some altercation, H.R.H. naturally objecting to ride to a place only ten minutes' walk off, we at last submitted to the entreaties of the authorities.

. . . We at last reached the Temple.—So far the dark side and now for the light side.—It is, as I have said, not by any means a good specimen of a Temple— . . . But the grandeur of the columns at once struck everyone. . . . There was not a voice raised

against them. I offered very few remarks to H.R.H. But nothing could please better. He treated the pillars, and the sculptures, I will not say with interest or admiration, but with the most well-bred courtesy, as if he were paying a visit to a high personage. Indeed the Pasha of Keneh who had followed us up to Esne was there to do the honours—and in parting the Prince said 'Tell him that this is the first Temple that I have seen and that I am very much pleased with it.—' The servants were there,—and I just explained it to them, and he also spoke to them most kindly and considerately.—

This is probably a sample of the lights and shades of the whole journey.—

The order of the day is usually this.—General Bruce is up first, takes a walk on deck in his dressing-gown between five and six a.m. and then returns to dress. A.P.S. up at seven, Keppel and Meade at eight. About 7.30 a cup of coffee or tea all round.—At 8 a.m. the Steamer (No. 1.) stops for a few minutes to put H.R.H.'s and Teesdale's servants into the Prince's barge (No. 2.). At 9, No. 1. and No. 2. both stop for No. 3. to come up with the breakfast.—Cyprian then enters with the meal from No. 3. H.R.H. and Teesdale from No. 2. The Consul from No. 4. and all sit down in 8 of A. (No. 1.) to fish, cutlets, oranges, chocolate, tea—. By judicious remonstrances the flotilla has been kept in motion (since the first two days) during this meal.—When over, it all stops again.—A large portion of the party then adjourn from No. 1. to the awning or saloon of No. 2., two or three taking it by turns to remain behind in No. 2. Then the Armada

advances again—reading, writing, shooting, smoking, as the case may be—very pleasant, till 1 p.m. when again No. 3. comes up and Cyprian produces luncheon—the case as breakfast on a slightly extended scale. Then again a transfer of the whole party to No. 2. till 7.30 p.m. when the day culminates in dinner and all for the last time congregate in No. 1. (A.8). Whether we all again migrate to No. 2. depends on whether we are halting for the night or going on.—

March 15

Aponen we did not reach that night. Just before sunset, whilst the royal steamer and royal barge were intent on pouring a volley on two crocodiles which flung themselves into the Nile and escaped, and on swarms of geese that flew away, the kitchen steamer was heard in the distance giving signals of distress, which compelled us to turn round, to help her, and find that the engine had got wrong, and could not be set right till after two hours' delay—and then had to be towed behind us.—However we were at Aponen the next morning—and then came the well-known ride to Philae—across the little strip of desert.

Philae! It was indeed like a dream to track my coming again thro' that labyrinth of ruins, and mount up by the well-known staircase to the little chamber on the roof, and see just as eight years ago, the sculpture of the death and resurrection of Osiris.

If H.R.H. was not amongst the most eager explorers, he must be excused on the score of a violent cold. 'I really cannot enjoy it,' he said with unaffected regrets. But General Bruce, tho' very much fatigued,

and poor Meade with his bandaged eye, and Keppel, at every spare moment, and Canne and Waters and the whole train of servants, were entirely worthy of it. The photographer too, made the very most of his time, and gratefully received every hint that cd. be given.—In other respects, the grandeur of royalty sadly shore away the glories of the visit.—A troop of horses, with awkward saddles and stirrups, were a poor exchange for the pleasant flight of donkeys. A long expectation of a long repast of many dishes carried on camels from the steamer ludicrously took the place of the familiar luncheon of dates and oranges under the palm trees. The Nubian population had lost all their originality by putting on their Sunday best—True it consisted but of one scanty garment, but I should hardly have recognized again the black ebony imps who plunged and screamed in former days.—

So we rode back—and then with various delays steamed backwards, in the midst of a tempest of rain and wind—(on March 18! in this latitude), on our way homewards. . . . And now at last came something new. . . . In the interval since 1853, the great Temple of Edfou has been entirely cleared out, and now presents a complete plan of an Egyptian Temple, much as then was unknown.—You may remember how I then described the heads of the sculptured Gods, and the capitols of the pillars, just emerging from the piles of rubbish—and the whole interior of the building blocked up by the mud huts of the village.—Now it stands out distinct in every part.—The French Antiquarian Mariette had been sent four years ago,

by the Viceroy to clear out the place.—The people refused to move; he drew a trench round the Temple—and reduced them to blockade.—And now, as you stand on the top of the gigantic towers, you look down on the vast edifice as perfect as any English Cathedral, and see the mud houses on the other side the walls which before were all ensconced within it.—Two or three points struck me particularly.—There were chambers and staircases and walks up and down the walls, exactly like what one finds in a Cathedral, even the vestries, with cupboards for the sacred vessels.—There was also the innermost sanctuary, standing quite distinct from anything round it—a space, as in the Jewish Holy of Holies, evidently drawn round it to prevent any other part of the Temple touching it. There was in the sanctuary, a huge granite shrine standing by itself, the marks for the door and grate still visible in the entrance; which contained, I have no doubt, the cage of the sacred Hawk, and which answers the question that I had so often vainly asked in my former journey, where and how the consecrated animal was kept.—I had full time for this Temple—for I went over it first of all with H.R.H., who expressed considerable interest, and entered with keen delight into my wish that he should shoot and carry off a hawk which was flying over the Temple.

VI

THEBES,
March 16, 1862

At midnight last night, a welcome packet was tost into my bed, which contained your dear letters of

the 25th. My dearest Mother, my dearest sister, you may think what a turn it gave me to think of what might have been in store for me, and how small it made all these little grievances to appear. Oh! no— I will not come back, until you send for me. Only remember that when Syria is over, I shall consider my task to be accomplished, and that if there should be the least cause for recalling me from Beyrout, there will be no *adequate reason why I should stay*.—

Besides the event of the letters at Thebes, there was another event, to which poor General Bruce had been looking forward with an apprehension which you will well understand—the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe Coburg—As ill luck would have it, they had arrived the very day that we did.—However they were too much pressed for time to change their plans, so that (with the exception of an immense state dinner to-night to receive them) they have hardly come across them.—

I have no time to say more at present, than that Karnak, which I chose for our first day, has thoroughly answered.—How much real pleasure H.R.H. really felt, I cannot guess—but he was carried away with the general enthusiasm. He had already at Edfou suggested what had already occurred to me, and he had arranged with General Bruce that our service at Thebes should be in some tomb or temple—and accordingly I chose to-day a corner in the Great Hall at Karnak—read the Psalms of the day (March 16) and preached on the two verses about Egypt which they contain.—It was I must say, a striking scene. In the furthest aisles of that vast Cathedral, were

herded the horses, dromedaries, asses and their attendants.—In the shade of two of the gigantic pillars, seated on a mass of broken stones, were ourselves, two or three stray travellers, and the servants in the background. The Prince expressed great pleasure at the Sermon, and begged to have a copy of it.—It was on the good and evil of the old Egyptian religion.

Waters was almost beside himself—and the servants generally were as delighted as could be wished.

I continue to like Meade and Keppel more and more and General Bruce's forethought and consideration are most admirable. Farewell, my dearest, most precious mother. God keep and preserve you!

After Thebes,
March 18

Thebes—with what curiously different feelings I sit down to write my present letter from that burst of enthusiasm, with which I wrote from this same place in 1853. It is an unspeakable relief, however, to have accomplished it, on the whole, successfully. We were there Sunday, Monday, Tuesday.—

I was more impressed even than before with the mass of ruin, sphinxes, statues, foundations, of which the very ground is composed.—I drew a long breath of relief—for to have come away without seeing Karnak or seeing it imperfectly, would have been a blank which I could not have forgiven or forgotten. —Then came dinner, splendidly prepared on board the Prince's barge—for 20.—The whole village of Luxor had been ransacked for lanterns and candles—

and all the sound chairs collected from all the boats and steamers.—The Ducal party had (fortunately) taken the Western side of the river—The Duchess was not well and could not appear, nor did the ladies. The rest of the party were there. The Duke and young Prince Hohenlohe . . . a traveller, a physician, an aide-de-camp etc.—The Duke has a slight family likeness to his brother and is not without a sort of boisterous intelligence but . . . if anything could increase the respect for Prince Albert, and the thankfulness for what he has been to England, it may be the reflection of what would have been the differences had the Queen married the elder brother instead. He is going to hunt in Abyssinia—and I trust that I may never set eyes upon him again.—The Prince, it struck me, was curiously on other terms, with his equals from those on which he is with the most familiar of us.—But he looked amongst these rough Germans like a real little gentleman. I do not think that anyone could have failed to have picked him out as the true Prince.—However, I had little enough of conversation with these high personages—the Duke roared out some sensible observations on the character of the Arabs, and expressed a rude kind of admiration of the valley of the Tombs of the Kings. They had taken with them an American antiquarian who lives at Thebes, and who went with us the next day.

'Did the Ducal party take an interest in the Tombs?'

'An interest—? Yes,' he said, 'but a very flagging interest.—'

'How many tombs did they see?'

'They saw one and then wished to go. But I insisted on their seeing another—'

'Did they see it?'

'Well—yes—they saw it amongst them. No one saw all the chambers. But one went into one chamber, and one into another, and then they were exhausted.'—

The Prince (I forgot to say) fired by the advice of the Archduke Maximilian, had conceived a great desire to have a tomb excavated. This, it appeared, could not be done without the permission of the Viceroy. The Viceroy had a telegraphic request, and sent back a telegraphic answer which had arrived the night before, authorizing the employment of any number of men upon the work.—Accordingly, three hundred men had been sent to the mounds on the slope of the great burial ground, and orders given, that any discovery was to be announced to H.R.H. at the Temple. Not much tidings having come, we started after luncheon to the spot, and there found the three hundred men, women and children, toiling, or appearing to toil, carrying off dust in small baskets, but making no perceptible advances.—A mummy was found—but there seemed to be considerable doubt whether it had not been put there before.

The whole affair threw to me a disagreeable light on the visit of the Empress Helena to Jerusalem—where, no doubt, the temptation to find and buy relics was as strong as it is now to find and buy antiquities for European Princes. A Prussian Prince was here a short time since and an English traveller who understood Arabic, heard the Arab boys calling all their forces together—'Come here—come here—here is

an enormous fool—who will take all good and bad alike.' But to return to the excavations. After waiting in vain for any sequel to the mummy, I proposed to finish the afternoon by going to the more remarkable of the Private Tombs—which were close by—when (Oh! the unhappy destiny of Princes)—only three candles were forthcoming, which the first tomb exhausted—amidst the multitude of counsellors, and the devotion to the tables, chairs, plates, glasses, provisions for the luncheon, this one absolutely indispensable and unobtainable article had been forgotten—and the great sights which would have been visible to the humblest of the Nile travellers were closed against the Heir of half the world.—He—no doubt, with a vast sense of relief, returned to the excavation, a relief, which in a certain sense I shared, for he had seen all that was absolutely necessary—and the labour of leading to those deep wells a horse so determined not to drink was too great even for the enjoyment of the thing itself.—I am, however, much more pleased that he should have been struck by Karnak, than disappointed that he should have found the tombs wearisome.

Speaking of excavations, we were told a good story of the Viceroy's visit to Thebes.—The French antiquarian, M. Mariette, came beforehand to make preparations—set ten thousand men at work to clear out, as above described, the approach to the Hall of Karnak—red cloth was thrown over the parts that were not excavated.—The Viceroy was to see Thebes as no one had seen it before. He came—in twenty-three steamers, and with twenty thousand soldiers.

He encamped on the Western plain and there, day after day, exercised his men in artillery practice. The whole neighbourhood was scared by balls and shells.—A famine was created in the surrounding villages for the sake of supporting these troops.—After a time the Viceroy proposed to go to the Royal Tombs—in his carriage. He was told that there was no carriage road. After a burst of fury at this neglect, he was at last persuaded that as a General officer in the army, he might not unbecomingly ride to the valley. So on horseback he went—with two regiments of soldiery—and on arriving, insisted on their going into the first Tomb with him, and firing off a salute. It was suggested to him that, if he did so, the tomb would probably close over him, and that he wd. never get out.—Finally he returned to his steamers, and went off, without ever seeing Karnak at all.—

H.R.H. (again with that curious sense of propriety which I noticed before) bought a great many curiosities. Besides the excavations, there was a Mummy unrolled —a very disagreeable operation.—He was very good about securing a brick for ——, to supply the one given to the Osborne Museum.

OSIENT,
March 20

The afternoon had been for some time past destined to a crocodile hunt, promised by the Governor of Keneh, who had followed us up the river, and is the greatest potentate of these parts.

The party after having slain as many crocodiles as would appear, was to land on the other side the river—

and those who wished were to proceed to Dendera. . . . The Governor had sent on board a present of an ostrich, two gazelles, and a monkey which were to accompany us to England. The ostrich was exceedingly reluctant and twice jumped into the Nile—and his capture occasioned much delay. At last we all embarked in the Pasha's steamer. Waters being the last to jump on board—'Now Waters, Waters—' called out General Bruce, 'It is the only occasion on which I have seen any want of quickness in your servant.' 'Poor fellow,' said Keppel, 'he has broken his thigh; so you must not be hard upon him.' On we went.—What the crocodile hunt was expected to be—whether crocodiles were to be allured to the spot, and then picked out for destruction—or whether it was all a mere illusion, can never be known. For, before any appeared, an immense herd of pelicans presented themselves on the bank. A volley, in which H.R.H. had the first shot as usual, brought down two—and Waters, whose awkwardness was now fully forgiven, was dispatched in a boat to capture them in the river, for stuffing. They certainly were magnificent birds—and a rare occasion for his art.—By this time the sun was beginning rapidly to sink—and we arrived at the point where the choice lay between pursuing the last faint chance of the crocodiles, or catching the last daylight for the Temple. The only one, who was more intently bent on the crocodiles, was satisfied with pelicans, and accordingly we all rushed to shore—sprang on the horses and donkeys and galloped off over the dusty plain towards the Temple. . . . So rapid and abrupt was the sunset, that before I had entered the Temple

it was dark.—Happily there were half a dozen candles amongst us—which just served to light up the vast gloomy halls, and gigantic pillars, and to welcome one after another, the riders, as they dropped in.—Dendera, you will remember, is the last Temple of the Ptolemaic sovereigns, built by Cleopatra, who, with her son by Caesar, figure in colossal style on the outer wall of the Temple. As an inducement to the Prince I had announced at breakfast that Cleopatra was a remarkable likeness of a distinguished person whom they all knew,—but whose name I should not tell them, till our arrival there.—Therefore, in spite of the darkness—dust, he and the others consented to be led all round the Precincts of the Temple, till we reached the wall, where I remembered that the sculptures were. Contrary to all my expectations, the mounds of dust were so high, that by lifting up our candles to the wall, the light fell exactly on the colossal faces. The likeness is certainly very faint—but Teesdale guessed it.—Would the Bishop of Oxford have been gratified or not to have seen us all standing before the gigantic Queen and speculating on the resemblance of her features to his.—? By this time, it was but for the starlight, quite dark. At a foot's pace we returned to the river.

The next day was entire repose—The only incident was the announcement first of the severe illness, and just before sunset, of the death of the ostrich. 'It is even sooner than I had hoped,' said the General.—

Meade entirely enters into the excessively ludicrous side which it presents—and I am sure that you wd. enjoy the roars of laughter which ring thro' our cabin.

CHAPTER VI

He, Keppel and I, visit each other the first thing every morning—and the General from time to time administers a playful rebuke from within.—

We are now hard upon Memphis—a slight alarm of again meeting the Coburgs at Cairo—I trust not.

PALACE OF THE CITADEL,
CAIRO,
March 24, 1862

The carriages came round—and I was as usual going in the second carriage—General Bruce called me to go in the first—with the Prince, Teesdale and himself. It was a long drive—The General looked very sad—but I tried to persuade myself that it was from finding the Duke here—but there was an immovable gravity in Teesdale's countenance and kindness in the Prince's manner, which kept me in constant anxiety. We arrived at the Palace here—entered the large Hall. General Bruce at last said 'Will you come into this room—I want to ask you a question.' The moment we were alone, he said 'Mr. Calnot has, I am afraid, received some bad news—Your Mother has been very ill——' I interrupted him at once—and said '*She is dead*.'

I found the letters piled up on the divan. But I could not bring myself to open them.—At last I called for General Bruce.—He immediately came. I begged to know how he had heard it. Calnot had brought down *The Times*—and told him instantly on coming on board.—In short nothing could have been more considerate than the conduct of everyone, from H.R.H. downwards. I forget whether it was then

or afterwards that I had my first outpouring of bitter grief and secured also at that moment that one message should be sent to the Prince—a wish that I earnestly hoped that he wd. comply with, that I might not think that I had come out here wholly for nothing.—Thank God, he took it as he should.—I begged to see Meade. He, I knew, would feel with me; from what I had heard of his own mother's death.—He did indeed. God bless him. No younger brother could have been more tender, more considerate than he was. He folded me in his arms, he soothed me, he offered to do or say anything for me.—Then Keppel came.—Most truly kind and sympathizing too.

General Bruce did not show me your letter to him, till after I had made up my mind—which was before night—thinking it unfair to influence me—but he as indeed all of them—expressed profound gratitude for my having made the effort.—Indeed the shock has drawn us all together. She would rejoice to see—it was just one of those experiences in which she did so rejoice—in seeing the barriers broken down, and the roughness broken off, by this great sorrow. If it will increase the exertion to me, on the other hand, it will (as the General most truly and considerately urged) lessen the levity and frivolity of the journey. —Something will be gained towards that almost impossible end.

I have now seen all the rest of the party. The Prince came in first. He showed as much kindness as can be shown in natural manner.—I told him very openly that whether the great effort which I made in going on was worth while depended entirely on himself—

CHAPTER VI

I also described to him the relation in which she and I had been to each other.—Poor boy—he said and 'did what he could'—Dr. Minter was quite overcome—He shed many tears and was full of rough tenderness. So, tho' in a less intelligent way, was the Captain. With Teesdale, I had, I believe I may say, my first real conversation. It brought out his very best self. Everything which any one had ever said good of him came up for the first time in that half-hour. We talked much of H.R.H. and he gave me most useful and important hints.

Within proper limits the sermons may be read but they must not be copied by anyone but yourselves or get into print of any kind.—I am anxious that H.R.H. should not think that they are preached with any public object.—I have also told General Bruce that I never ask his advice about them in order that I may have it to say that they are quite spontaneous.—

And no more letters to or from her.—Tell me whether you have found much that she wrote in journals etc. She used to write extracts a good deal. There were too, those two beautiful things on *Repentance* and on *Judgement* according to *Truth*.—I forget where.—

General Bruce is extremely anxious that nothing shd. reach the Queen of an unfavourable kind. At the same time I feel that if, in spite of all, I am able to part from the poor youth with feelings of affection, the very distaste which I feel at other times will enable me to plead his cause more effectively. I have been very seldom really unhappy.

With regard to H.R.H., I have written at length on

all his good points to Lady Augusta. The question simply is how far there is a chance of their gaining the better over the opposite side. There is more in him than I thought.—I do not at all despair—and therefore I feel more and more convinced not only that I am acting in conformity with her wishes, but that I should have done wrong, in the sight of God and man, in withdrawing from my post.

They all came back late from Suez last night.

കേരള സാഹിത്യ അക്കാദമി

CHAPTER VII

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I

APPROACHING JAFFA,
March 29, 1862

YOU will be glad to hear that everything is well. The comfort of the Osborne is far beyond what I could ever thought possible on board a steamer. And it is a real pleasure to think that, if so be, I shall find such a resting place after the return from Syria. H.R.H. continues to act and speak as kindly as before. General Bruce offered to give me a tent to myself with Waters.—I hardly liked to accept it—nor indeed was it needed. But I know that you will be pleased to think of it.

This morning we came in sight of the coast of Palestine. You know I had never seen it from this approach.—It is the plain of Philistia clearly marked by the long winding ridge on the shore, and the blue wall of Judea hills behind.

We are to start to-morrow after service and reach Jerusalem on Monday.

JERUSALEM,
April 6

You can imagine with what mingled feelings I sit down to write you from this place.

We landed about 11 a.m. and rode to Ramah—to Lydda, the scene of Richard's court, and of the birth-

place of S. George, whence his name spread thro' the Crusaders into Europe and so made him the patron saint of England. In the ruins of the old Gothic Church, built by Richard I and destroyed by Edward I, the Prince of Wales stood by the tomb of S. George —and the little remnant of Christian Clergy (Greek) welcomed him to the spot. . . . Here we met Mr. and Mrs. Finn (Consul and Consuless of Jerusalem). Poor people—I have pitied them sincerely. Totally absorbed in making the reception and seeing as much of the P. of W. as possible—but with no judgement, and so involving him and themselves in all manner of unnecessary difficulties.

The route from Lydda to the nether Beth-Horon (our first encampment) was new to me—The first encampment! The sudden transition from the luxury of the Nile to the primitive fare of the tents surprised even me.—But is a change immensely for the better.—Nothing can be more comfortable than for us—a good tent and Waters sleeps in it and arranges everything. The next day was the Upper Beth-Horon, the view over Joshua's Gibeon, the hill from which Richard I saw Jerusalem, and turned back because 'if he was not worthy to conquer the Sepulchre, he was not worthy to see it.' To me it was all like a dream—the same, and yet so totally changed in all the circumstances. We approached (as I had never done before) by the northern road.—Then came the nearer view—that which the first Crusaders had—one of the few imposing views.—By this time the cavalcade had increased. The Governor—the English clergy—groups of ragged Jews—Franciscan monks—Greek clergy—here and

there, under the clumps of trees, groups of children singing hymns—the stragglers at last forming a crowd—the long retinue of spearmen before and behind—the clatter of the horses' hoofs on the broken stones of the execrable road, drowning any other sound —and this increasing as we passed under the walls.—The Prince at the head of the motley procession.

By an excessive folly on the part of the Finns, we were taken a mile out of the town, to a garden of their own, for encampment.—However, there was still time to stop the advance of the tents—and we returned to a delightful spot between the Damascus and S. Stephen's Gate, under a clump of olive trees, and close by the encampment of Robert Duke of Normandy. —It was now late in the afternoon, and I took them along the walls of Jerusalem from gate to gate, over-looking the Mount of Olives and Gethsemane.—That evening and the evening before—the Prince came to my tent, after I was gone to bed, to get the names of the places he had seen, correctly written down in his journal—and on the first evening—the Sunday—he said on going out, in the most engaging manner, 'You see that I am trying to do what I can to carry out what you said in your sermon.' (Gather up the fragments—.)

Wednesday ended at the reputed tomb of David. Here we arrived at one of the great difficulties. It is one of the closed sanctuaries—into wh. no European has penetrated beyond a certain point.—To this point, and to a door beyond it, we reached.—And this door the guardian of the Mosque resolutely refused to open. —There was a vast complication from the accumulation of all the English population in Jerusalem—the

people got excited—the Pasha arrived with his troops—and finally the door was left unopened.—Still something was gained.—In the evening we refreshed ourselves by the Garden of Gethsemane, and a ride up to the top of Olivet.—Each beautiful as ever.—We saw the sun set over the city, and then rode homewards over the northern slope. As I was picking my way over the rocks, a Mussulman rushed out from some European tents close by, stopped my horse, seized my hand, and covered it with kisses. 'Oh! my master, my dear master.'—It was Mohamed Ghizanee.[1]—You know that I have never once, since I joined the Royal party, lamented his absence, and therefore this encounter was unmixed with any sense of bitterness or regret.—He ran along by the side of my horse, I pressing his hand, and he still kissing mine. We parted at the descent of the hill.—I had hoped to see him again there.—He was in the service of an English family encamped on the summit.—I fear now that we shall not meet—but it is an inexpressible relief to me to have seen him. O David, and if your spirits still hover over the place of your meeting on that spot you will have blessed that interview.

II

BETHLEHEM,
Thursday

It impressed me more than before—the cradle of the first Psalms—the village, the extraordinary beauty of the children—the whole population on housetops,

[1] His servant during his previous visit to the Holy Land. See page 61.

and ruined windows, and broken walls, looking down upon us. The Prince was dressed as he now usually is in travelling, in a long white robe thrown over his coat, to keep off the heat and dust. It becomes him remarkably well—and gives a dignity and grace to his whole appearance and moreover, has produced such a likeness to the pictures of S. Louis, as to be quite startling.—

I left Bethlehem with a truly delightful impression. —We halted for our midday meal in the Shepherds' field—and then rode over the wild hills of Judea to Mar Saba. We had not gone far before the top of the mountain bristled with Arabs.—Seeing our vast escort, they imagined that it was a force sent by the Government to attack them—and they were as near as possible firing upon us. Teesdale rode on in advance with one of the Turkish officers and they were gradually undeceived. Then came the descent on Mar Saba. Magnificent after all that I have seen before and since my first visit.

Friday—another long and burning ride over the hills.—Then the wide view over the Dead Sea and the Jordan Valley. The whole party were much struck by its grandeur. To me, the renewed sight of those great scenes was so absorbing that I could hardly tell whether it was grand or not.—The Dead Sea, with the bathing—the Jordan—a halt and bathing again.—I stood for a long time with the servants explaining to them the scenes on those sacred thickets.

Saturday—after encamping at Jericho—or rather Gilgal, rode thro' the groves of ancient Jericho, and up the tremendous pass of Adummim—halted at the

Good Samaritan's khan—Arabs again, who attacked a Russian pilgrimess, who was rescued by the valour of our dragoman who drew his sword, and pursued the robbers up the hill.—Late in the afternoon we reached Bethany.—I then took my place close beside the Prince. Every one else fell back by design or accident —and at the head of the cavalcade, we moved on towards the famous view. This was the one half-hour which throughout the journey I had determined to have alone with him—and I succeeded. I pointed out each stage of the triumphal entry—the 'figtrees'—the 'stones,' the first sight of Jerusalem—the acclamations, the palms, the olive branches—the second sight, where 'He beheld the city and wept over it.'

I turned round to call the attention of the rest of the party, and as I turned, I saw and bade the Prince look round to the only detail which wd. have been worth noticing on such an occasion—a flock of white sheep and black goats feeding on the mountain side, the framework of the great Parable delivered also from this hillside—on the Day of Judgement.—The Cavalcade moved on again—and I fell to the rear—feeling that I had at least done my best, though after I felt as if my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. By the valley of Jehosaphat we returned home—and so the day closed.

III

JERUSALEM,
Thursday, April 10

We reached Hebron about 4 p.m.—When we descended into the valley approaching the town, the

whole road was lined with soldiers. Whether these and other precautions were necessary, will never be known. There is no doubt that had the population been so disposed, and the road had been unguarded, we might all have been cut off in the narrow passage through the vineyards.—But there were very few natives visible. Perhaps they showed their indignation by absence. Perhaps they were kept away. We at last reached the well-known quarantine ground, from which nine years ago I had gazed on that impregnable country. Then the Pasha received us, and then we were to receive his ultimatum about the numbers [to enter Abraham's tomb].—He had laid down as a condition that only three should enter with the Prince —and the Prince had laid down as a condition that of those three, Dr. Rosen and myself should be two.—Poor Meade was very anxious as we approached and I was employed during the whole of the last hour in urging his claims on the different members of the party.—To our great relief, however, the Pasha consented to admit the whole suite.—The omission of the servants, who would all be supposed by the natives to be great personages, wd., he said, give an *appearance* of selection which was all that he wished for.—So the servants remained on the grassy sward, and we started, two and two, like prisoners, between two lines of soldiers down the slope . . . still lined with troops on either side. Hardly a face was visible in the houses as we passed and only the solitary figure of a guard standing on every housetop, evidently to secure that no stones should be thrown down.—In short it was a complete military occupation. At last we reached the corner

of the great Jewish enclosure. 'Here,' said Dr. Rosen, 'is the furthest point I have ever reached.' Up the steep flight of stairs—gazing at the huge polished stones—we mounted.—At the summit we turned inside, and were immediately received by the chief guardian of the Mosque and took off our shoes.—Nothing cd. be more courteoųs than he was;—declaring that for no one but for the eldest son of the Queen of England would he have allowed this—sooner should the Princes of any other nation have passed over his body.—There was a a deep groan from the attendants when the shrine of Abraham was opened—redoubled at the shrine of Jacob and of Joseph. You will read my letter to Grove—so that I need not repeat. But you may imagine my feeling when I thrust my arm down as far as I cd. reach into the rocky vault—and when I knelt down to ascertain how far the tomb of Abraham was part of the native mountain. Dr. Rosen and Meade were quite inestimable. They have between them drawn up a grand plan, which I cd. never have done, and which I sd. have thought quite impossible. Of course when we came out and compared notes, we thought of many things that we ought to have done and had not done. Meade had seen two tombs, which we were not shown.—Dr. Rosen thinks that the real entrance to the cave if it exists at all, must be behind the Gallery of Joseph.—I saw too late that we ought to have gone up the minaret for the view over the platform.—And this last is a point for future travellers to attempt.

When we all came out, I knew not what feelings

preponderated. I must say that the person for whom I felt the most was General Bruce. It had been a most anxious week for him—because the question, having been once raised, must be settled.

When we returned to the encampment I went up immediately to congratulate him. He said that he had been most desirous of making the attempt, not only on the Prince's account, but on mine—and had so represented to the Prince as the only return he cd. make to me for the great sacrifice I was making—and that the Prince from the first had made my entrance an indispensable condition of his going at all.—

From him, I went to the Prince, to thank him, and to express how but for him I shd. never have had this great opportunity. 'Well,' he said with touching, almost reproachful simplicity, 'high station, you see, has after all, some merits, some advantages.' 'Yes, Sir, and I hope that you will always make as good a use of it.'

What would one have given to have heard the gossip of the streets of Hebron that night! It was an epoch which, people said, wd. never be forgotten.

NABLUS,
April 13

. . . As we were riding down to Jacob's Well, we met the welcome messenger from Jerusalem with a huge packet of letters. Everyone was jealous of me —for I had more than anyone.—

. . . I daresay that my fellow travellers, and still more those whom I casually meet, wd. say, if they think about it at all—'How soon he has got over it—

how little he seems to remember what he only heard a week—a fortnight ago.'—So, in one way it is. I must be either one thing or the other—and I am only carrying on the journey by throwing it off.

. . . What your interview with the Queen has been I cannot say. . . . I gave it to General Bruce to read—(I have not yet spoken to the Prince)—and he was profoundly struck by it.—Lady Augusta sent some extracts from your letters to her, excellent for the Prince to see.—

. . . At four we rode up to Gerizim. The whole Samaritan Community were encamped on a terrace just short of the summit.—At three-quarters of an hour before sunset, the prayers began.—There were altogether a hundred and fifty. But the women were shut up in tents—and only a few were in the solemn costume—the old men in white robes—the young men in white shirts and white drawers.—Presently, suddenly, there appeared amongst them six sheep guarded by some of these youths. They wandered to and fro in the crowd—so innocent—and the young men who tended them, so simple in their appearance, that it was like a pastoral scene in a play—like one of the tableaux at Ammergau. The sun which had hitherto burnished up the Mediterranean sea in the distance, now sank very nearly to the farthermost western ridge.—The recitation of prayers became more vehement—indeed it was, I believe, the recitation from the early chapters of Exodus. —The sheep were driven more closely together—still perfectly playful. The sun touched the ridge. The youths burst into a wild chant—and drew their long bright knives, and brandished them in the air.—In a

moment, the sheep were thrown on their backs—and the long knives were drawn across their throats. There were a few silent convulsions—'dumb as a sheep that openeth not his mouth'—and the six forms lay lifeless on the ground—with the blood streaming from them—the one only Jewish sacrifice that still remains in the world.—In the blood, the young men dipped their fingers, and marked the foreheads and hands of all the children—not the doors of the tents, nor the faces of the grown-ups—It was as they explained it, a kind of relic of the past, of wh. only this fragment continued. It sounds hardly anything in relating—but there was a wildness about it that was extremely striking—and I have no doubt that it carries one back, beyond any other institution, to those ancient days. The next process was the skinning and roasting. For this a trough and a deep hole were prepared. In both, briars and brambles (those of Jotham's parable) were thrown and set on fire.—Over those in the trough were placed two caldrons, and again amidst the recitation of Ex. xii, the water boiled, and when it had boiled enough, it was poured by the same youths over the dead sheep, to take off their wool—their legs were torn off and thrown aside—and the sheep themselves were spitted on long poles—hardly crosses, as it has sometimes been said—and they were then hoisted aloft and prepared to be sunk into the second hole filled with burning faggots to roast them.

One after another, the different members of the party gave way and at last all determined to return to the tents at the foot of the mountain. I however was resolved to remain. They were all extremely good—

made no difficulty—and accordingly, with Waters I retired to one of the Samaritan tents, and slept, or tried to sleep.—Strange feeling—we two, the only Europeans on that wild mountain height, in the midst of this ancient sect—to witness the only direct vestige of the Jewish Passover. At half-past one a.m. we were roused.—The moon was still bright and high in the heavens. The whole male community was gathered round the hole, now closed up with wet earth, where the six sheep were being roasted. Mats were arranged for them, on which we were not allowed to tread—indeed, it was curious to see how totally we were disregarded as though we did not exist. Then the hole was opened—a cloud of steam and smoke burst forth —reminding me of Heber's line, so remarkable as showing how he had caught the peculiarities of the country. *Smokes on Gerizim's mount Samaria's sacrifice*— and out were brought on their long poles the sheep, their heads and ears still visible, black from the oven. They were thrown on the mats.—The mats were laid out in a line between two files of the Samaritans. Those who were in white had ropes round their waists (girded), staves in their hands, shoes (which before they had not) on their feet—a long wild chant burst out, which suddenly stopped—and down they all sank on their haunches and set to work on the black masses before them. They did not seize it with so much haste, as I had been led to expect, but they ate in perfect silence, and so rapidly, that in ten minutes it was all gone, but a few bones and scraps which were gathered up in the mats—; and placed on a hurdle over the fire which was once more kindled.—By its light and with

candles the whole ground was searched for [illegible] particles of sacramental bread—These were thrown on the burning mass, and a huge bonfire was stirred up, which lit up the mountain, and then gradually died away—and left us to return home.

Meantime Dr. Rosen had arrived and we had a very pleasant day with him. He had seen the Samaritan Passover, i.e. the first part of it in 1853, the same year that I just missed it—but had been unable to stay for the conclusion—as indeed few people would. From his account it would seem that the peculiarities must be fast dying out; in 1853 the whole community were in white, they were all marked with the blood, and (as he was told) all stood (as visioned in Exodus xii) for the eating of it.—Now all this has shrunk away —and I expect that in 20 years nothing will be left but the bonfire.—So that I have not only been fortunate in seeing it, but in seeing it before its total extinction.—

We shall be on Mt. Carmel, on Good Friday, I hope at Nazareth on Easterday, when I trust to give the Sacrament to them all, on the shores of the sea of Galilee.—I have told the Prince about the Princess Beatrice. He says she is afraid of his bringing her home a black boy.

IV

NAZARETH,
Good Friday, April 18th

To the rest of the party—at least to H.R.H.—a fresh interest also sprang up on this day.—For the first time since we entered Palestine, there was a chance of sport.—A gazelle appeared—not wholly without in-

terest even to me—in the sight of Mt. Gilboa, on wh. David laments for Saul, 'The gazelle of Israel is slain upon thy high places.'—Immediately all the energy of the poor boy revived.—He and Teesdale went after it; had it been Saul himself they could not have been more delighted. The gazelle of course escaped—But there were quail etc. etc. ,etc.—and in this way, riding thro' the deep corn, the scattered party at last reached the Easternmost point of Carmel, immediately underneath the scene of Elijah's sacrifice, which in my former journey, I had approached along the ridge of the hill. Our tents were pitched on the plain below. There were still two hours before dark—a glorious evening—and it was proposed to go up and watch the sunset from that glorious spot.—What I am now going to relate is so characteristic that I cannot forbear to relate it—and I do not see why a few might not read it. But you will see that if it became promiscuously public it mt. be cruelly misused.—As we were preparing to start,—the Prince came up, entreating us not to go—'There were more quails'—'there was Bedouin encampment' (poor fellow—throwing it in as a bait) etc. etc.—

Meade came up to me and whispered, 'Let him stay—he will be wretched if he goes.'

I thought so too—and begged him to remain—It is alas! only too easy to say 'The mountain is like any other mountain—it is only the scene of Elijah's sacrifice.'—

He implored someone to stay with him—But all were on horseback—ready to start, and all were inexorable. Teesdale, his only chance, had himself wandered away, in search of partridge or fox.

CHAPTER VII

We moved on—and slowly he mounted and joined us.—He came up to Meade, who told me afterwards, and you may believe we were both moved with sincere compassion—'I would have given anything to stay—but I thought that, if I did, it wd. vex Dr. Stanley—and I do not like him to think that I do not take enough interest in these things.'—

So he came—and, tho' the ride up the mountain and down was very hard, he expressed no ill humour—and listened at the top, with the best grace possible to my explanation of the view, and discussed with real good sense and feeling the slaughter of the prophets of Baal and Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—. This is the kind of mixture of qualities.

April 16

There was no rain, as had been expected,—and we went, still over ground new to me, across the plain of Acre, crossing the Kishon—and thro' the palms and gardens of Acre suddenly coming in sight of the sea breaking on the shore, pouring a flood of sea breezes through the hot noonday, and the little promontory of fortified walls, so inseparably united with the story of England from the Crusades downwards.—It was a very striking moment. On the curve of the shore stood the troops drawn out to receive us. The Governor of Acre was with us. The drums played—and the Prince rode, at the head of the cavalcade—first heir to the English throne since Edward I,—thro' the old gateway and was conducted round the walls.—We lunched in some beautiful Alhambra-like gardens, and then advanced three hours on the way to Nazareth—a

vigour of march, not caused, as you may suppose, by an ardour of travelling, but the newly awakened passion for the blood of gazelles and francolin. In this way, we reached by degrees our encampment at a village, perched on the first slope of the hills of Galilee. —The next day, it had been intended to devote the morning to shooting—and reach Nazareth at night. But when the morning broke—a wet day—and the gazelles far off—General Bruce wisely determined to give the entire day to it. He consulted me first about Good Friday—when we were to have had the service in the morning at Nazareth. But I thought it far more important to have a mind not fretting against the withholding of the only real pleasure (and that an innocent one) that he [the Prince] has, and so willingly consented on condition that they reached Nazareth in time to have the service on Good Friday afternoon.

. . . At 10 a.m. Waters and I, with a native guide, who did not speak a word of English, set out alone on our travels (Bedford going by the direct route). You (and the English public if it knew, which it must not) would not grudge me this day of solitude and release.—To know that I could be of no use, where they were, and to feel that for one single day, I might see and enjoy at leisure what was to me the one charm of my former journey—was, I must allow, a refreshment greater than I could have thought. It was all new to me.—For the first time, I made a thorough acquaintance with the hills of Galilee.—So far exceeding in beauty those of Judea—a constant park—lawns, glades, occasional cornfields of the richest green—here and there a gipsy encampment. Our solitary guide, our

only protector, was a curious satire on the band of fifty spearmen who with their red pennants flying, add so much to the picturesqueness of the royal cavalcade. —Even he failed at last. For altho' he had been chosen for the express purpose of taking us to the places I wanted to see, he knew hardly a step of the road.—But, when on emerging from the hills, we descended on the plain of Jeporiah, I knew by the map exactly the points to make for—and, so disregarding his instructions, started off across the plain—with Waters, leaving the poor guide transfixed with bewilderment.—'Behind that point,' I said to Waters, 'we shall come to a ruined village which is Cana.'—On we went, we turned the point—for a moment, I thought I was wrong—but in the next, the ruins appeared—It is a village absolutely deserted, on the side of a hill overlooking a vast expanse of plain—I carried off from it a beautiful hyacinth,—and a branch of a *figtree* ('When thou wast under the figtree in Cana of Galilee I saw thee') and two reeds or *canes*, probably the seed wafted from a neighbouring marsh, and I have little doubt the origin of the name—the same in Hebrew. Having thus seen Cana, I now insisted on Jotapata, the fortress where Josephus was taken prisoner. By this time the guide had rejoined us—and fortified by our success, and by the information of two or three peasants, he became tractable, and went on with us. We mounted a glen, at the mouth of which Cana stands—the most beautiful I have seen in Palestine—more like that of . . . Mt. Atlas—filled with the most luxuriant vegetation, of various trees, creepers and flowers—and at the head of this is the large hill with its abrupt sides, which

Josephus with much precision, and some exaggerations describes, so as to leave no doubt of its identity, and riding along the defile which forms its western defence, descended again into the plain—passed by Sepphorieh —the alleged residence of Joachim and Anne—and reached Nazareth, or rather the hill above it, at sunset. Our fare was very homely but I was thoroughly rejoiced with my day's work—and went to bed at 8 p.m.

You ask me to send some stories for the Princess Beatrice. I do not think I told you of our adventures on the return from the Jordan to Jerusalem. First there were some Russian pilgrims, amongst others an old Russian lady carried in a litter—at a certain point in the road, not far from where the thieves are supposed to have attacked the traveller in the parable of the Good Samaritan, some Arabs leaped out of the rocks, and plundered the poor old lady, carrying off her parcels, and off into the hills. At this moment our luggage mules appeared, with our dragoman Hadji Ali. He immediately drew a long sword which he always wears, and capered about on the rocks, and so terrified the robbers that they dropped their plunder and ran away. The next adventure was that we passed a poor horse, wounded in several places, but not dead—standing where its master had been shot by these Arabs some days before. But they left the horse, in this sad state, not thinking it right to interfere with the will of Heaven about it.—So when the Prince came along he took a more merciful view—and was determined to put the poor beast out of its misery. They all shot, and Downie (the Scotch servant) killed it.

CHAPTER VII

Next, when we came to the spring at the foot of the hill of Bethany called 'the Apostles Well,' we found a great confusion.—Mr. Bedford the photographer was with him and Mr. Lowndes, who joined the party in Egypt for the sake of helping him in Arabic etc., and Mr. L. being a very hot-tempered man, had beaten one of the soldiers who formed their guard. The soldier, thinking that Mr. L. was going to kill him, fell on his knees before Mr. Bedford, and entreated him to save his life.—At this moment, the Prince appeared—and then the poor soldier did the same to the Prince who told Mr. L. to be more careful for the future—and so we went on.

The Prince has got two little wild boars, and two little leopards, who are being brought up by a cat that we took from Alexandria. The leopards are so small, that it is difficult to know whether they are really leopards or only wild kittens. But they sleep in the Prince's tent, and we shall soon know.

CHAPTER VIII

(1862)

'A walk in London or Jerusalem must have been crowded with memory, and fear, and hope, and love. The unexpressed, half-conscious joy of life to one who carried such a mind and eye must be something of which the multitude of us know nothing.'

PHILLIPS BROOKS, OF DEAN STANLEY

കേരള സാഹിത്യ അക്കാദമി

CHAPTER VIII

(1862)

I

DAMASCUS,
April 20, 1862

ON Monday morning early we started for Damascus.—

We descended and then, as on the entering into Jerusalem only on a larger scale, the plot thickened—on the garden walls, on the trees, on the housetops, the population stood and climbed to see us pass.—The ride thro' the Damascus streets was chiefly remarkable from the fact that very few of the people rose as we passed by—it was supposed from the strong fanatical feeling still reigning against the Europeans. A hint seems to have been given them since, for they have always afterwards stood up. Torrents of rain still fell—and the tents were not arrived—so we took refuge in the Consulate—a splendid house, and played at ball with a large lemon till the tents came, and the weather cleared.

Damascus.—Those great sights I saw yesterday (Tuesday) all new to me. In the Mosque, which has been only opened to Europeans since the massacres.—A once splendid Temple, a once splendid Church, a once splendid Mosque, with vestiges of each still left. The Tomb of Saladin also on one side, but what most interested me, the view from the top of the minaret, strangely called the Minaret of Jesus, from the belief

that on it Our Lord will descend to judge the world—indeed the very room is shown half-way up the staircase, a small dirty room, like a belfry, the walls covered with the names of Arab pilgrims—and in it, as it was thought, every prayer wd. be granted. Hence one chief reason for the exclusion of Christians lest they shd. pray for the fall of the Mussulman power.—The day was glorious—and the view was quite complete in all its parts.—The green plain, the vast city, the winding river, the bare hills, the purple slopes and the snowy crest of Hermon.—

Abdel Kader. He had sent his proposal to come, almost as soon as we arrived and noon the next day was appointed. He is not quite so striking a person as I had expected—but is however a figure that you would not pass by—tall, pale, calm, a short beard dyed black.—The conversation, unfortunately chiefly consisted of compliments.—But I managed (of course it was all thro' the interpreter) to wedge in some questions about his studies, and about the traditions of Damascus. He was much better informed about the Old Testament than Achmet Effendi—had evidently read Genesis and Isaiah. He is entirely devoted to study, and gives a lecture every Friday,—but at the same time takes the liveliest interest in general news—knew of the battle between the two iron ships and that it wd. make a new epoch in war.—He refused a pipe. 'I never smoke—I never have—I follow nature.' The Prince spoke very properly to him about his conduct during the massacres. 'It was no more than my duty—My religion would not allow me to do otherwise than I did.'

CHAPTER VIII

He was evidently much pleased with the interview—spoke of the rifle which the Queen had sent as a recognition of his services, unworthy as they were.—The Prince too was deeply impressed by his character and appearance.

The Prince is perfectly furious at the Turks, partly most justly, partly beyond all reasonable bounds.—Of course, all this (as Meade reproachfully says) can be read in the Blue Book. But it is a very different thing to see and hear it on the spot. The children were mostly spared, on the theory that all children till they are prevented by education, are Mussulmen.

One other sight—as we came to our encampment we passed by a balcony, on which stood Mr. and Mrs. Buxton. They had arrived on Saturday, and were staying with their Aunt. On the pretext of seeing the gardens which are beautiful, we went in yesterday—and there saw 'Mrs. D———.'—I shd. not have known her again. She has dyed her brown hair black and painted her eyes.—She recognized but very faintly our former acquaintance—and when I said that she had seen Sir H. H. two or three years ago, replied that she was in the desert then.—The Sheykh was away somewhere, for some caravan difficulties.—The house was beautiful—Keppel recognized a portrait of Lord Leicester in one of the rooms.—She talked a good deal to H.R.H., and behaved with the utmost propriety.—We had coffee etc., saw the gardens, and then disappeared.

Whilst they were at the Bazaars, I stole another quiet ride with Waters, dismissing the guard of six lancers and taking one only as our guide. We rode

thro' this Paradise of gardens to the corner in the hills, which for at least two thousand years has been revered as the halting place of Abraham, whether on his first or second visit to Damascus—I had not seen it before.—It wd. have been nothing to most of the party, but to me it was full of delight.

II

TIBERIAS,
Easter Day, April 20

Half-way between Tabor and Tiberias, we were entertained by a famous Bedouin Chief, Agyle Aga, who had protected the Christians during the massacres. It was my first sight of the kind—and was exceedingly interesting. I looked at everything with a view to Abraham and to Jael—and have now a far better notion of both than I had before.—We rested under shelter of the goatskin tent and partook not of a sumptuous, but of a very good luncheon, in the Arab style—eating with our fingers, little pieces of peppered meat—sipping up out of two pewter vessels sweet and sour milk ('butter in a lordly dish'), a huge bowl of rice, wh. the Arab Chiefs showed us how to eat, scooping it up in an indescribable manner. Agyle was very much gratified by the Prince's visit—had written no less than six letters to the Protestant clergyman—at Nazareth (who came with us) to effect it—kissed his foot in the stirrup as we approached—offered him two mares, and two lions from the Jordan valley . . . said that the rain which was so much wanted by the country had followed in his wake—But otherwise he showed much poverty of invention. At every pause, he made

excuses for the want of due preparation—and after this had been repeated four or five times, our interpreter contented himself by saying, 'He reverts to the story of the want of preparations.'—We left the encampment —and proceeded to Gennesareth. It was Easter eve and the Prince and I rode alone over the hills. He was in one of his best moods—made the best proposals for the arrangement of the Communion the next day, and spoke much of you, Catherine, of our dear Mother—of his father. 'It will be a sad Easter for me,' he said.

'Yes,' I said, 'and a sad one for me. But I am sure that if your father and my mother could look down upon us, they would be well satisfied that we should both be here at this time in this place.'

Suddenly we reached the edge of the cliffs and the whole view of the lake burst upon us. He quite screamed with surprise and pleasure. 'So unexpected and so beautiful.'

It was indeed that view of which I am always afraid to speak, lest the glory of the recollections should tempt me to exaggerate its real character. But on that evening—the falling sun throwing its soft light over the deep descent—the stormy clouds flying to and fro—it was truly grand. They were all satisfied—and when we found our tents pitched at the bottom of the hill by the old walls of Tiberias, on the very edge of the lake, General Bruce came up to me and said, 'You have indeed chosen well for to-morrow.'

From the moment that it had become possible that we shd. be here on Easterday, I had fixed my heart upon it. Nazareth, Tabor, etc., had been thought of. But this was far the best—and when Easterday broke,

I went out early to look at the view.—The Eastern hills were dark.—The sun behind a bank of black clouds poured down its first rays on the calm lake—all the Western tops were tinged with golden light.—At ten we had our service in the great Tent.—The Prince, with his own hands, prepared the chairs.—We were all there—I selected what I thought the most splendid parts of the service for Easterday—I began with the Anthem 'Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us.' I preached on John xxi, taking the chapter thro' piece by piece.—It was certainly a very solemn occasion—and I am thankful that we had it there, and not in Jerusalem, amidst the clatter of the contending Churches, and the publicity of the English congregation.—After a long quiet morning—we strolled into the filthy town—and then, glad to escape from it, walked along the shores to the hot springs, and there far away, further than I had ever reached before, to the hill immediately overhanging the exit of the Jordan. Altogether it was to me the climax of the tour, to have had our Good Friday Service at Nazareth—and our Easter Communion on the shores of the sea of Galilee.

The next day was the ride along the lake northwards. The Jordan valley at its entrance was deeply interesting to me.—We left it at four and had three and a half hours' hard riding up a frightful road—the last hour nearly in the dark. It was a joyful and unexpected sound, as we approached Safed, to hear a shout as of a British cheer.—It was the Jewish population of the Holy City (for Safed is now to the Jews, virtually, the Holy City of Palestine from its neighbourhood to the tombs of the most famous Rabbis) come out

to welcome the Prince, with singing and tambours and shouts.—Up the deep ravine we climbed—the crowd breaking and scattering our party so that General Bruce and I found ourselves alone on one side of the pass, following a Jew on horseback, with a baby in his arms, who could not speak a word of English and we could only find our way to the encampment by calling out to him 'Sultan Inglése.'—There we slept—a cold bleak night, on the top of the mountain, and seeing next morning the last view of the sea of Galilee.

Then came totally new country to me—the hills of Naphtali.—In the midst of these, on a green upland plain, was a place I particularly wished to see—Kadesh-Naphtali—The 'Holy Place' of that great tribe—the birthplace of Barak—and close by the scene of the murder of Sisera.—It is described in Jud. iv as taking place under the terebinths of the unloading of tents—and it was delightful to see how many terebinths still grow on the plain.

H.R.H. and I both tore away a small branch—he for the Princess Royal, for whom he has made a collection of flowers or leaves from almost every famous spot he has seen.—There are also some very curious ruins —whether of Jewish synagogue or heathen temple—showing how long the sanctity of the place continued. The whole village is filled with broken columns and as General Bruce and I were strolling thro' it, a woman came and offered me a stone head of a statue, which I bought for two shillings—and shall bring home with me—the only antiquity I think that I ever purchased.

The next day, April 23, brought us down into the familiar valley of the Lake of Merom—the upper stage

of the Jordan.—I have nothing to add to my former impressions—except the abundance of the streams. The Jordan has not two sources only, but a hundred tho' two only are recognized—so like the analogy of the river of spiritual life. On this plain we got scattered abroad—Some of the party went off with a neighbouring Squire—a mountain chief—*hawking*—Indeed, the hawking had begun on the mountains before the descent—and for once or twice, I was very glad to see it—exactly like what is described in the *Betrothed*; the Chief and his followers, running along by his side, with the magnificent hawks on their wrists—one, worth £40. Whenever a bird appeared, a hawk was let fly—and then all the horsemen galloped after it thro' the woods, till hawk and bird were overtaken, and the hawk was recalled by the holding up of a live fowl brought for the purpose. However, after a time, this was somewhat monotonous—so appointing to meet for luncheon at the first source of the Jordan under the spreading oak tree on the hill of Dan—Dr. Minter and I struck off across the upper part of the plain, and the two muleteers with the luncheon boxes followed us.—After traversing much lesser streams, we came to one so broad and deep and between such high banks that we hesitated for a few minutes whether to cross it. However, there seemed no alternative, so up to the horses' middles we struggled thro' and then dismounting scrambled up the banks, each dragging his horse behind him. The Doctor was first, and just as he reached the top of the rocky bank, he cried out, 'Take care—for Heaven's sake take care of yourself—the horse is falling down upon you.'—And so it was; it

had vainly tried to clamber up the rock, and then slipping back, pulled the reins out of Dr. M.'s hand, and came headlong down backwards. I had just time to leap out of the way—and the horse fortunately lighted on his legs lower down—and was at last pulled up another less precipitous path. As soon as we reached the top, the Dr. exclaimed—'Why look—there is a bridge not two hundred yards above, across the stream—' We could not help laughing at our absurdity, the more so, as at the same moment a caravan of merchants or the like in a long train crossed the bridge, and must have wondered at our incredible folly.—The horse with the luncheon, which had crossed the stream, but not scaled the height, was sent back to come over the bridge—and we hastened on to Dan.—There we found the rest of the party who had swum all the streams lower down, and therefore much deeper, and were wondering what had become of us, and very clamorous for their food. At last, under that beautiful tree beside that world-renowned spring, we all sate down and had a charming repast—the last, properly speaking, in the Holy Land. Just as we were rising to go, there appeared thro' the branches of the thicket, and fording the nearby . . . river, a band of three or four horsemen in the garb of Bedouin Arabs, headed, to our amazement, by one of the royal servants. 'Who can these be?' I said to Meade who was next to me—

'What a good-looking man that is,' said he. 'Yes—rather like you I think,' said I.—Presently Macdonald (the servant) came up—'Here is someone who wants to see Dr. Stanley'—At the same moment, one of the

Bedouins dismounted, and came up straight to me. I was transfixed with wonder. 'Who are you?'—'I am *Father Palgrave*—my brother told me that you were to be in Palestine—I am on my way from Banias to Jerusalem—heard that you were at the sources of the Jordan and am come to see you.'—

We had a few minutes' talk—He was very anxious to see H.R.H. and I introduced him just as the P. was getting on horseback. He showed more English feeling both in his wish to see the P. and in his anxiety about the health of the Queen than I should have expected from what I had heard of him. He was going on to a mission amongst 'the Greek Schismatics at Kerell on the Dead Sea.—' I wish that it had been a nobler and more useful purpose than to unsettle the faith of the poor creatures.—What a curious meeting —tell F. Palgrave about it.—

We then left Dan and came on to Banias—Caesarea Philippi—. The next day again took me off from my old route across the upland plain . . . to the great crusading castle of Belfort, on the banks of the tremendous gorge, geographically famous, but historically most obscure, of the Litany, arriving there just before sunset. It was a very stiff climb—and hardly worth it. But I mention it as a good and characteristic trait of the Prince that not only did he bear no grudge for having been dragged up, but made no triumph over the comparative failure.—

The two next days were spent (in a rather disproportionate manner) in exploring the banks of the Litany.—Meade having been out with Lord Dufferin on the Syrian Commission and Moore having been at Bey-

rout with his father the whole time, are capital authorities, the more as they do not quite agree.

April 27

. . . a day somewhat too long to reach Damascus.—So we had the sunrise before we started.—I had intended to preach on something else—and had just finished my sermon, when H.R.H. came in lamenting that we shd. not be at Damascus on Sunday, so as to have a sermon on the conversion of S. Paul. I thought over it on our ride on Saturday and wrote one in the evening on Acts ix. 3.—We then started—saw one of the curious Temples that encircle Mt. Hermon—and just at the point where the Beyrout road falls into that to Damascus, met a courier with letters.

It was not long before H.R.H. came into my tent—and in his most engaging way, took out a letter from the Queen to him ('My dear Bertie') and another from the Princess Royal—both speaking of me—and of what they hoped that I shd. be to him. Most touching—most natural. I only felt painfully how far I had fallen short and should fall short of their expectations.—That very question about shooting on Sunday (which you mention in reference to my Nile letters) had recurred to-day—and again been steadily dismissed. Teesdale (to prevent any possibility of temptation) had his gun packed up before we started—'To carry it and meet with game wd. be too great a temptation.'—

And now Palestine is over.—It has been a mixed feeling of intense pain and pleasure—and in proportion is the sadness and also the relief that is finished.—Damascus and what follows will be quite different.

III DAMASCUS

You must imagine us winding down some hillside. In front is usually H.R.H. in his white robe—with his gun by his side.—Close by him, also in a white burnouse, is Noel Moore, the interpreter—who must always be with him as we approach any town, to be prepared for the arrival of some petty Governor coming out to meet us, and falling on his knees to kiss the Prince's stirrup.—Not far off came Keppel and Meade—Keppel in his grey shooting jacket—wide awake—Meade in his flying white burnouse, and kepi (red and yellow silk handkerchief round his head), looking exactly like a Bedouin—Then perhaps the General, Dr. Minter, and A.P.S. in grey, Dr. M. and A.P.S. always in helmets. Teesdale, in brown, is probably prowling about on the outskirts for partridges or vultures or gazelles. 'He never fires but he kills,' says Waters. Then, not altogether parted from us, and always within reach of conversation, come the great Kanne—the Courier—Downie, the gigantic and learned Scot;—generally leading his horse to spare him —Grimm, the Prince's valet, very quiet and spare of words—Crosse, so long parted from us, but with us at the beginning and now rejoined, somewhat gloomy in appearance, but full of work—Macdonald, the handsomest and youngest of the whole party.—Waters (unless lingering to have a shot at a curious bird) stalking as near to A.P.S. as he can. Around, or behind, or before—but usually as we approach the encampment, scampering over everybody in violent haste to be close to H.R.H., the long army of fifty mounted

spearmen, their red pennons flashing thro' the rocks and thickets as they mount and descend.—

We descend—and the servants gallop to the front, in order to make the most of their time before we reach the tents.—We find the tents—just pitched; usually on some grassy platform by a running brook—sometimes on two or three platforms, one above another, so that those who live on the lower storey have to climb thro' broken walls to the upper. . . . Meanwhile . . . we are sitting on camp stools, at the doors of our tents. . . . By this time the sun has set, and if there is nothing to be seen, A.P.S. has withdrawn to his tent —and either writes his journal or letters or has a gentle sleep; whilst Waters at the door of the tent is stuffing a dove or a partridge. Sometimes a huge vulture is hung up over the door.—

At 7 p.m. we all gather in No. 8. and find a substantial but not luxurious dinner (in this respect a great and beneficial contrast to the Nile) spread.—A. and B. are the two pantries, from which emerge our two waiters—Saverio (whom Teesdale insists on calling Samaria) and Abdouli and a little black boy Husian, who ran away from India and was picked up at Cairo and is as sharp as a needle—and flies about in a dirty white nightgown, and (on wet days) a pair of India rubber goloshes.— . . . The tastes of the different members of the party are very freely discussed—particularly the aversion of A.P.S. to rice, and his love for biscuits, oranges and tea.—Dinner ended, we adjourn to No. 7. where we all lie or sit, on carpets—and all, except A.P.S. and the General, have various kinds of pipes.—On cold nights A.P.S. brings in his

railway rug, and then Meade and Keppel always insist on sitting next to him, and having a corner of the rug to themselves. Moore too comes in for a little share. These reunions are not very lively—there is a gradual, intermittent tending to fall asleep but now and then we have stories—and on one or two nights, a really animated discussion. . . .

From time to time H.R.H. drops in, partly to ask . . . questions, partly to inspect the stuffing operations.—Meade pokes his face into my tent tolerably early.—At 7 a.m. the breakfast bell rings—and we are usually all there. On the whole H.R.H.'s punctuality (tho' an effort—or perhaps I shd. say *because* an effort) has been exemplary.—At 8 a.m. the horses are saddled and we upon them—and forth we fare, much as I described our entrance.—We ride on over hill and valley till noon—and then look about anxiously for a tree and water, the two requisites for a luncheon place.

. . . There is an immense consumption of oranges, chiefly between Meade and A.P.S.—and then the General gives the signal, and the party somewhat reluctantly rises—Sometimes whilst they are sitting there, the cavalcade of the luggage passes by—Hadj Ali girt with the sword, wherewith he rescued the Russian lady, Husian in his nightgown, etc.—And so we toil on thro' the afternoon—and the day ends as I have described.

. . . The tour has been wonderfully harmonious.—Whatever else may be said against it, this must always be put down to its credit.—Another point too is the character of the servants, and the behaviour of everyone

to them. They are made completely part of us.—Of course I am only too happy to explain to them all that they wish to know, and most eagerly do they gather round me, and note down what I say.—I am afraid for them the best part of the tour is over—nothing can be to them what Palestine was. But, besides that, General Bruce makes every provision for their convenience. They go with us to every sight which is possible. H.R.H. constantly talks about them and when poor Crosse had to be sent back—imploring with tears in his eyes in an agony of grief to come on—the Prince was quite distressed—and the arrangement was finally made by which he joined us here.

Perhaps by the end of the tour, I may take courage to give you a character of all of them, but it is no use yet—and too dangerous.

I may say of Teesdale that my respect for his character continues and increases. But how anyone should have thought that he wd. enjoy the tour, is to me, as yet, a marvel.—I am very glad that in a letter to Lady Augusta written from Cairo, I took occasion (in speaking of every member of the party) both to express my sense of his good points, and to explain how I had seen so little of him before—before, I mean, that half-hour of the 24th of March.

BAALBEC,
May 6

One affecting story I will select from those on the massacre. The chief teacher of the Greek Patriarchal School had with his wife taken refuge in the house of a Mussulman—He became alarmed, and begged the

M. to take him to the house of Mr. R. with whom he had always been on friendly terms. On the way, the M. stopped to speak to someone—The Greek took fresh alarm—and ran to Mr. R.'s house—got in—and was then for the sake of still further security hid in the Harem of an adjoining Mussulman house friendly to Mr. R.—The M. who had come with him, meantime, on turning round from his conversation, found that he was gone and returned home, not knowing what had happened. The wife entreated him to take her to Mr. R.'s house to inquire. They knocked at the door. Mr. R. came down himself ('for in those three days I never allowed anyone but myself to open the door')—and seeing an unknown M., shut the door in his face. The wife called from outside, announcing herself, and he then admitted them. She immediately said, 'I do not wish to obtrude myself upon you. I do not wish to come a step further' (his house was filled with refugee Christians), 'I only want to know whether my husband is here.' 'No, but he is safe.' 'Where is he?' 'I cannot tell you where he is—but you must rely upon me for what I say. He is safe.' She threw up her arms, with a wild shriek of joy. 'Thank God. That is all I want to know.'—And out she went at once, and remained quiet till the massacres were over, when they rejoined.—The complete resignation and satisfaction struck me as so like what our dearest Mother wd. have done.—

Col. Fraser accompanied us—to make arrangements for a bear hunt on the next day.—I found him an invaluable ally. For under the disguise of a consummate sportsman, which he is ('ten thousand head of

game in S. Africa—ostriches coming by hundreds across the plain thro' troops of gazelles and antelopes and zebras kicking up their heels'), he is also tho' in the most unpretending fashion, a zealous antiquarian and wd. no more think of allowing the party to pass by a ruin or an inscription unnoticed, than a bear or a partridge.

The servants went on with the luggage—Meade and Keppel were sent off to watch the bear (a fond delusion) at the foot of the hill! General Bruce and I (and Waters) at Fraser's advice, climbed to the top of the hill, to see the remains of a temple of unknown antiquity—to me specially interesting both as an example of one of 'the high places' of the Bible, and also of one of the many temples, with which the range of Hermon is studded. —Fraser, Teesdale and H.R.H. went off in devious courses after a bear, whose footmarks they tracked over and returned after dark, without ever having seen him. But there was less murmuring than I had expected.—

A gorgeous evening amongst the Baalbec ruins. Thunderclouds passing over the great green vale of Coele-Syria—settling on Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, and lighting up the snow—illuminating the pillars—spanning the whole with rainbows—reminding me of our sunset on the Acropolis! Alas—what a pang of grief passes thro' me at the thought of that desolate house.

May 5. Left Baalbec

Most Private.

By a great effort, of which you may remind me, and finally by a stroke of the Doctor, H.R.H. was induced

to let a photograph be taken of the giant stones.—We came in the evening on the carriage road begun between Beyrout and Damascus—and saw the marks of wheels since we left Alexandria.—To-day (May 6) we rode along this road—the horses stumbling for its very smoothness—All along the way we were joined by successive authorities—First the Governor of the Lebanons, then the English Syrian Commissioner (Fraser) with his two secretaries, then the English Consul (Moore) with whom the Commissioner is said to be hardly on speaking terms—then the Turkish Commissioner and the Turkish Governor—and then, as usual, the crowd swelling and only to a vaster degree than ever before—from the preponderance of the Christian population—road filled—housetops crowded—Zacchdeuses climbing up the trees, and sitting aloft on the branches so exactly like the pictures—wrapped in their white sheets, mixed with soldiers, monks, Greek priests, European travellers—the dust so thick that we cd. at last hardly see each other.—

I am greatly struck on the conclusion of this journey by the powers of General Bruce.—I can well understand complaints being brought against his system of management—But the difficulties are so manifold that to surmount them at all appears to me a matter of daily wonder. The very relief which it is to me of feeling that the main responsibility rests with him is a proof of what a burden that responsibility is.—And I am more surprised sometimes that he is able to take any interest in the travels for their own sake, than I am ever surprised at his taking little.—In point of fact, whenever he is free to do so, he is a most delightful

companion.—There is just a chance of our trying the Cedars from Tripoli—otherwise this is our last day of tent life.—It has agreed with me in health, just as much as before. Waters suggested that the tent wd. be a great accession to the garden at Oxford—so being able to bring it at half price, I have actually bought it, and it comes home with us.—

It is in fact these arrangements of the journey to the Cedars that suggest these remarks about the General. I am quite sorry that I ever said anything about them. —To reconstruct a part of the plan when the general institution has been broken up is very trying.—I am sure that I shall wish him joy from the bottom of my heart when we are safe off from the shores of Syria. On looking back, I am almost surprised to think how much enjoyment I have had of it.—

They say that there never was such a demonstration in Beyrout, as the welcome of H.R.H.—But the people were disappointed that he did not wear a crown or a white plume. They consoled themselves, however, by the reflection that in that case he wd. hardly have been able to see anything.—

We dined last night (May 8th) at Col. Fraser's—and embarked from there, and here I am again in my cabin on the Osborne.

I return to a few reflections—on the tour.—Has it been of any use? On the whole, I think that, with the exception perhaps of the sea of Tiberias—that is, the first glimpse of it, on the Easter Sunday—I must say no direct use.—It is hardly possible to overestimate the difficulty of producing any impression on a mind with no previous knowledge or interest to be awakened.

—On the other hand, there have been several indirect advantages. The life in tents, and the more homely fare, and the early hours—was a decided gain.—And I cannot but think that the names and customs of the Bible will arrest the attention more in after years, from his having become familiar with them here.—

Here and there, on reflection, I think that I might have said and done more.—I can imagine that if General Bruce or Meade or Keppel were asked, they would say that they had been disappointed with the smallness of the information I furnished, and the little knowledge that I seemed to have of the country.—But I cannot bring myself to pour out words into unwilling or indifferent ears.

To me, personally, I think that H.R.H. has uniformly endeavoured even at some loss to himself, to be as kind and considerate as he could be.—I shd. be ungrateful, if I did not recognize this—However bored or annoyed he may be (and by particular individuals he has been sometimes not without good reason) he has never shown it openly.—Even in seeing antiquities, he will, from strangers, bear the longest expositions without appearance of fatigue.—From time to time tho', he is suddenly seized with a strong feeling that he ought to take interest in these things, and an urge that they shd. be seen.—As for the shooting . . . in itself, it is satisfactory to reflect that he is so heartily devoted to such an innocent, healthy, and absorbing occupation. I repeat to myself again and again—'How vexed and tired I shd. be at being dragged about to see manufactories, and hear explanations of making—in which, nevertheless, many

people take as profound and rational an interest as I do in historical scenes.'—I almost doubt whether I shd. have borne this trial as patiently as the Prince has borne his.

IV

OFF THE COAST OF SYRIA,
May 13

We steamed on by night to Tripoli—and there met the dragoman, with a reduced number of tents and horses, to make the three days' journey to the Cedars . . . we got that evening to Ehden; a village, high up in the hills, in torrents of rain. Tents and baggage had not arrived and I know not what we should have done, had there not happily been a large vacant house, a 'Palace,' they called it, belonging to Sheikh Joseph. . . . Here we took refuge. I sate on the divan, or round the kitchen fire, till the tents came. I, being wet thro', took off my boots and stockings and sate, drying them.—

I am glad to say that on this occasion, as well as on that of the storm at Nazareth, the only bad days we have had, the annoyance of the weather has been borne with admirable good humour—by H.R.H. as well as by everybody else.—The next morning all was bright, and we started for the Cedars.

The *Cedars*—and so, at last, contrary to all expectation, I have seen them.—The first sight of them produced an impression upon us, wholly unlike that which—perhaps from their being casually described by those who approach them from above—is commonly given. Imagine a vast semicircle of mountain—

the upper range, crowned with snow—the lower range, which is in fact, the deposit of glaciers—shutting off this upper range—and again into the heart of the lower range, a rich green cultivated valley penetrating till it ends in rocky barrenness.—Exactly in the centre of this view—just appearing above the lower range, and under the snowy range—a black massive cloud or clump—the only vegetation on the whole horizon, till your eye descends to the green valley below. That is the Cedar Grove—We lost sight of this till on surmounting the intervening rocks, and standing on the edge of a ravine, which parted us from them,—one after another, thro' the mist wh. was floating round us, the trees appeared close at hand.—This second view is perhaps disappointing—for what there are seen are only the younger cedars which form the outskirts of the grove.—But in a few moments we were in the midst of them—and, altho' again they were different from what I had expected, the whole effect was most impressive.—They stand, exactly as I have already described in the first view of them, between the bare rocky range and the snow clad heights behind.—They stand on a little island, as it were, planted in the centre of the barren mountain—an island consisting of seven hills—or knolls—of which six are arranged round the seventh, a square mount in the midst, on which stands the rude Maronite Chapel.—These knolls give a peculiarity to the place, for which I was not prepared,—a kind of epitome of forest scenery, from the varieties of level and outline.—The great old Cedars are not, as I had imagined, all collected together; but are interspersed with their younger

brethren.—Two or three stand on the central knoll—four or five on the hill nearer to the snow.—In one respect they are far inferior to their English descendants.—They have no wide-spreading branches, feathering to the ground; probably from their closeness to each other. One of them, I observed, actually supported in its gigantic arms, a lesser tree, whose trunk was quite decayed.—But their trunks were very remarkable.—So huge, so irregular, so divided into stems, so venerable, with the grey scales of bark, that covered them as with a skin.—The Prince was very anxious that he should have the service (it was Sunday morning) under their shade. I gladly consented—proposing that it shd. be a short morning service and that the evening service shd. be in the tents on our return. He agreed, and I had actually retired to the Maronite Chapel, and written in pencil a very short sermon—when the clouds gathered in, and the rain came on so thick and fast, that we had to mount in haste, and ride back as fast as we cd. and reached Ehden again before 2 p.m.

'The Palace' by this time was well prepared for us with carpets etc., and there, in the afternoon we had our last Syrian service.

In the evening the sky cleared—and the Prince and three of us, went out to walk in the village.—H.R.H. also expressed a desire—a very natural desire—to see the interior of some of the cottages—so we paid two visits. One was to a very humble family—who lived in the same room with their cows and goats; Maron (namesake of the founder of the sect) and his wife Saranca. Saranca (as indeed the women generally

whenever we met them) beat her breast, and said 'Oh—restore us our Bey—restore us our Bey' (meaning the exiled Joseph, who seems much beloved). The other was to one of the priests Abdullah, who lived in somewhat higher state—as his parsonage, or canonry, contained two rooms, in one of which he dwelt, in the other his two nephews. We asked whether he was not rather incommoded—'Oh no—look at this partition—and also' (pointing to the two doors, with as much satisfaction as I might to the two at Ch. Ch.) 'here are our two doors—and one of them *molto belle*.' On our return, we found the hall of the Palace closed against us.—The people finding that we had a Doctor in the party, had come in troops to consult him.—and he took in one at a time.—He was quite affected at the sight of so many illnesses, which he could have cured if he had had proper remedies with him. At H.R.H.'s desire, he sent back medicines from the Osborne, on our return to Tripoli, with Arabic labels, written by Moore, to be taken by those poor people.

On the afternoon of the next day (Monday) we were again on board this luxurious home.

This morning, we landed (it was my suggestion, at the instigation of Renan) on the işland of Ruad—the ancient Arvad, to see what Renan believes, and what have every appearance of being, the oldest remains in Syria—massive walls built round a large part of the island, which must have been much like Tyre, and which ranked amongst the Phœnician cities next after Tyre and Sidon.—We landed literally incognito. For we had no escort, and no interpreter—and the natives had evidently not the faintest notion of who we were.

CHAPTER VIII

One of them who spoke a little Italian came out, like a man in a play—and pointing to an old man, who stood in the distance, 'Questo è Governatore' . . . and then begged that the 'illustrissimo signore' would 'favorissa la citta' by entering it. The 'Illustrissimo signore' who was still slightly suffering from the effects of the Cedar excursion, excused himself—and we again embarked, and are now making for Cyprus.

I think that on the whole the person who has most enjoyed it, having on the one hand more disposition to enjoy, and on the other hand less responsibility and care (than the General, Meade, or A.P.S.), was Keppel. —He was really sorry to come to the end. But all the rest are unfeignedly glad.

. . . You will have read in *The Times* the account of the motives which they say induced me to proceed—'The Queen, the public, and the Prince—' It was a kind inspiration of General Bruce—and *he* could not in *that* quarter have expressed it otherwise. But the chief and prevailing motive was *not* those—it was the knowledge of what she and you had desired.—

There is one point which I most thankfully recognize —and that is that for myself, the journey has been more fruitful than I anticipated. Several points at Jerusalem, besides the Mosque of Omar—the Mosque of Hebron—the Springs of Achveh—the Samaritan Passover—the exact scene of Sisera's defeat —Cana of Galilee—the northern end of the Sea of Tiberias—Safed—Kadesh Naphtali—the geographical interest of the valley of the Litany—the scene of the massacres at Hasbeya and [?]—Damascus well seen—Baalbec well seen—the temples on Anti-Leba-

non—Tripoli—the Cedars—Arvad.—The one day on which I look back with unmixed satisfaction is the Easterday at Tiberias.—That, so far beyond any even reasonable expectations, will always be a bright spot in my recollections,—and I am more rejoiced than ever on reflection that our Easter was not spent at Jerusalem. Jerusalem, I consider to have been a failure in itself—and it would have ruined the Easter Communion as well.

May 16

I left off, I think, as we were off Cyprus. Yesterday was Rhodes, which I had seen before, but without landing. It was not to me very interesting—except as an indication that we were returning to Europe.

What was most remarkable in Rhodes was that almost everything they had in the way of curiosities was offered to H.R.H.—arms, antiquities . . . inscriptions. We returned to the yacht, loaded with gifts.—One of the first persons we saw on arriving was Capt. Hobart of the Fox Hound—I immediately claimed his acquaintance. Like Col. Fraser, he was equally enthusiastic about shooting and antiquities—and wd. not rest till he had engaged the Prince to come and see a tomb opened on the other side of the island. We went in the yacht—and found two or three tombs just excavated; out of wh. vases and lamps were tossed like oranges, and so though H.R.H. had come reluctantly enough, he went off delighted—for, oddly enough, much as he dislikes going to tombs and temples, he has a passion for collecting relics and antiquities. I forget whether I told you that a donkey

came down from the Cedars laden with boughs—(fallen boughs—I mention this, lest it shd. be supposed that he cut off any from the old trees, wh. it was particularly sensed shd. not be done).—

To-day, we have been amongst the islands—and had two sights. The first was the extinct volcano of Santorin, of wh. I had hardly heard before—a wonderful and beautiful object. The other sight was one which I remember from my earliest days in the Hundred Wonders of the World, the Grotto of Antiparo.

. . . The Grotto is certainly not worth the trouble; tho' I am glad to have seen it.—

We have seen (what seems to me) rather a stupid article in *The Times* on Hebron—which makes me conclude that my letter has appeared.—Also the opening of the Exhibition—and the appointment of Lightfoot wh. gives me great pleasure.

V

SEA OF MARMORA,
May 20

And another thought which inspires is profound compassion for General Bruce. If to me, who am not responsible—and who have only had these few weeks, it is so heavy a burden—what must it be for him to have had this battle to fight over and over again, day by day, for years.—I forget whether I have said it before—but I must repeat it—Let those cast stones at his management of the Prince who have tried it themselves.—He is, I am sorry to say, not at all well.—

I must say not without some feeling, he showed me last night another letter from the Queen: It contained

again the kindest messages to me—but as regards herself it was truly heartrending—enough to have rent a heart of stone.—There was another from the Princess Alice—also with messages to me; but ending in an almost passionate exhortation to him—'Duty, duty, duty, my dearest brother.'—

P.S. What a whirl—steamed up with the grand view—past the Golden Horn—opposite the New Palace. I cannot say I enjoyed it.—

Then came the state Caiques —[?] Pasha, Capitan Pasha (you remember them as they helped the Sultan up the stairs) and the new Grand Vizier.—They were all closeted with the P. and poor General Bruce in the cabin.—There was a general consultation about the mode—the dress—of visiting the Sultan, at last it was settled to be in morning costume. First went H.R.H. and the General with H. E. We followed—the interior of the Palace is beautiful, a magnificent staircase, illuminated with red lights thro' a red skylight.—Whilst the two Royalties were conversing within, we stood in the passage—then were admitted, and one after another were presented by H.R.H. in French, thro' the interpreter, to the Sultan, who bowed, and received the bow of each, in dead silence, and looking excessively awkward, he standing (indeed all standing) in a loose European costume—no grace, dignity, or interest—and out we came.—In the Court were an army of carriages. I leaped into the third, a britzker, expecting one of the two others to join me; but they got into the fourth—and consequently I drove in state thro' the streets, quite alone. How Meade, and Dr. M. and the two soldiers laughed when I got out.—

CHAPTER VIII

Lady Bulwer went sailing to and fro, clutching here and there at the guests. In half an hour, the Sultan was to come and repay the visit. He did—came upstairs—stayed five minutes—and so the interviews ended.

I return to the scenes in this house, which will show you that even in spite of all that I have said I can still be amused and cheered..I shd. tell you that the two interviews with the Sultan were the very first he has had with any of equal rank—and the visit to the Embassy the first he has paid to anyone. He was therefore unusually shy and awkward.—There was an immense party to dinner. I found Lady Bulwer seated alone in one of the drawing rooms, where there were men on ladders, lighting the chandeliers. 'Where oh! where is H.R.H.? Is he still in his room?' 'No—I heard him come down stairs.' 'Let us go and look for him.' She threw open another door, and there was another drawing-room, apparently filled with another set of lamplighters. 'Look here—I am very blind—look into this room and tell me whether he is here.' I looked in, and being also very blind, and seeing only the lamplighters, said 'No'—but on advancing a few steps found H.R.H. behind one of the ladders, reading aloud to the Equerries, a letter from Colquhoun recounting the misfortunes of the Ducal party—is it wrong to hope of the Duke himself?[1]—in Abyssinia.—After listening to the letter and talking to H.R.H. I found Lady B. still by my side, and now close to the Prince, but still repeating the same plaintive cry—'What can have become of H.R.H.? Do tell me what

[1] The Duke of Saxe Coburg.

shall we do? Shall we send for him?' 'Why here he is,' he said.—Her start you may conceive.

I send the whole set of Palestine sermons. H.R.H. asked some time ago to have them *privately printed* on my return—and I think that I shall do so. This, you will say, is a good trait, and is encouraging. Yes—so it is. I must add tho' that Meade takes a somewhat more favourable view than I do; putting down a good deal to mere childishness of character wh. will pass away.—It must be remembered too that as far as intellect is concerned, I see him under the most unfavourable circumstances—Constant contact with these great places for wh. he cares nothing.—Once settled in England, this will be of no importance whatever. When the journey first began, I used to dread the formalities of interviews etc. with high personages. I now rejoice in them—for in them he appears to the best advantage.—Everyone is struck (and rightly) with his good looks. At times he is almost handsome.

CONSTANTINOPLE,
May 25

In the afternoon, we all, H.R.H. and suite—to the Mosques:—It was a mere rush thro' them.

Friday—breakfast with Hobarts—whilst H.R.H. went over the *waxworks* at the Seraglio.

Both this and the previous day, I managed, instead of the prancing chargers of the Sultan to get into one of the royal carriages. On this last day, I came back with Sir H. Bulwer. He was most agreeable—talked about the Prince, Royal Personages, very highly of *Lord Hobart*, and gave this as a reason for having a

profession—that, whenever in old age by itself you felt an always going *down hill*, a profession made you feel that you were also going *up hill*, Another great dinner party—Hobarts—Hansons, (Mrs. H. bade me say to you that a signature of the Sultan was not to be had—did not exist)— . . .

Saturday—in the Osborne, up the Bosphorus to the Black Sea, coming down to Fuad Pasha's villa opposite Therapia—a charming spot—and again a beautiful luncheon—(I enclose the bill of fare)—I sate by Ali Pasha, Minister of Foreign Affairs, a . . . most agreeable aristocratic personage, whom I much preferred to Fuad—whose adulation of H.R.H. was I thought very much overdone.

And now I turn to the interior of our life here. First, the General's illness.—By the time you get this, the telegram will have arrived, announcing, what I trust, is his complete recovery.—And therefore all that I write will be only of interest as regards what is past.

Both Dr. Dickson and Dr. Twilling (who attended Ld. Byron on his deathbed) were called in—and both agreed with Dr. M. exactly.—

Yesterday, I saw him, at his request, for the first time.—He said with his usual sweet smile, 'Miss Stanley, I know, loves to do a deed of mercy. It will be a great comfort to me if you will write to her a full account of me, wh. she can show to Mrs. Bruce.' He also begged that I wd. come again and read part of the service to him. I read most of the 119th Psalm for the day (the 25th). As I read it, I cd. not help thinking how singularly applicable—applicable beyond what even you would see—to his case.—

Of course his temporary withdrawal has brought to my mind forcibly all that he is and has been to the party. With regard to H.R.H. there has been nothing which the General wd. have wished to be prevented: only in such a house, with such a host and hostess, one felt that his presence was always desirable.—Then again, all the friendly arrangements for the servants—(which perhaps could not have been kept up under any circumstances) certainly ceased.—I mean as to their seeing the sights.—The person, on whom the command devolved as a matter of course, was Teesdale. In some respects, he did extremely well. His quiet self-possession and courtesy—and his thorough uprightness of purpose—are all that one cd. wish in such a situation. But there was all the difference of having to do with a man of real large intelligence and a man of as narrow a professional mind as I ever came across. —And then (what amused me very much) was that on the one point, on which we all used sometimes to complain a little of the General's administration—Teesdale most of all—the reserve and mystery in wh. the future arrangements were wrapped—Teesdale was more mysterious and reserved than the General himself. I think I have never spoken of this mystery in the General's management.—It certainly was inconvenient sometimes and was, I think, carried to excess. But I had long come to the conclusion—and had often told the others—that it was the almost inevitable consequence of the difficulties of his situation. When dealing with circumstances and persons, which required such extreme delicacy—and which rendered any discussion of plans almost impossible—it was almost the only

defence that could bĕ adopted.—Perhaps the mystery itself might have been somewhat more veiled. But that something of the kind was necessary I am convinced; and Teesdale's imperfect imitation of it is a proof of the necessity.

Well—now I thankfully discard this subject. Lady Hobart will have told you about the Ambassadress and her troubles.—I confess I had not perceived them.—One, however, was the sermon yesterday. Mr. Gribble (of whom, by the way, everyone speaks very highly) evidently made a point of preaching—and then came the very coarsest representation of H.R.H.'s situation —death of his father, sorrow of his mother—'Address placed in His Excellency's hands'—etc., The Prince was furious—'I was horrorstruck,' said Lady Bulwer. Poor man—it was very well intentioned—and I tried to persuade the P. so—Indeed, as I heard it, I even thought it possible that this very rough handling of the subject might reach him more easily than my very remote allusions. But he was too much scandalized by 'the bad taste' to think of anything else.—

In short the Embassy is like a heaving volcano of griefs.—In all this you can imagine—and I hope Lady H. has told you, what my sight of them has been—At spare moments I have come—and they have been often there—H.R.H. much pleased with them.—

The P. went yesterday to Sultan. Keppel was deeply interested.—He breakfasts with the Sultan almost alone.—None of the suite go, except Teesdale—and he not to breakfast.—Prince Leiningen I consider a decided gain to the party.

CHAPTER IX

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I

OFF LEMNOS,
May 28

Constantinople over—I must say after great enjoyment.—To have seen the Hobarts is a very great pleasure.

Then I much enjoyed the dinners at the Embassy—and the successive visitation of the different Ministers. Sir H. Bulwer and Lady Bulwer were both extremely kind, and amused me beyond measure.

On Sunday night, there was a small party.

A pleasing trait of H.R.H. was this. Mr. Gribble dined—and looked as if he had been told that his sermon had given offence. Lady B. noticed this to the P. who immediately bowed graciously to him across the table.—Lady B. spoke with the greatest regret of Lady H. Monday, I went with Lady H. to call at Kandili—I never had seen that beautiful double view.—H.R.H. meantime breakfasted or rather lunched with the Sultan at the Kiosk of the Sacred Waters of Asia. No one there, but Fuad Ali, and the Ambassador. The P. said (thro' Fuad) what had been previously arranged between H.R.H. and H. E.—and the Ambassador highly commended him.—Nothing transpired of any interest—(I shd. think there was nothing to transpire) except that the Sultan found a difficulty in the use of his fork, and apparently had not seen strawberries before.—

Tuesday, spent almost the whole morning with the Hobarts.—They came to the first luncheon at the Embassy—where were Fuad and Ali again—and again I sate by Ali and was much pleased with him.—I think I described him before, his gentle, melancholy countenance.—and the expression of the French Ambassador that he was always in the attitude of the Roman Senator expelling the Gaul, on his marble chair.

Sir H. B. made a speech proposing the P.'s health—also the Sultan's—and Fuad replied. Unfortunately H.R.H. had had no intimation beforehand—and parted as he was from all advisers, sate silent—The only thing wh. he cd. perhaps have done was to have proposed Sir H. B.'s health—wh. (he begs me to say) he shd. have done but for the dissolution of the luncheon.—One of the events of the luncheon was the apparition of Madame Aristanli's little girl, dressed up in Turkish clothes, in order to enable H.R.H. to buy a Turkish dress for the Princess Beatrice.

One great advantage of seeing the Hobarts was that I was able (within certain limits) to disemburden myself of some of my experiences of H.R.H. so as to see the effect produced on them—and the result is that I take a more hopeful view. His indifference to historical and the like interests appears to me more and more of no importance—and I have been certainly pleased at the ease with wh. last night he returned from the clouds of adulation and grandeur in wh. he has been living to the homely, contradictory atmosphere of the yacht.

There is no doubt that he enjoyed Constantinople extremely—and was struck by its beauty. This, Kasmas, the Sea of Galilee, and Baalbec are the four

things which have excited some expression of enthusiasm. . . .

We have abandoned Corinth and Delphi to my immense relief. The heat and the fear of fever are quite sufficient excuses. . . .

I look confidently forward to our return by June 14. —Did I tell you of the Sultan's recollection of the Queen's birthday, and liberation of the English prisoners? Not that any had been really released, by the time we left—and Sir E. Hardy thought that they never wd.—

We then passed Sunium and saw the Temple and then *Athens*.— . . . We went off almost immediately in royal carriages to the Palace—to the King and Queen —Just the same rooms—The King and Queen—the King dressed in Greek costume, a tall ugly man—the Queen in blue, looking just the same—The Prince went in a few minutes before—There was a vast clashing of voices, sounding as half a dozen Rianettes had got hold of him—and they hurried him off into an inner room, whither Prince Leiningen soon followed —and we were left in the large room with the Greek Maitresse and two or three Chamberlains and Aides-de-Camp.—One of the Aides-de-Camp, with whom I got into conversation, turned out to be a brother in law of Sir George Bowen.—I find that Prince Leiningen's position is a matter of great curiosity and difficulty to them—and twice over I have explained it in the same manner. 'The mother of Queen Victoria had two husbands etc. etc.'—After about half an hour, the Royal Personages came out again, clashing in the same way—and were thus presented (or rather we to them)

to each of us—The King's remarks were of the most commonplace kind—and as he is very deaf, ours were of no importance to him.

The Prince had said something to the Queen about my presentation last year—so she passed me by with (very little more than), 'Ah! Je vous ai déjà vue.'—A few words about Sir T. Wyse—and so on to someone else, as much as to say, 'I did my business with you a year ago—and need not go thro' it again.'

You suppose the longing that I have to be off. . . . Teesdale is very kind in consulting me.

The King just came up these passages to return the call—and they take H.R.H. with them out driving—and so A.P.S., Dr. Minter, and Meade go out by themselves. A most beautiful view of the Acropolis again.—Meade almost converted. I see that the *Daily News* Correspondent has a totally accurate account of the entry into Beyrout.—How curious the omission of my name in *The Times*—from the Hebron letter.

APOLLONIA,
June 2

The last morning at Athens I went with Mr. Hill to see the Archbishop, who was very gracious, and talked French quite sufficiently to hold a real conversation. Whilst there, the Abbot of Megaspelia called.—The rest of the day was lost.—We embarked in the afternoon and started in the evening.—The fact was that what with the heat, the absence of the General and the increasing reluctance to pour these glorious scenes down the unwilling recipient, I was

glad to strike work and declined to make any proposal for seeing anything new.—The public will be satisfied with his having seen Athens.

We are all in good spirits; H.R.H. at having no more antiquities in prospect, the rest at the near view of home. . . . I preached yesterday what may be my last sermon, on 1 Cor. xv. 9. S. Paul, in Europe.—

Ithaca.—It is a pleasure to me, and will be to you, to think that, in spite of all the weariness and discouragement of the drags of the journey, a really interesting place revives my spirits again. It was a far more beautiful island than I had expected—

Delays etc. prevented us from making any long expedition—but we rode on donkeys and mules to the cave, which claims with much appearance of truth, to be that described in the Odyssey, where Ulysses was laid asleep on his return to his own dear island. Teesdale and I (for Teesdale has in this last stage, suddenly come out of his shell of indifference), leaving the others to ride back, scrambled down a steep rock, to see a very curious sarcophagus called the Tomb of Penelope, which has a dog carved upon it.—It is just the kind of place where I should have enjoyed, with the Odyssey in one's hand, going from point to point, and seeing how far there was a chance of finding resemblances.—

But I repeat we are now at that point of the journey, where *nothing* is worth the chance either of illness or of a quarrel.—And every expedition into Greece would have, under our present circumstances, been liable to the danger of one or the other.—A new cargo of novels was imported at Athens—Channings, Strange Story, etc.—

We all went on board the flagship the Marlborough —a splendid sight—to me, of course not very intelligible. But it was interesting to me to observe H.R.H. going thro' it, perhaps with a few degrees more of interest than thro' the Parthenon, and with the same complete decorum as on his last days in a Temple or a Church.—

One or two things have dropped out, relating to the Sultan's breakfast that are curious. There was no wine, nothing but water.—He took no farewell of the Prince—made no bow—merely a slight motion with his head.—

Sir H. Stokes dined in the great Palace at the end of the Crimean War. It was a complete European dinner, given much to the scandal of the high Turks, by all the great functionaries.—In the middle of dinner a storm burst over the Palace so violent as to break the great red skylight, pour the hailstones down on the guests, and put out the lights.—He said that it was like Belshazzar's Feast—nothing wanted but *Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin*.

The General continues slowly to recover, but he is so weak that he cannot join in society. He comes up on deck—for a few hours and then goes back to his cabin.—There will have been a telegram from Malta by the time you get this.—But to me the absence has proved how invaluable his presence has been. Teesdale does his best—and is very good and perfectly upright and courteous and conscientious. But he has not the authority, nor the mind of the General—and everything suffers in proportion.—

P.S. I find it best to keep the letter for Malta.—

CHAPTER IX

At 4.30 p.m. we landed—and were walked by Sir H. Stokes thro. the town, evidently for the sake of gratifying the Apollonians.

There was a vast running crowd—and it was very hot. Nevertheless the Prince took it very good-humouredly.

I was thinking at the dinner last night, what are the points which I have gained by being with the Prince on this journey. One is such dinners as that last night—as those at Constantinople—meeting all the chief authorities—That I rate the first. Another is the luxury and comfort of locomotion—tho' this is so greatly counterbalanced by the loss of liberty that it almost vanishes.—The Mosque of Hebron is, I think, the only *place*, to wh. his presence was the means of access.—

He has, I think, a clever way of repeating as his own, things that he has heard.—The French Minister at Constantinople he pronounced to be 'pinée'.—The Flagship he could not enter 'without awe.' Perhaps these may be original, but I doubt it. He certainly has picked up a vast amount of official phraseology, Turkish and otherwise, which will stand him in good stead.—I am curious to know what impression we left behind in Athens. The lack of interest in him must have been covered, I think, by the prostration of the whole party.—The Hills, and I should suppose the King and Queen also, must have been much surprised at his not staying over Sunday to see the Consecration of the new Cathedral—and to be there on the King's Birthday.

A VICTORIAN DEAN

II

MALTA,
June 5

Once again—how different! . . . Here is a perplexity of which probably you know by this time. The Grand Duchess of Darmstadt, dead—marriage postponed. The P. of W. to go from Paris to Brussels for one night to see the King of the Belgians.—It seems uncertain whether the whole suite will be expected to go—I long to be at home—but, if on arriving at Paris, I find that you, or the Queen, wish me to stay with them to the end, I will do so.—Of course I take for granted that Brussels is the end.—I don't know what H.R.H. wishes—but every other member of the party—including even Keppel now—has but one desire.—

Instead of that cold fog, a blazing sun—instead of that silent snatched visit, the streets crowded with people, and flags, and flowers, and triumphal arches—the most brilliant reception that H.R.H. has had.—We drove up in a succession of carriages—Keppel, Meade and I together.—The General had already gone up with Dr. M. before—to avoid the heat and crowd.—They two, H.R.H. and Teesdale, are in the Governor's Palace. We other three in the Hotel close by. There is a curious turn given to the demonstrations for England, viz. a strong feeling *against* annexation to Italy, which is what the V. Immanuel party desire.—There in large letters 'Union with England for ever'—which means 'No Union with Italy.'—The Archbishop of Malta is gone to the Synod at Rome—and was mobbed by the Italians at Messina which has aggravated the Maltese still more.

CHAPTER IX

The Queen in a letter to General Bruce expresses her wish to see me as soon as I return—and her hope that my relations with her 'dear boy' will continue.—Alas!—would that I could foresee any way in wh. they cd. continue usefully to him. But I shall not give him up, unless he gives me up.—The very irksomeness of the task makes me feel its importance.—I cannot help thinking too, sometimes, that were I to start on the journey again with my present experience, I could manage it rather better. He is very much cast down . . . a young Guest—son of Lady Charlotte Guest (Schreiber)—is dead—from hard living it is supposed —which seems to have moved him in some measure. —The Queen (this of course most private) speaks of herself as 'failing in power—in memory—a *wreck*.'—I forget whether I told you of the expression in a letter to H.R.H. 'It is an awful thing to bear a crown alone.' —When I think of the complicated miseries of this seemingly prosperous family, I bless God for the simplicity of ours. It is but that one great loss, charged with all the most delightful and endearing memories—and with no distractions for the future, to prevent us from each being to each what She would have wished. —Poor Meade, I fear, has had another survival of his silent grief to-day.—Did Mrs. Bruce tell you the clever, ill-natured saying that Lady S. V. had 'taken a rake to get rid of her weeds'?

A drive to S. Antonio gardens etc.—and then at the Palace again—a charming dinner.—I sate between the Chief Secretary and the Queen's advocate—the former a profound admirer of the Dean of Ch. Ch.—the latter a very intelligent Maltese, both fully up to

the history and the interest of Malta.—Illuminations and frivoles.—We go to the Hotel Mirabeau at Paris —shall hope to be there on Wednesday—Sir C. Phipps meets us there.—You need *not* send a coat.

III

OFF SICILY,
Whitsunday

The last day at Malta was somewhat wasted—a drive to Citta Vecchia in the morning with H.R.H. and the Governor—without seeing the famous Church—; . . . Indeed the absence of the General in itself sets everything wrong—He is indeed, if he knew it, fully avenged for any rumours against his administration. However, in spite of all drawbacks and all weariness, I enjoyed my stay in Malta extremely. Meade, Keppel and I were lodged at the Hotel in rooms opening into each other—and returned, in some measure, to our life on the Nile.—I must repeat tho' for the hundredth time, that they are delightful companions—and Meade is now and then extremely witty. When we were driving up to Athens, from the Piræus, on that last afternoon, to be presented to the King and Queen, he was pulling on a pair of gloves with great difficulty. 'I am afraid,' he said, 'that if the Queen should wish to kiss my hand, she should find it soft and muggy.'—The Governor was exceedingly pompous—but he deserves immense credit for his restoration of the antiquities of the Order, and for his plantations and improvements of the island.

Lady le Marchant I thought pleasant at first—but she had either lost her memory or had an exceeding

poverty of conversation. No less than six times she pointed out to me (what was very curious) a portrait of Louis XVII, and six times over I answered that I was charmed to see it and had never seen one before.—His Aides-de-Camp were overflowing with attention beyond any other place we have been in.

One of them was telling us of the presents which (as we thought somewhat questionably) the Governor had made to the Prince of some of the trophies from the Armoury.—I beckoned him to me, and said, 'Can you just do me a favour?'

He came all devotion and attention—and I said as gravely as I could—'As the Governor has given these things to the P. there would be perhaps no difficulty in your procuring for me the original Bull of Pope Paschal confirming the Order of S. John. I shd. particularly like to have it.'

You shd. have seen the comic changes from entire readiness to blank despair, and then the intense amusement.—

Prince Leiningen and his wife and mother dined—one of the days. They seemed very nice people—and I liked him.

Then there turned up several old acquaintances. The enclosed I received only as I was coming away.—But (besides Cleagh who was delighted to see me) there turned up Richard Leigh, who is Auditor—and Walter Strickland, who has married a Maltese heiress, and lives in a splendid house in Valletta.—He was full of sympathy—and I sate with them for nearly two hours. She is a great coin collector and a very intelligent person.—

I forget whether I described H.R.H. going to S. John's Church—being met at the door by the Archbishop's [representative], who addressed him in a long Italian speech 'which' (said H.R.H.) 'I was surprised to find that I understood.' And another dignitary who spoke English, and kept to me a constant running comment in English on his superior's descriptions, 'Quite wrong.'—'Now he will probably give the old story.' 'Yes—not a word of truth.'—And then, whenever a crowd pressed before me, pushed them aside, crying out (to Meade's infinite amusement) 'Lasciate passare il Canonico.'

H.R.H. gave great satisfaction as usual—but I thought it a pity, considering the spontaneous enthusiasm of the people, that he did not lend himself to it with great facility. He is an odd mixture of unaffected dislike of publicity, and at the same time annoyance at not being duly recognized.—As before (after Constantinople) so now, I am struck by the ease with wh. he at once descends to our level, when all the show is over.—

The General is still very weak—but every day that we move northwards is so much clear gain.—The fact is that, with the exception of H.R.H. and A.P.S., everyone has been more or less ill. Meade, Keppel, Bedford (very unwell) Dr. M. even Teesdale.— . . .

I bought a new ready made frock coat at Malta, with which Waters and H.R.H. are equally delighted.

. . .

MARSEILLES,
June 10, 4 *p.m.*

. . . (We stop to see the Emperor at Fontainebleau I *believe* but am not sure—so best not mention this.)

CHAPTER X

(1862–1864)

'If we were to attempt a description of Dean Stanley's characteristics, we should name first and chief of all, his intense love for the light.'

Contemporary Review.

CHAPTER X

(1862–1864)

I

1862

GENERAL BRUCE died soon after the Prince's return to England. His death brought Arthur Stanley still closer in sympathy with Lady Augusta Bruce and her family. He wrote of General Bruce's 'tender consideration': of 'the lofty sense of responsibility that stimulated his chivalrous devotion to his delicate duties' and of the 'graceful courtesy which never failed under the most trying circumstances.'

The Prince's anxiety over General Bruce was shown when he went to Jenner and entreated him to try and do something to save him. 'If he does recover, it will be long before he is able to do anything,' answered the doctor.

'Oh, never mind that, only get him better,' said the Prince.

Lady Augusta wrote to Stanley, 'may God bless you for all you have been to him and us.' Stanley went to Dunfermline, the home of the Bruce family, to take part in the burial service. Mrs. Vaughan, his sister, wrote of him at this time that he was 'graver and more serious. His sorrow is of that deep, silent kind which does not admit of any relief.'

1863

The excitement and beauty of the Prince of Wales's marriage to the Princess Alexandra fills all the early

letters of 1863, and on the day following the wedding, Arthur Stanley wrote to his cousin, 'Now the great week is over—and so I have time to breathe.

'The adventures on the day of the Procession you may have heard, but, if not, they must be kept till we meet.—

'The Wedding[1] was as beautiful and as interesting as it is possible to conceive. . . . Mary,[2] as you heard, had the very best view of the Queen that was possible.—My view was lower down, and nearer to the Bride and Bridegroom. As he stood there in his long velvet mantle like a statue, so stately and so grand, I could not help thinking 'Can this be the boy of last year on the Nile?—Can this be the frolicsome creature, for whom all our anxiety was that this marriage should take place, and now at last it is come? It was very pretty to see Alexandra looking at him, to see what he would do—kneeling as he knelt, standing as he stood. Their responses were visible, but the most part not audible. I could just hear him at one time.—

'. . . Another sight which cheered me was that of the three Princesses opposite—The Princess Royal (whom I had never seen before), who had so large a part in this blessed marriage—was looking so like a little Queen. The Princess Alice by her side, mostly sitting, then little Beatrice poking in and out, with her huge nosegay. Greatest of all was the interest of the

[1] In Saint George's Chapel, at Windsor.

[2] A long letter written by Mary Stanley, describing the wedding, was published in the Appendix of *The Letters of Lady Augusta Stanley* (Gerald Howe), 1927.

Queen above. But of her I need not speak for many saw her much better—and can tell everything.—

'I am told that the reception of the Bridal pair by the Queen on their return was most affecting. She came down the great staircase—(I saw her come down) and went to the very door of the carriage to meet them—embraced them both together in both arms wide outspread, again and again—and they in turn took her into their arms.

'I saw nothing of the Prince—except as he drove away—and, with his usual quickness, caught me waving in the crowd my cap and scarlet sleeves—and smiled and nodded, most graciously. To me, as to each of the other three Chaplains, he gave a beautiful Bible, 'From Albert Edward in remembrance of the 10th of March.'

'So much for the solemn parts of the day. The comical incidents were many indeed. In the Chapel, one only occurred—Lord Palmerston when in his Garter Robes he had settled himself in his Knight's stall, took out of his pocket a little comb and there in the presence of the whole congregation, combed his hoary whiskers. But when the Royal Pair were gone, dozens rushed upon the platform of the Railway Station, a raging mob which carried all before it. I, in my scarlet robes,—struggled thro' it—and at last got inside—only to find Ministers of State in their gilded coats and grand ladies covered with diamonds, wrestling with the rabble for places in what was facetiously called a "special train." . . . A whole bevy of ladies were hurled into a carriage by themselves, as into the boat of a sinking ship. I

fairly got off as tenth in a carriage holding eight. In all this turmoil, the Archbishop of Canterbury came smartly pacing down from the Castle—was swept off by the crowd—and out of the gulf—(it is said—but for the accuracy of the words I do not pretend to vouch) called out to a policeman "I am the Archbishop of Canterbury—how can I be saved?" To which the policeman "The only means by which Your Grace can be saved is to cling to the next carriage that passes." A carriage hove in sight—and the Primate snatched hold of the footboard—clinging to this he found two other hapless creatures—one was Thackeray, the other Lady Cranworth. "Oh! my Lord—is it you?—how glad I am to find myself in such company." '

Soon after the marriage, the Prince asked Dean Stanley to go to Sandringham for Easter and administer the Sacrament. Stanley wrote, 'Nothing that the P. of Wales could have done would have been more gratifying to me than his remembrance of that day at Tiberias. And most touching and solemn to me was the repetition of it at Sandringham. The Princess was more charming and beautiful even than I had expected: something so winning and graceful, and yet so fresh and full of life. I was there from Saturday afternoon, to Tuesday evening, and saw them every day. It was a delightful visit and sent me away rejoicing.'

'On the evening of Easter-eve,' he wrote, 'the Princess came to me in a corner of the drawing-room with her Prayer Book, and I went through the Communion Service with her, explaining the peculiarities, and the likenesses, and differences to and from the Danish service. She was most simple and fascinating.



LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY

Then there is a picture of Osborne and of Stanley talking to the Queen. He asked her for a true account of the news of her accession. 'It was this. About 6 a.m. mamma came and called me, said I must go and see Lord Conyngham directly—alone. I got up, put on my dressing-gown, and went into a room where I found Lord Conyngham and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Lord Conyngham knelt, kissed my hand, and gave me the certificate of the King's death. In an hour from that time Baron Stockmar came. He had been sent over by King Leopold on hearing of the King's dangerous illness. At 2 p.m. that same day I went to the Council, led by my two uncles, the King of Hanover, and the Duke of Cambridge.

'Lord Melbourne was very useful to me, but I can never be sufficiently thankful that I passed safely through those two years to my marriage. Then I was in a safe haven, and there I remained for twenty years. Now that is over, and I am again at sea, always wishing to consult one who is not here, groping by myself, with a constant sense of desolation.'

II 1863–64

The affection which brought Arthur Stanley and Lady Augusta Bruce together was calm and beautiful. They were both Victorians. But they were a denial of all the accusations our generation casts upon that lovely age, for they were not narrow or humourless, intolerant or bigoted. They both had a delicious sense of humour which survived even the heavy sadness of losing many whom they loved. Lady Augusta's sweet temper and great courage, her talents and her social

charm, distinguished her among her contemporaries. Arthur Stanley had almost the same qualities and yet, one was the perfect complement of the other. The story of their engagement has already been told in the early letters of Lady Augusta, so we do not need to quote fully from the letters in which it is recorded. There were hints of the marriage, soon after the death of General Bruce. They were both shy, so that others who looked on and saw how desirable it was that they should marry, planned and plotted with affectionate guile and we have pictures of General Bruce's widow, walking with Lady Augusta at Balmoral 'Commissioned to find out if there would be any insuperable barrier to that which the world so confidently announced in summer.' 'Darling,' Lady Augusta wrote to her sister,[1] 'if she had asked me to become Queen, I could not have been more startled and unprepared.'

And then the Queen was told. She did not wish to lose Lady Augusta's service[2] and she also thought that people of settled habits should not change the even tenor of their lives with the experiment of marriage. The Dean was forty-eight years old and Lady Augusta was seven years his junior. But she yielded, insisting that Lady Augusta should spend a big portion of every year with her. The Queen was unconsciously very amusing in the way she demanded this. 'He is a very unselfish man,' she said. 'I should stipulate that she shall be a great deal with me.'

Mrs. Bruce urged on the Queen the advantage it

[1] Lady Frances Baillie.

[2] Lady Augusta Bruce had been one of the Queen's ladies since the death of the Duchess of Kent.

would be for her 'to have this tie to such a person as Dr. Stanley.' The Duchess of Argyle had said 'What a comfort the Queen should have such confidence in one who could not be spoiled.' And this was true of Stanley's association with the Court. The letters which we have read in preparing to write this book show that the friendship of Lady Augusta and the Dean was one of the happiest circumstances of her widowhood.

Lady Augusta wrote, 'In religion I could not feel with anyone who was narrow; then the society I like is the society of literary people and the companionship of those much superior to myself.'

But still there were doubts, until Mrs. Bruce stepped in with a merry idea. She arranged to break down their shyness by asking them both to lunch. 'He would call upon me and would talk of his travels during the repast, and I would then slip out (whispering "On, Stanley, on!"), and they then really ought to arrange everything in five minutes.'

The plan worked and Lady Augusta wrote to her sister, 'It is *yes* that I have said, darling. I could not refuse, tho' he tried to frighten me.

'No one to be told till we hear from Windsor.

'Oh, my darling, it is like a dream!'

Princess Beatrice, then a child, wrote: 'It is very funny that you are going to be Dean of Westminster.' And then, 'It is very funny that you are going to be married.'

But the announcement was not made without Dean Stanley seeing the Queen, a little frightened in asking her permission. He wrote to Louisa Stanley: 'She begged to have the interview over as soon as possible,

and, I must say, considering the terrible loss which it is to her, was very kind.

'The Princess Beatrice was a little shy, and was, besides, a good deal occupied with her nephews and niece (of Prussia). The niece (little P. Charlotte) had a large wax doll—which was let fall on the floor—and cracked its cheek. Whereupon Prince William snatched it up and ran off to take it to the hospital. His foot slipped, and down he came, doll and all, and its large wax head snapped off from the shoulders, and rolled along the floor. Just at this moment, whilst the children were exclaiming and lamenting, the Queen, and the Crown Prince and Princess, and the two other Princesses hove in sight, and you can suppose the serious scene presented to them. The Crown Princess is quite as clever and delightful as I had ever heard.

'Thus much about Windsor. But you will have heard by this time of the sad news which overclouds all our happiness—the alarming and apparently hopeless, illness of Lord Elgin.[1] . . . There is just a faint hope and that is all. I think I told you how I once met him on the top of a coach—and I was looking forward with much interest to renewing my acquaintance. It seems as if every possible thread of human sorrow and vicissitude was to be interwoven with the bond which is to unite us together for ever.'

Stanley's life was never wholly peaceful, for he was always at war with injustice. But his marriage to Lady Augusta and his appointment to the Deanery

[1] Lord Elgin, Lady Augusta Bruce's eldest brother, died in 1863, while he was Viceroy of India.

at Westminster came, with joyous promise, after the sad year in which his mother died. Congratulations poured in on him; dons and bishops promised that he would make Westminster into a religious centre without equal in English life. He went to Westminster in January of 1864, and during the years that followed, he fulfilled their promise.

One friend feared that he would forget all about his wedding 'on the fatal morning,' if he 'happens to get hold of an interesting folio.'

But he was not vague on the great occasion, and in January of 1864, we find him in Scotland, meeting Lady Augusta's friends and relatives. He wrote from Edinburgh, 'I delivered my two lectures on Solomon with tolerable success. In my first, I congratulated the nation on having by reading from John Knox, drawn nearer to Solomon—and in my second, I strongly commended to their notice "the wisdom of Solomon." Both allusions were taken very well.'

Before they went to Westminster, Lady Augusta and the Dean lived at Oxford for a little time. Lady Augusta loved the transitory experience of Oxford, her room overlooking Christchurch quadrangle and the house, 'so quiet and homelike, so like the old houses I remember in my youth—everything is so quiet, so methodical, so gentlemanlike, that I feel as if I had only gone back some years, and taken up the old thread of my life.'

The union between them was of a loveliness to which ordinary people hardly dare aspire. It was not tortured by any of the transient emotions or doubts of younger people, so it was enjoyed in a calm and

religious knowledge which never wavered, even when the tumult of religious controversy raged round him. He wrote to Lady Augusta of the 'dim mysterious feeling, as of gradually drawing near to the confines of a new world. I have often thought, and I remember telling the Queen, in speaking of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, that marriage is the only event in modern life which corresponds to what baptism was in the ancient church—a second birth, a new creation, old things passing away, all things becoming new.

'. . . You must be my wings. I shall often flag and be dispirited; but you, now, as my dear mother formerly, must urge me, and bid me not despair when the world seems too heavy a burden to struggle against. Many and many will be the talks, if you will let me have them with you, like that we had on our first Sunday—Sunday week.'

Lady Augusta's answer to this letter has already been printed in her book. The beauty of these early letters is such that one feels guilty of a rude intrusion in transcribing them. I know of no two people whose marriage is told in history who approached it so solemnly and yet so humanly as these two.

He did not move into calm from the storms of Oxford. On the very day of his appointment, Canon Wordsworth protested. But Dean Stanley assured Lady Augusta that the best reply would be 'an invitation to dinner on the first opportunity.'

When Stanley left Oxford for Westminster, he made a last courageous appeal to the undergraduates. 'Be as free, be as liberal, be as courageous, as you will, but

be religious, *because* you are liberal; be devout, *because* you are free; be pure, *because* you are bold; cast away the works of darkness, *because* you are the children of light; be humble and considerate and forbearing, *because* you are charged with hopes as grand as were ever committed to the rising generation of any Church or of any country.'

There was one little blow in his retirement; Oxford removed his name from the list of Select Preachers, and for nine years afterwards, he did not speak in the University pulpit.

കേരള സാഹിത്യ അക്കാദമി

CHAPTER XI

(1864–1868)

'There are, in a great community like ours, a vast number of persons who are not members of our own or of any other Church, and there are persons whose temptations are altogether in the direction of scepticism; and my own impression is that the works of the late Dean of Westminster have confirmed in the Christian faith a vast number of such persons.'

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,
after Stanley's Death.

CHAPTER XI

(1864–1868)

I 1864

NOW began his powerful and beautiful ministry at Westminster, making the Abbey as glorious in the life of his generation as it was rich in the monuments and stories of the past. I think the loveliest picture of him in the Abbey was written by Phillips Brooks, who spoke of 'a quiet summer Sunday evening, as you sat in the thronged Abbey, in that mingling of the daylight from without and the church's lamps within which seemed to fill the venerable place with a sacred and yet most familiar beauty, and saw, by and by, as the service advanced, that small live figure move, during the music of the chant, to the old lectern, and read the chapter from the Old Testament; as you heard the eager voice lose all its consciousness of time and place as it passed on into the pathos of the story; as, at last, there rang through the great arches the wail of the great Hebrew monarch, "O my son Absalom! My son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"— as thus, for the instant, the Dean thrilled himself and filled the trembling souls of those who heard him with the passion of the king, you felt yourself in the presence of a love and reverence for the Book of God which was deep and true just in proportion as it was free from superstition and full of intelligence.'

Only faith could have given Stanley the spiritual

calm which he held amongst the controversies which grew around him, even here in Westminster. Pusey had for ever been his enemy in theology. Stanley found his way beyond these controversies and in the first months he was at Westminster, he invited Pusey to come and preach in the Abbey. There followed a correspondence which reveals the two men perfectly. He had already asked Keble to come, but he declined as 'it would be in discomfort and fear' that he would come, lest it would seem that he condoned Stanley's doctrines.

Then he wrote to Pusey, but he too declined. 'You seem to me,' he wrote to Stanley, 'to take every opportunity of committing yourself to anyone who does not believe as others . . . I fear, then . . . I should be confusing people's minds, as though there were not this radical difference between us.'

Stanley answered and urged that there were common grounds of Christianity, deeper than controversy. He pleaded 'that there are subjects left in which we can edify the vast congregations of a city like London without attacking each other.' Pusey answered, 'I do not know what single truth we hold in common, except that somehow Jesus came from God, which the Mahommedans believe too.'

Still Stanley pleaded, 'Nothing that you say at all shakes my conviction that we have a common Christianity, and that it is my duty to request you to preach.'

Pusey answered, 'It would have been a glad office to me to preach to these 3,000 . . . but I dare not.' He ended, 'I cannot with a safe conscience accept it.'

The little storms of controversy in which Professors

pitted their wisdom one against the other have passed into the ignominy to which they belonged and are no longer remembered. But Stanley's ministry lives as the truth which survived these dissensions and one sees him in the drawing-room at Westminster, 'drinking endless cups of tea, pouring out a conversation so vivid that it illuminated every subject he touched . . . there would be Tyndal or Owen talking science. Kingsley or Bishop Temple or Bishop Wordsworth or some of his great antagonists in Convocation, like Archdeacon Denison, or Gladstone or Foster or any of the politicians. Renan might be the centre of one group and a Greek Archimandrite of another. Matthew Arnold and Locker would bring lightness and grace into the talk, or Carlyle pour out his fierce denunciations. Tennyson might stand, impressively and unquestionably, representing poetry, while Browning wandered round, deliberately inconspicuous as a man of the world. There came Jenny Lind, Christine Nilsson or Florence Nightingale or Madame Mohl.' There was hardly a name distinguished in the mid-nineteenth century which was not associated with some scene at the Deanery.

His interests grew to take in the life of the poor in the slums of Westminster, and of the boys in the school. Early in Lent, he wrote: 'The Fray of the Frying Pan was in this wise.—

'On Shrove Tuesday it is the custom for the Cook of the College to throw a Pancake over a bar in Westminster School, for which, as it falls on the other side, the boys scramble, and he who gets it comes to the Dean for a guinea.—

'Last Shrove Tuesday, as I was returning from

marrying Vivian Lushington to his bride, I encountered the Head Master, bearing woe in his face, and a note in his hand, which described what had occurred.

'The cook had failed in throwing the cake, whereupon an ancient warcry not heard for twenty years arose. "Book him"—and a shower of books was discharged by the boys at his head. He, goaded to fury, flung the frying-pan amongst the boys, a formidable weapon which might have killed the luckless wight that it struck. This wight was young Dorset, no less than the son of him you ken of. It happily avoided any vital part, but cut open his head—an unfortunate head—for it had already been cut open by a stone flung in the streets.—

'Next upon the scene appeared the boy himself with his bleeding head and the frying-pan in his hand which he begged for a trophy—and which I granted.'

II

1864

Lady Augusta and the Dean went to the Continent almost every year, and in August of 1864, we find them at Neufchâtel. 'It is a charming spot, and I can hardly imagine a better introduction of Augusta to Switzerland. Last night, we saw from the heights above the town, the setting sun give its last glow to all the Alps from the Jungfrau to Mont Blanc—and then when they all seemed to have died into the cold dead evening, they all survived once more with one more parting ray of life—as if they had had a momentary resurrection.'

He wrote to Louisa Stanley, 'my object in writing

was to describe to you as usual a place, which I had never seen, and hardly heard of before—which I thought would deeply interest you. It was Provins, the ancient residence of the Counts of Champagne, whither we went to pay a visit to a very dear old friend of Augusta's, Mdlle. Pomaret, who was staying there with some friends of hers, M. and Mdme. Lebrun. He has written two volumes of French poetry, and is full of intelligence and his house is close by the ancient walls of the town. These Counts of Champagne were mighty Crusaders. One of them, Henri Le Libéral, narrowly escaped a conspiracy against his life. One of the kitchen maids was walking by night in the garden of the Castle, where we also walked, and overheard the assassins planning an immediate attempt. Anne Meusiner (for so she was named) called one of them to her, and stabbed him to the heart with her carving knife. And so Henry went to the Holy Land to express his gratitude. The whole mass of the Champagne nobles went to that fourth Crusade, where they divided the Greek Empire amongst them—and Milo de Bourbon, whose house still remains, became Chief Butler of the Empire, and brought back to his native town the skull of S. Cyriac—the Jew, who found out the True Cross for Helena—whether the same as he who was worshipped at Capel Cyrig I am not quite sure. However the head which Milo brought I saw in the Sacristy. And so full of Jerusalem were these good Crusaders that when they came home and saw the cupola of S. Cyriac's church—the Tower of Caesar, and the Palace of the Counts, and the long walls running along the crest of the hill

of Provins, they cried out "Jerusalem—Jerusalem." —And one precious gift they brought back from Palestine itself—a bright crimson rose—the rose of Sharon, the rose stained with the blood of Venus' feet as she ran after Adonis thro' the thickets. And this rose became the rose of *Provins* which we incorrectly called a *Provence Rose*, and the gardens of Provins since are full of it, and the conserves de Rose de Provins were sold throughout France—and the wreaths in Church festivals were made of it. It flowers in June, and consequently when we were there, only one or two remained. I enclose a leaf. But it has besides a peculiar interest for England. It was brought by Thibault the Troubadour, who sang songs and made love to La Reine Blanche, and from love of her went to her son's Crusade, whence he brought back this crimson rose. His son's widow married *Edward of Lancaster*, the Crookback, who lies buried in a stately tomb, beside his father's grave, in Westminster Abbey . . . the crimson rose which Edward of Lancaster carried home, and which thro' him, became the *Rose of Lancaster*.

'. . . We go on to Lucerne, and Interlaken, and then pay visits at Lausanne and Coppet (Mdme. de Staël!—daughter in law of the mighty one) and afterwards two more in France—and so home.

'Augusta . . . enjoys herself much, and so do I.'

'COPPET, GENEVA,
'*Sept.* 5 *and* 6, 1864

'Later. Well—you shall have another letter from this charming place. Here I am in the very room in

which Madame de Staël wrote *Corinne* and *L'Allemagne* —her own study. At that time it had no ceiling. The roof was of rafters. For she had but slight sense of comfort. And but few books—for she had none but those she used. There are two windows which look out over the village of Coppet upon the lake, and the mountains beyond.—On the same floor two rooms off, is the front drawing-room which was the study of M. Necker. There is a long corridor behind all these rooms, in one of which we sleep (my drawing-room was also her sleeping-room) hung with a vast series of engravings of an Embassy to China, given to Necker. On the ground floor is a long room, which in Mdme. de Staël's time was used for private theatricals, opening into a room hung with tapestry, and fitted up with tapestried chairs, representing La Fontaine's fables— In this Louis Philippe slept when an exile at Reutenau in Switzerland. Out of this opens another room, occupied by Mdme. Recamier. There are portraits of Mdme. de Staël, her father, mother, daughter and son. The daughter was, as you know, the Duchesse de Broglie. The son was the husband of our present admirable hostess.'

III

Towards the end of the year, Stanley's servant Waters died, together with two of his children. Waters had been with him at Oxford, and his letters during the tour of the Holy Land show how dear he had become—a 'faithful and familiar friend. I loved him like a brother, and he was doubly endeared to me by his companionship through all those trying days

in 1862.' Lady Augusta's sympathy in this affliction 'was most consoling.' 'What a valley of the shadow of death has her life been for the last five years.'

1865

On January 3rd, of 1865, we find Lady Augusta and the Dean back at Westminster, 'the necessary business of the Abbey' keeping him 'constantly employed.' 'We have hardly gone out at all. One night, Dean of St. Paul's dined here, to meet the Dean of Ch. Ch. and caught so bad a cold actually whilst dining that we were quite alarmed—wrapt him up in my Russian cloak and sent him home—and next day I went to see him and saw him in bed. Now, I am thankful to say, he is better. He was in great form before this attack came on.

'. . . The Pope's letter, I assure you, has quite afflicted me. To think that so exalted a personage—the head of our profession, should have so demeaned himself is truly humiliating. It is one of the most ludicrous documents I ever saw especially (which perhaps you have not come across—for it was not given at length in *The Times*) the eighty propositions to be condemned. I can hardly take it up without laughing. Poor misguided Pontiff! I hope that our Bishop will take warning by him.'

The case against Bishop Colenso fired Stanley's indignation during this year. Within the Abbey, his duties and privileges became 'full of poetry and beauty.' 'Westminster Abbey represented to him the religious life of England. . . . More and more his whole life centred there.

'To walk through the Abbey with the dean was



DEAN STANLEY'S STUDY AT WESTMINSTER

like walking through antiquity with Plutarch; only it was a Christian Plutarch, and a Plutarch full of the ideas and aspirations of the nineteenth century, as well as the memory of all other centuries, with whom you walked. Now he stopped by the tomb of Edward the Confessor, in the centre of the Abbey, and told of "his innocent faith and sympathy with the people," which give the childish and eccentric monarch such a lasting charm. Now he paused before the often-mutilated monument of André, and had a kind word both for the ill-fated victim and the great captain who reluctantly condemned him. Now, in the centre of the nave, he would let no one pass the grave of Livingstone without reverence. Now, in the poets' corner, he stood beneath the quaint memorial of "rare Ben Jonson," and told the fantastic stories of his burial and of the strange inscription. . . . A moment he would linger by the spot where Cromwell's body lay for three years, till the silly rage of the Restoration dragged it away.

'. . . The anxiety of the Dean of Westminster that all the people of England, as far as possible, should know the Abbey; the intense interest with which he led companies of working-men and working-women through its aisles and chapels; the responsibility which he felt for the execution of his office as the guardian of its dignity and the judge of who should be admitted to its courts for worship or for burial—all these show in how lofty a way he loved it. It was no toy for him to play with. It was no museum of bric-à-brac antiquity. Nor was it a pedestal for him to stand on, nor a frame to set off the picture of his life. It was the image of the sacredness of history and of God's

ways in England, which he was set to keep, as the high-priests of the Jews were set to keep the Books of the Kings and of the Chronicles.' [1]

No extreme High Churchman or Low Churchman comprehended Stanley, even when they were fond of him. While those about him were like trees in a forest, 'choked by climbing vines' of 'old thoughts and beliefs planted by dead men,' he stood alone with no legacy of doubts and second-hand opinions to hamper him in making decisions and defying conventions of thought. He refused the use of the Abbey for an official meeting of the Lambeth Conference, 'because he could not see in that assemblage a fair, impartial utterance of English Christianity.' He invited Max Müller to lecture in the Abbey, although he was a layman. He made the history of the Abbey live again. Lady Augusta and the Dean both became part of its fabric. The company of poets and soldiers and statesmen and martyrs and kings burst out of their tombs before him, and that imagination and love of history made him reincarnate all the picturesque people whose names are upon the stones of Westminster.

There were interludes at Osborne or at the Court at Windsor, at the time when Prince Christian had come to marry the Princess Helena. The Dean found Prince Christian to be 'A very gentlemanlike personage—highly courteous, with a somewhat bald head; older by a good deal than his future bride, but not, I think, the worse for that, as he is to be so much in England. The marriage is not to be till June.

[1] From an article by Phillips Brooks in the *Atlantic Monthly* of October, 1881.

CHAPTER XI

'King Leopold's [1] death was so long expected, that when it came, it was less of a blow than was expected and will make no difference about the opening of Parliament. He might have lived longer, but for the imprudence with which he neglected medical advice, drinking iced water when he was hot etc.—He was much beloved by the Queen and the Princess Hohenlohe,[2] who look back to him almost as a father, from their earliest years.'

IV 1866

In the autumn of 1866, Stanley and Lady Augusta went to Florence and Rome. They met the Gladstones in Rome, and although Lady Augusta wrote 'Mr. Gladstone has no possible understanding of a joke,' they saw much of them. There was an echo of the Dean's helplessness at Oxford when he found himself at the door of the Sistine Chapel. He 'had no dress coat' and had pinned up the tails of his other. He was ignominiously turned back, and had to borrow one at the hotel, much too large, but the right cut.

Stanley had an audience with the Pope. There is no record in these letters of the delightful incident of his former visit, when the Pope expressed sympathy with the Queen because she had been upset out of her carriage in the Highlands. The Dean urged on His Holiness that this was true, but that 'Her chief misfortune has been that she has lately lost her excellent husband.' 'Ah, yes,' answered the Pope, 'that may be,

[1] King Leopold I, the Belgian Queen's uncle.
[2] The Queen's half-sister.

but nevertheless it is a great misfortune to be upset out of your carriage.'

V

1867

Early in 1867, he is back in the 'sameness of London life.' For a moment, that sameness is ruffled by the Sultan of Turkey. He wrote to Louisa Stanley, 'My own views of the Grand Turk were limited to a tolerably near sight of him as he drove in thro' the Horse Guards, on the day of his arrival, as we drove out thro' the same, on this the day of his departure—and a long distant survey of him at the Crystal Palace.—I have, you know, been presented to him at Constantinople in 1862, the contrast was certainly striking enough between the impassible statue which only moved, to turn away from the eyes which were bowed to him, and the inquisitive traveller, himself bowing right and left, and gazing with all *his* eyes at the strange world around him.—Naval Review I did not attempt. India House was prevented by my unlimited dignity, and saw it only in its ruin, its beautiful ruin the next day. But Augusta was there, and Mary and thought it splendid beyond all example.

'. . . Our adventures were confined to the troubles in getting away from the Crystal Palace—amusing and exciting at the moment but wearisome to relate and of no connexion with the great personages who are moving along the scene.—

'The only one of our visitors with whom I had any interchange of words was the Viceroy, whom I met at dinner at Marlborough House, and to whom I made the fearful remark that Egypt was a country of

extraordinary interest, to which he gave his entire consent. Some of the Belgians who came in troops to the Abbey and whom we also met at Miss Coutts' magnificent entertainment.—The visit of the Sultan to the Abbey was daily expected, but never came off. I wrote out the enclosed programme to remind me of what was to be done if he did come, and the route he was to take thro' the Abbey. But he came neither here nor to any other place of interest, except for ten minutes, as you know, to the House of Lords. He is said to have slept eight hours every day, which must have materially interfered with his process of sight-seeing.—'

VI

Affairs at Westminster did not lessen Stanley's passion for travel, new scenes and new people. He went to Paris, to meet the Queen of Holland at the house of Madame Mohl. He talked with Thiers, and then, they moved on to Avignon, where they found John Stuart Mill, 'alone, reading.'

In 1868, they went for a long tour through Ireland. The story of that tour is fully told in Lady Augusta's letters. Indeed, it seems that his pen rested during this time, for there are only a few of his letters, one written to Louisa Stanley from St. Columb's Hill, Donegal, on September 18th. 'Here, as in the most remote and most interesting corner of our tour, I had begun my usual letter to you. But meanwhile, and before I could finish it, whilst on the way to the hill of Tara, I learned the sad news which you will, I know, have felt deeply, and which makes it difficult for me to write of any-

thing else. You know how I loved the dear old Dean Milman and how much I valued his long, unvarying kindness. It has been a great pleasure to me that I saw him so lately.

'. . . I must say a few words of the tour itself. Rarely have I enjoyed any more. The novelty, the interest of the peculiar features, the exceeding entertainment afforded, the unbounded kindness of the people, the extraordinary beauty and charm of peculiar places, Castel, Killarney, Valentia, Connemara, Clonmacnoise, Donegal, Derry, the Antrim coast, the Boyne, have all made it a vision as ideal of a green island. I seem to have formed a hundred new friendships, and created a hundred new interests. And in the distant part, S. Patrick and S. Columba, the Ormondes and the Geraldines have started its new life, and oh! what a spot is Derry! and how enchanting are those romantic groups of ruined churches and church crosses and round towers, seen here and nowhere else.

'The common people are very delightful, so peaceful, so obliging, so very amusing.

'I finish this at Malahide. Lord Talbot, you know, is a firm ally of Albert Way's. His family have lived here for seven hundred years.'

As a result of his journey in Ireland, he wrote a long pamphlet on 'the three Irish Churches,' urging the reduction of the Irish Protestant Church. He deplored Gladstone's scheme and accused him of giving surplus money to lunatic asylums who did not want it, 'to get out of the difficulty of giving it to the Roman Church, who ought to have it.' He was not pleased with Gladstone nor with his speech on the

subject of the Irish Churches. He thought it 'wonderfully perspicuous, but not eloquent or persuasive.'

The pamphlet, broad minded and thoughtful, roused Irish readers to sincere appreciation. Lord Dufferin said that he could not believe 'that anyone could have put together so many brilliant and interesting pages on such a subject. It is very humiliating to us mere Irishry to find that, in addition to all other dissipations, Saxons like you invade our paths, and appropriate to yourself our native fields of literature, in such a way as to leave no share of them to any of us, to whom by right they belong.'

Stanley was too late to prevent the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the storm in the House of Commons was too strong for him. When he rose to speak in St. James's Hall, he was shouted down. 'Turn him out! He is a traitor! He is a Liberal!' they cried. Few scenes of which he was the centre appeal to one more and yet a little sadly, than the Dean facing an electioneering mob from the platform of a public hall. By nature, he was as shy as in stature he was small. Only his own zeal could fight past that shyness and make him stand up as he did, and beat down their opposition. They ceased to shout him down and with the aid of the Chairman, he started to tell them what he thought. But even this was too much for them and there was a new storm. The Archbishop of York who was sitting next to him said, 'You have now delivered yourself of the only two important things which you have to say. Sit down.' Stanley told the story afterwards, and added 'It was perfectly true and I did so.'

But this was before his journey to Ireland. He returned more zealous still for the cause of the Irish Church and it was this scene which produced his brilliant pamphlet. Lord Oranmore wrote to him after the Bill was passed, 'Your pamphlet will show to posterity that some had larger and higher views. . . . I believe that, had we a real statesman in Great Britain, he might carry out your views, and so confer a lasting blessing on the country. But I fear no such man exists.'

As one reads the mass of papers which accumulated round the Dean during his lifetime, his catholicity impresses itself upon one as an almost magic quality. When one considers the narrow channel of thought which belongs to the average theologian, the breadth of Stanley's knowledge does not seem to belong within the limits of human intelligence. When Princess Alexandra came from Denmark, he was able to sit down and show her where our Prayer Book differed from hers. When foreign potentates came to the Abbey, he was able to reconcile their knowledge to the history of the things they saw. When he went to Ireland, he came back full of understanding of the long, sad problems of the Roman Church, opposing itself against the Anglican interests. When his pamphlet on the Irish Churches was put on the shelf, he turned to Scotland and wrote the series of lectures on the Scottish Church which will still bring a glow to the eye of any educated Scottish clergyman to whom you mention them. He was a miracle worker with history, for he touched dead people and dead occasions with his pen and brought them to life again.

He returned to the Deanery at Westminster at the

end of 1868, but there was no letter for Louisa Stanley, to whom he always wrote graphic descriptions of the places to which he went. He apologized when he returned, in November. 'You did not get your accustomed letter from foreign parts, for indeed it was hardly a tour that we made; only one or two visits. It so happened that we fell in at Baden with all the Prussian Royalties, King, Queen, Prince, Princess, Grand Duke and Duchess, and at Heidelberg with all the Professors, and at Paris with all the pastors. But this did not furnish food for a letter.

'. . . One event has given me supreme satisfaction—the new Archbishop [Tait] of Canterbury. It is the very best thing for the Church, for the country, and for him. Another month and we should probably have had S. Oxon there.'

CHAPTER XII

(1868–1870)

'The flush of life comes back into the hard face of dead ceremonies, and their soul reveals itself. Bubbles of venerable superstition seem to burst before our eyes; and we feel sure anew, with fresh delight and hope, that not fantastical complexity, but the simplicity of naturalness, is the real temple in which we are to look for truth.'

PHILLIPS BROOKS

CHAPTER XII

(1868–1870)

I 1868

WHILE he travelled and while he worked at Westminster, he added new books to his list, and his *Lectures on the Jewish Church* and his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey* occupied some years of writing. He wrote articles for the *Edinburgh Review* and for *The Times*, a Memoir of Lord Elgin, and other articles and addresses which stirred his readers to praise or anger, but never to indifference. Although new facts have modified the history of many of the memorials in the Abbey, his book stands by itself as a record of the great monuments. He himself said that it was not a good book. But his modesty is denied by the fact that it is still read by scholars, although they admit what he also admitted, that through his lack of understanding in architecture, it was not the final and great book that should be written on the subject.

The Abbey filled to overflowing when he preached and even on a weekday, when he spoke on the eight-hundredth anniversary of the Norman Conqueror's coronation, the building was crowded. Never before or since has the Abbey been such a living religious centre of the people of London, for under his guidance, it seemed to pass beyond any of the limitations of creed and orthodoxy, and establish itself as it should be, as the Church of all the people of the great metropolis.

It is curious to observe Stanley's genius, beside his small inabilities. There is the well-known story which Frederick Locker [1] the poet told of him. 'I was telling him that musician Hallé's cook had lately won a good round sum of money in a lottery with the number 23. Hallé was interested, and asked her how she came to fix on so lucky a number. "Oh! sir," said she, "I had a dream. I dreamt of number seven, I dreamt of it three times, and as three times seven makes twenty-three, I chose that number, sir." When I had concluded my story I observed a wistful expression on Arthur's countenance, as if he were ready, nay anxious, to be amused, but could not for the life of him quite manage it. Then suddenly his face brightened, and he said, but not without a tinge of dejection, "Ah, yes, I see; yes, I suppose three times seven is *not* twenty-three." '

Queen Victoria once described the Dean as 'that body-snatcher Arthur Stanley.' The half-humorous description was inspired by the zeal with which he approached every tomb in the Abbey. He examined the tomb of Richard II and Anne of Bohemia, and was disappointed 'to find no trace of violence in the human remains.' He found the fragments of the high altar 'under which Edward VI was buried and which was destroyed by the puritans. . . . In the tomb of Henry VII himself we discovered the bones of James I.' He wrote '. . . after much pushing, the wall suddenly yielded, an aperture was found, and there, in the most majestic tranquility, lay, side by side, the two dark-grey leaden coffins of Henry VII and

[1] Brother-in-law of Lady Augusta Stanley

Elizabeth of York, and a shade newer and lighter, James I. I need not describe my thoughts.'

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Stanhope were in the Abbey when the Dean made his discovery. He asked them to come and making a motion with his hands 'as if asking for space to be cleared,' said in his peculiar tone of short breath, 'Stand back! stand back! and let the first Scottish Archbishop look upon the first Scottish king of England.'

Everywhere he made his discoveries and Lord Ernle tells us of his boyish delight at finding the monogram of Isaak Walton, scratched with the angler's own hand on the tomb of Isaac Casaubon.

Little wonder that he was enchanted by the Abbey, when his work and controversies gave him the leisure with which to make his adventures among the stone-work.

One lovely aspect of his service persisted until the end of his life—it was to the little children who lived and played about Westminster. When Lady Augusta was alive, he would have them to tea, teach them to act charades and play games with them. The children treasured valentines he wrote them or verses which he composed when their pets died. He planned a special children's service in the Abbey and it was significant that at Lady Augusta's funeral, he walked leading two of his child nephews by the hand.

He loved too the living lions who came to the Abbey and his letters give pictures of Queen Emma of the Sandwich Isles, 'the one who expressed the greatest interest in the Abbey,' of the Shah of Persia exclaiming in French, 'Where is Pitt? where is Fox?'

and then adding 'St. Paul's is the efflorescence of architecture, Westminster Abbey is the kernel.' We see too the Emperor of Brazil asking specially for the grave of Livingstone, and then, when he came a year afterwards, pausing by the grave of Lady Augusta and crossing himself three times before he passed on. Renan walks through the Abbey with him and then, a greater stream of undistinguished people, stray visitors whom he met in the cloisters, crowds of working-men whom he guided from monument to monument, telling them stories. He was anxious that everybody should see the Abbey and know it, and when he died, he gave the sum of three thousand pounds to Westminster, so that still another day might be added to those on which the Abbey was free to the public. On one day, nine thousand people walked through, grateful and interested and especially pleased when the Dean himself paused to speak. 'I had the Easter hymn hung up everywhere for them to sing,' he wrote. 'This is the chief pleasure that I have had this year.'

One day, he met a little boy walking in the Abbey, and talked to him—quite a little boy, who 'looked at the bust of Thackeray and said that, as he understood, there was a description given of him in *Endymion* which he had not yet read; and spoke of having read *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* of Milton.'

It was so typical of Stanley that he should have responded to the little boy and later provided for his education. His contacts were never impersonal—when he happened upon a lighter-man in the Abbey, he talked to him and wrote to him, and later, he had

him to see him at the Deanery. 'Never come this way without calling upon me,' he said. 'I shall always be glad to see you.' He had a genius for friendship as well as history.

II 1869

The Dean's letters in the early part of 1869 record the interesting occasion when the Queen went to the Deanery and met Browning and Carlyle. The Queen herself wrote of the occasion, when she met the 'strange looking, eccentric old Scotchman,' who held forth, 'in a drawling melancholy voice, with a broad Scotch accent, upon Scotland and upon the utter degeneration of everything.' She has also mentioned 'Mr. Browning, the poet, a very agreeable man.'

It was one of the many occasions when Stanley and Lady Augusta used the Deanery as a place at which people of divergent interests could meet and know each other. In his own letter to Louisa Stanley, he said that the Queen's visit was 'not so much to us, as to meet some literary celebrities whom she wished to see. There were present only ourselves, with Carlyle, Browning, the Grotes, and the Lyells. It went off very well. The Queen interested and amused, and the guests delighted.

'One day we went to the Trial of the Nuns, and heard Mrs. Starr examined, a very forbidding Abbess Scholastica had such a thick veil that we could not see her face. I am glad that so much light has been thrown in that dark corner.'

In December of 1869, we find him back in London, after being at Iona, remembering the 'glorious days

we spent there, in a very small inn, with the Duke and Duchess [1] and one of the daughters. We explored every corner of the island.'

After ten days in London, they proceeded to the Continent again. From Rome, they went 'on to Naples, which Augusta had never seen, and where we spent a charming fortnight—amongst old friends there we saw Amy Leguster living with her cousin the Duchess of S. Arpiso—and the old, very old, wonderfully old, but wonderfully lively, Mrs. Somerville, 91, deaf, but with all her other faculties. From Naples we returned to Rome, calculating on a delightful three weeks—when lo! a summons from the Archbishop quite unexpectedly arrived, demanding my presence in England for a meeting of the Ritual Commission. Most reluctantly we felt obliged to come back.'

They 'reached Paris at 6 p.m. on Saturday, and there found the lamentable news of the Archbishop's illness. He had put off the very meeting for the sake of which we had returned. The account, however, at that time was so alarming, and I was so very much distressed by it, that I could not have enjoyed anything at Rome for the grief and anxiety. Now we are thankful to believe that he is truly mending and that at least his life may be preserved—and possibly his usefulness.'

They arrived back in England about the time when Dr. Temple [2] was appointed Bishop of Exeter. Lady Augusta wrote, 'We have been overwhelmed since our arrival on Wedy. evening—Never did there seem to be such an "avalanche" of distasteful questions ready to assail my poor, dear Arthur. His heart is so

[1] Of Argyll.

[2] Afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

heavy. The trial is so very great, to him as a friend, a Churchman, an Englishman. The contrast to the joy of last year when in Paris we learnt the appointment, a joy and thankfulness which subsequent events have justified—so bitter, crushed by the sense of the loss so mysterious by the discouragement, as if Providence were almost against the Church he loves so well—but his faith and patience and sweetness are so beautiful—and only think what it is to find him assailed on his return by three sheets foolscap from Dr. Scott complaining of the place of the Masters in the Processions, etc., complaints of the vergers, taking money—endless squabbles, etc. It does make one's heart ache.'

'. . . A. has this one drop of comfort in returning home. A Roman Sarcophagus has been found in the North green close, under the Abbey walls—with a beautifully cut Latin inscription, the names of the dead person and those who erected the Mon$^{t.}$ but with a cross carved in the lid of a later date.'

There seemed to be no point in their lives where Lady Augusta and Arthur Stanley were not in sympathy. In religion, they were both of the same liberal mould. In thought and reading, they belonged to the same culture, without prejudice, steeped in the classics and older writers, yet still possessed of a youthful enthusiasm for anything that was new and worthy of notice. And in their domestic life, one was the perfect complement of the other.

Lord Ernle has said that Lady Augusta united 'The warm heart of a woman to the instinct of a statesman.' '. . . gay, cheerful, keenly enjoying life, she inspired brightness and hope by her presence. . . .

The simple, easy, genuine courtesy with which she received all who came to her house was never omitted from hurry or from pre-occupation. . . . Living, as she habitually did, under the influence of high thoughts and motives, it was impossible, in spite of her habitual reserve on such sacred subjects, not to feel sensible of the depth and purpose which lay at the heart of her religion, and of the secret strength of conscience and faith, which revealed itself in the quickness of her inexhaustible sympathy. "There was a light of the other world"—to quote the words of the late Dean Church—"shining within, and from time to time disclosing itself in a tone or a look." Her love of children and devotion to the poor and suffering in Westminster were only natural links in the chain of a life of unconscious, yet absolute, self-surrender, and of service for others, both great and small. She was not only a good, but a great, woman. From two defects which are sometimes conspicuous in religious women of devoted lives—feebleness of mind and strength of prejudice—she was entirely free. Her judgement was as wise, her counsel as sound, as her heart was warm and loving.'

Lord Ernle describes a morning at the Deanery. 'Breakfast, at nine o'clock, was a meal over which he liked to linger when he had interesting guests staying in the house. But he ate scarcely anything himself. A hard-boiled egg, from which his wife had peeled the shell, two slices of toast, buttered and cut into small pieces, and tea, satisfied his appetite. Even this morsel he would forget to eat if he became absorbed in the conversation or immersed in *The Times*.

CHAPTER XII

'At 10.30 he entered the library with the letters of the day, or more often left a trail of papers behind him, which had to be gathered up by his wife or his secretary. Begging-letters, congratulations, requests for tickets of admission to the Abbey, anathemas, and remonstrances poured in upon him. Once at work, he dictated letter after letter without hesitation, or gave clearly and shortly the necessary hint for the answer. After his correspondence was finished he settled down to the lecture, the article, or the sermon which he happened to be writing. Nothing disturbed him while thus occupied. Questions were asked and answered without apparently interrupting him in his task. He always insisted upon a reply being sent to every letter that he received. However offensive the language of the writer might be, he never passed by the communication, but always returned some gentle answer, which now and then, to his great delight, produced a letter of regret.'

III 1870

Charles Dickens's death, in June of 1870, led to an incident which was typical of Stanley's government of the Abbey. When Dickens died, Stanley at once said privately that he would be pleased to consider any suggestion that Dickens should be buried in the Abbey. *The Times* made the first public suggestion, and on the same morning, at eleven o'clock, Mr. Forster, the future biographer of Dickens, 'accompanied by the son of the deceased novelist,' called on Stanley at Westminster. 'Mr. Forster said, "I imagine that the article in *The Times* must have

been written with your concurrence?" I replied, "No; I have no concern with it; but at the same time I had given it privately to be understood that I would consent to the interment if it was demanded." The letter had, it seemed, gone astray, and it was only on the expression of public feeling in *The Times* that they had ventured to apply. I said, "After this strong expression in *The Times*, of course all further solicitation is unnecessary, and I at once consent."

'Mr. Forster replied, "Do not consent till you hear what are the conditions on which alone I can allow it." I answered, "Let me hear them." Mr. Forster said, "The first condition is, that there shall be only two mourning-coaches, with mourners sufficient to fill them." "That," I said, "is entirely an affair of the family; do as you like." "The second condition is, that there shall be no plumes, trappings, or funereal pomp of any kind." "That," I replied, "is a matter between you and the undertaker, and is no concern of mine." "The third condition is, that the place and time of the interment shall be unknown beforehand." I replied, "To this condition I am perfectly willing to consent so far as I am concerned. But look at the circumstances: a leading-article in *The Times* requesting his burial; a public—by this, as well as by their own feelings—on the tiptoe of expectation; the remains, now at Rochester, to be removed to London. How is it possible, under these circumstances, to preserve the secret?" '

Dickens's body was brought from Rochester and when 'the last sight-seer had left the Abbey,' the grave was dug in Poets' Corner. 'At nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, a solitary hearse, with two mourning

coaches, drove into Dean's Yard without attracting any attention whatever. . . . The coffin was carried to Poets' Corner, accompanied by ten or twelve mourners, and lowered into the grave.' Stanley wrote of the 'beautiful summer morning, and the effect of the almost silent and solitary funeral, in the vast space of the Abbey, of this famous writer, whose interment, had it been known, would have drawn thousands to the Abbey, was very striking. As the small procession quitted the Church I asked Mr. Forster, as it would be so great a disappointment to the public, whether he would allow the grave to be open for the remainder of that day. He said, "Yes; now my work is over, and you may do what you like." The usual service was at ten o'clock. At eleven o'clock there arrived reporters from every newspaper in London, requesting to know when the funeral would take place. I told them it was over. Meantime the rumour had spread, and during that day there were thousands of people who came to see the grave. Every class of the community was present, dropping in flowers, verses, and memorials of every kind, and, some of them quite poor people, shedding tears.'

He had not known Dickens very well. He recalled, in his letter to Louisa Stanley, the day 'when *Pickwick* was being read. That was my first acquaintance with Dickens—and indeed, I think, all that I ever read of *Pickwick*. I never met him till this year—when I dined with him for the first time at my brother in law's F. Locker—and was much pleased with him—and then he dined with us. I also heard him make his speech at the Royal Academy dinner.'

CHAPTER XIII

(1870–1873)

CHAPTER XIII

(1870–1873)

I

1870

THE Franco-Prussian War prevented Stanley from going abroad in 1870. So he went to Scotland, whence he watched the progress of the war, up to the time peace was declared, in the following year. Then he crossed to the Continent and went over the battle-fields with Lady Augusta.

He was in Scotland in August, at Broomhall, the home of the Bruces, and he wrote to Louisa Stanley just after he had 'celebrated the coming of age of the young Lord Elgin. Curious that I have never been to any coming of age since that of the Twins at Alderley. This one was not only very satisfactory in itself—for the young Lord is a promising youth, but also very affecting from the recollection of the past. His father and two uncles gone, so distinguished, so lamented.'

He thought the news from the war 'The most deeply, awfully interesting of any public event' that he remembered. 'The war itself appeared to me the most wicked and causeless that I have ever heard of—because, although equally useless and causeless wars have been waged in former times, none has been begun so causelessly and so wantonly in the full light and security of civilized ages: and for this I regard the French as alone responsible. I therefore wish the Germans success with all my heart, not only on their

own account, but as a just retribution on this unhappy Emperor and this vainglorious nation. Yet I quite agree with you that it is impossible not to feel pity for the bitter mortification which he and they must now be enduring.'

'NAWORTH CASTLE, CUMBERLAND,
'September 23

'. . . The Mohls are in England. She made quite ill by her anxiety about the fate of Paris. The other friends are mostly so much afraid of writing that their letters contain hardly any allusions to what is going on. M. de Circourt, whom I think you remember, has left his cottage near S. Germains, and gone to Switzerland.

'I had gone along with the Prussians in everything, except the bombardment of Strasbourg, which perhaps was necessary but which any way I deeply deplore, and I should very much prefer that they would make peace, without any annexation, if they can secure a permanent peace otherwise. The fall of the Pope's temporal power is rather a grief to me. It had been so much reduced that it did very little harm, and I am afraid that his spiritual power, which is only another kind of temporal power, will be much more mischievous by itself.'

II 1871

Before Stanley visited the battlefields at the end of 1871, he went to Scotland. He wrote a letter to Louisa Stanley from the 'dear land of Walter Scott and my Scottish wife,' on August 24th. He went to

Galloway, where he met the chief antiquary of Scotland, Mr. Hunt. He traced the country where St. Ninian lived. He was 'the oldest British missionary in existence. He was a disciple, some say a kinsman, of S. Martin of Tours and long before Augustine, long even before Columba, he took advantage of a Roman fortress of which traces still exist, to build himself a "White house"—at Whithon which grew into a vast Priory, frequented by pilgrims of all degrees. Of this there are two traces left, one, the remains of the historical Church, where he was buried, the other a wild island, or rather peninsula, where he was supposed to have lived. There was also deep down by the water's edge, a cave called by his name, and on the walls of which Mr. Hunt discerned what had never been observed before, a rude cross carved, showing evidently that it had been a sacred place. This was on the Peninsula of Wigton.'

The next day they went to the next village, the Rimus of Galloway, to search for a stone of the fourth century, 'bearing an inscription of one of Ninian's companions, St. Mattardanes, the other a cave chapel of the eighth century, whence an Irish St. Nedane, embarked on a stone to cross the neighbouring bay.'

They did not know where the sacred places were, so they stopped at a manse of the Free Church which lay along the coast. 'We interrupted the Minister at his dinner. He was a man of very few words, and when I apologized to him for the untimely interruption, replied "I'm *through*."

'Being "through" this important meal, he was able to go with us, and there on a bleak hill, seeming as the

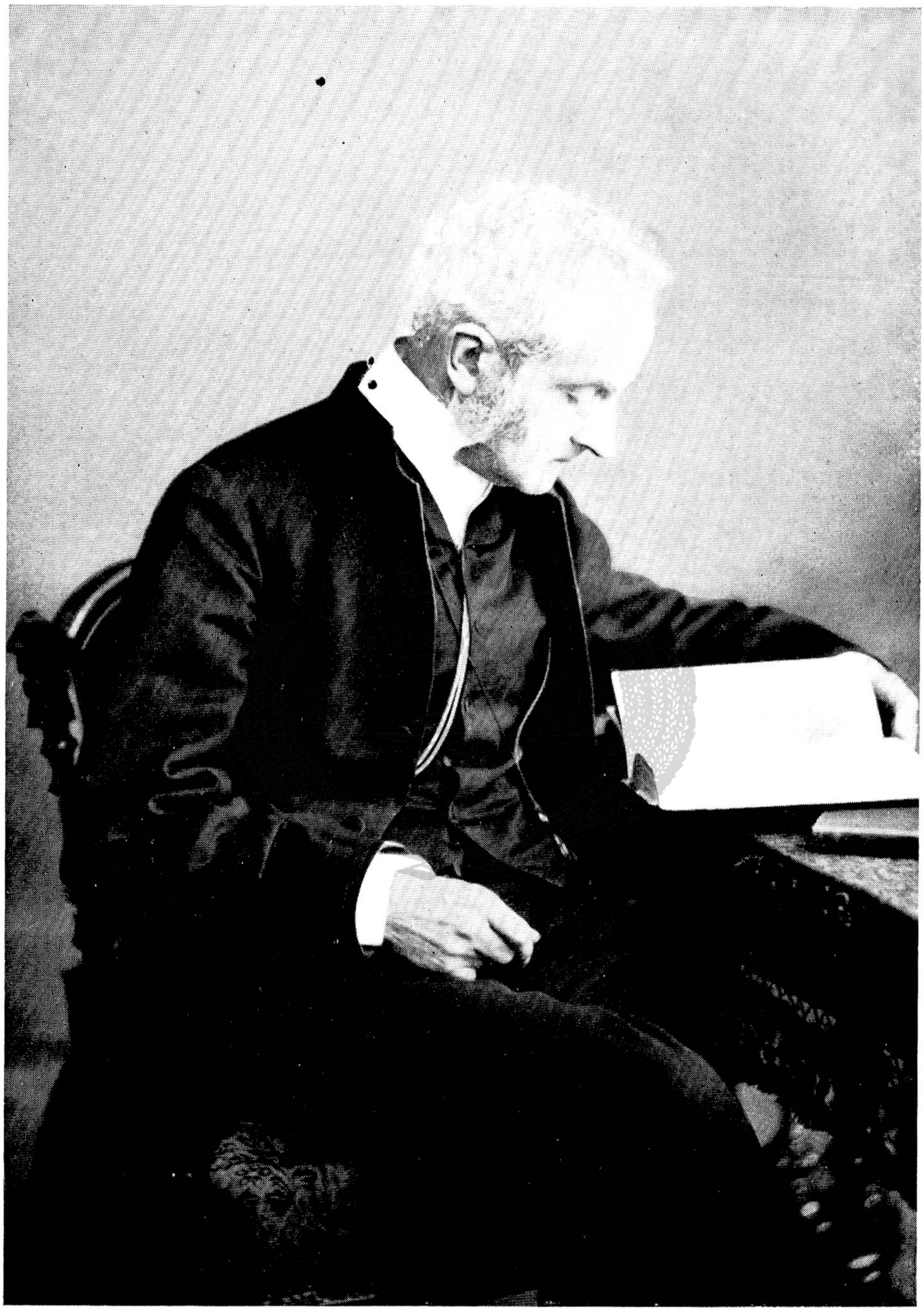
gatepost of the deserted graveyard, was that earliest authentic monument (unless it be our sarcophagus at Westminster) of Christian antiquity that can be found in Great Britain. The name of Mattardanes is still distinct, in its original characters, and confirms by its presence there the whole substance of the tradition of Ninian.'

They went to the next village, to find the eighth-century cave chapel. The Minister was out, but his wife, 'An active, sprightly little woman came to our assistance—and at once said "You must come to the doctor of the village, he is an antiquary, he is the only man who knows anything about it."

'Thither we went—found a bronzed and black moustached little practitioner—who (as it turned out) had never been in London, but had been in both East and West Indies—and fought under the Princes of Oude during the Mutiny—till India became too hot to hold him.

'He undertook to be our guide.

'We drove on four miles over a waste country—almost to the very Land's End of Scotland.—left the pony with another farmer, mighty in cheeses—which we inspected—for his (not our) satisfaction—and then scrambled down a huge precipice to the seashore, where opening thro' ruts in the rocks on the wide stony bay, was Medana's Cave, faced with *rude masonry* of which there is only one other example in Scotland, and probably of the 8th century. By the time that the doctor had driven us back—(his tongue by this time having got full play and pouring forth the most truculent and amusing reflections on all



DEAN STANLEY AT WESTMINSTER

things, sacred and profane—) and that the Minister's wife had given us tea, and shown us Walter Scott's autograph in her album, (for her mother had been a friend of Willie Laidlaw and had the inkstand from which *Marmion* was written) it was almost six p.m.'

In September, he was exploring the battlefields, with Lady Augusta. When they came to Sedan, they took a carriage at eleven o'clock in the morning and 'drove incessantly till four p.m., over every part of the field.' They went into 'the little house where the Emperor of the French had his last interview with Bismarck.' Then they went on to Wilhelmshöhe, 'the scene of the Emperor's imprisonment, a truly regal refuge.' They stayed with the Crown Prince and the Princess Royal in Potsdam, and the Dean slept in the room where the Crown Prince was born.

We have already printed in Lady Augusta's book, the engaging letters which they wrote, of little Prince William, and the old Emperor, who 'stood for two hours in the sun without his hat. And he is seventy-three!' Stanley moved on to the Old Catholic Congress at Munich. Then came the Passion Play at Oberammergau and then, through the Brenner pass to Italy and Rome. His interview with the Pope 'fell through, I feel convinced, in consequence of the paragraph that appeared in one of the Italian papers, that "il padre Arthura Stanley" who had just arrived in Rome had been at the Munich Conference.'

One interest piled itself upon another; they went

to Genoa and then coming back through Paris, they went out to Versailles, to hear the trial of the Communist prisoners. 'They were a miserable set—not one face among them on which one could rest with pleasure or respect.'

IV 1871–72

Lady Augusta and the Dean returned to a London which was clouded by the illness of the Prince of Wales. Lady Augusta's story tells of the progress of the illness, of the Queen, looking 'so small and miserable—poor, poor thing. . . . He did not quite know Her at first. . . . She was in his room nearly the whole day and sat a long time by his bed holding his hand.' Both the Dean and Lady Augusta had a full and unprejudiced understanding of the Prince's character by now, and they both rejoiced over the Queen's deeper understanding of him, which seemed to come during the illness. 'May He rise not only from His sick bed, but to the Height of his Mission—I *believe* He desires to do it.' Then they wrote of his 'astonishing kind-heartedness and consideration—never an unkind thing or word.' Lady Augusta rejoiced to see the Queen 'thus Her best self, by being taken out of Herself, taken out of Doctors and maladies (I mean her own) and nerves. . . .'

Dean Stanley preached three sermons during the time of the Prince's illness and the Prince himself came to the last one, which was a thanksgiving for his recovery. He received an order for the thanksgiving service and 'went to Marlborough House to suggest the coming of the Prince of Wales. He consented at

once, and it was arranged that he, the Princess, and the Crown Prince of Denmark, and, if in town, Prince Alfred should come.—I kept it a secret, except from the Canons. We met them at the great Western door. The nave, (as usual) was quite clear. They walked in with me, and took their places on my right. It was the anniversary of the Coronation. I preached on Psalm cxxii. 1. Happily, I had read my sermon to Augusta before, well that I did so, for had I come upon it first in the preaching of it, I could not have got through it.

'The Prince of Wales heard every word, and has desired that it should be published—which it will be, and you shall have a copy. It was one of those rare occasions on which I am able to say all that I wished to say. They were conducted again to the W. door and departed.'

Again in 1872, Stanley went to the Old Catholic Congress, but the most interesting incident of the tour came when they paused at Baden, where the Queen's half-sister, the Princess Hohenlohe, was ill, without any hope of recovery. The year had already been saddened for them by the death of Lady Charlotte Locker.[1] They came to Baden in the middle of September and Lady Augusta went to Princess Hohenlohe. Her letters to the Queen, describing the last hours of the Princess and the funeral, have already been printed in the volume of Lady Augusta's later letters.

The Dean wrote from Macon, on October 23rd, to Louisa Stanley: 'Our tour has this year been so

[1] Lady Augusta Stanley's sister, married to Frederick Locker the poet.

restricted in its limits, partly by our long detention at Baden in consequence of the death of the Princess Hohenlohe, partly by the singularly wet weather which drove us altogether from our projects in Switzerland and the South of France, that I almost feared we might return without giving you my usual letter, not that the earliest part was not exceedingly interesting. Two places we saw in our first week that I had long wished to visit, *Varennes*, whither we followed over hill and vale and along the endless tiers of poplars, the unfortunate Louis XVI, into the miserable little town of Varennes, where we explored every hole and corner of the scene of the arrest, with Carlyle in our hands, who has made not one mistake.'

He found the society 'so very engaging' that he could 'willingly have stayed much longer at Geneva. I always imagine that it still retains something of the flavour of those good old days when my dear God-father and your dear Father travelled here, in the days of their youthful enthusiasm for Rousseau, of whose works I always read something when I am on the spot.

'Then Aix and Annecy, birthplace of St. Francis de Sales and then Grenoble. . . . Here at Macon, we made an excursion which I shall describe. It was to the Church at Brou—at Bourgau Bresse—Margaret of Bourbon made a vow to build a Church in gratitude for her husband's recovery from an accident. She died and bequeathed the vow to her son—Philibert le Beau, Duke of Savoy. He married Margaret of Austria, Aunt of Charles V, and left her a widow after she had been married three years. For the twenty-seven years

of her widowhood, she devoted herself to fulfilling her Mother-in-law's vow and recording her love for her lost Philibert. The result is this beautiful Church. It is contemporary with our Henry VII's Chapel and in some respects reminds one of it. But the monuments are the most beautiful I think I ever saw . . . in the middle Philibert, his marble corpse below, his marble form as in life above and surrounded by the most exquisite marble Sybyls, with his hands turned towards his Mother and his face to his wife. She, the younger Margaret, in like manner, both in death and life lies next to him.

'On her dead foot is a deep mark in the marble said to indicate the manner of her death, by thrusting her foot into her slipper, into which her lady in waiting had dropped accidentally, a fragment of broken glass. . . . It was a marvel that all this delicate work should have escaped the Revolution, but the people of Boug knew its value, and for several years it was stuffed with hay which, by concealing, preserved it.

'To-morrow we hope to explore all that remains of the great Abbey of Cluny and then to Paris for a few days before we return.

'You know that this is the birthplace of La Martine. I forget whether you shared my temporary enthusiasm about him and which I still think was in some degree merited, when he was in power in 1848. I found some verses of his about his own neighbourhood here, which seem to me, in spite of his sentimentalism, to be really true. . . .'

V 1873–74

In December of 1872, Lady Augusta and the Dean went to Windsor. The Prince and Princess of Wales were there, the latter certain that Stanley had used Lady Augusta as the model for his account of the wife of Socrates, in a recent lecture.

Again in March of 1873, they went to Windsor, taking Tennyson with them to meet the Queen at Frogmore. The year moved on, saddened by the death of Mrs. Arnold, but kept alive with many new interests; Froude and Carlyle, political criticisms, new articles to be written and causes to be championed and a slight blow in March, when 'the horrid Duke of Meiningen' married an actress. Lady Augusta found it quite 'shocking.'

Lady Augusta seems to have written most of the letters during this year, but in June of 1873, the Shah of Persia came to England and on June 21st, the Dean wrote again to Louisa Stanley: 'The Shah! You will, I fear be disappointed to hear that I have not yet seen him, that is, I have not seen more than the top of his high cap, of which I caught sight with perhaps a moment's glimpse of his face, at the Guildhall last night.

'We are going to Greenwich on Tuesday (I think it is) and may perhaps see him then.

'There are nevertheless stories—but I very much doubt their truth. I have heard hardly any from authentic sources. The best perhaps, and the one least likely to be invented is that when some Princess at S. Petersburg or Berlin was admiring his jewels, he

said *Diamants à moi beau coup à vous* (giving her a slight knock on the shoulder) *plus beau*. That, at any rate, I fancy gives a measure of his French. He is also said to have rapidly acquired the external arts of civilization. In Russia, he began by squatting on the ground—at dinner—and throwing the food on the chair—But in three days, he sat up—and used knife and fork—and now he has learned to wear gloves. What effect his entry has produced, I have not heard at all.

'A clever bon mot has been attained by Odo Russell. At an evening entertainment at Berlin, the French Ambassador seeing the Shah indulging freely in champagne, said "Le *Shah* commence a se griser—" Odo—(in allusion to the French proverb, meaning that all things are alike in the dark) "Votre Excellence—vous savez que 'la nuit tous les *Chats* sont *gris*.' "

'The sight at Dover, I hear, was beautiful, and within ten minutes after he had landed, a curtain of sea fog dropped on the scene and hid everything.

'I too have a faint recollection of those Persian Princes. That *Assand* of whom you speak, must be the same *Assand Kyat* who afterwards became Consul at Jaffa, and whom I saw there on my two visits—a clever, but somewhat pushing character, something in the style of Anastasius. He, I think, is dead, but about a year ago, I had a visit from his son; a more complete development of the same type, bombarding me with petitions and appeals, till I was almost obliged to turn him out of the house.

'Oxford would have been very agreeable, but that I was still suffering from a very bad cold. I gave two lectures, thus fulfilling a desire of many years' standing, on John Wesley—and preached before the University. All were perfectly civil.'

'DEANERY, WESTMINSTER,
'*July* 14

'I send you a sermon on the Shah. His visit to the Abbey enabled me to have not a good sight of him, but a good interview. He kept us waiting for an hour, but when he did come, certainly showed no want of intelligence. On entering, he stood still as if to take a full survey, and when the organ struck up, expressed much pleasure. Then to Sir H. R. in Persian. "St. Paul's was the efflorescence—this is the kernel." Then a few steps more, and turning to me "Où est Pitt? Où est Fox?" Then corrected a remark of Sir H. R. about the Duke of Wellington—"He is buried in S. Paul's"—Then we came to the Westminster scholars, whom I had arranged on each side that they might have a good view. "École ici? École ici?" "Élèves—tous élèves?" "Quels sont les leçons?" He showed no knowledge of the philosophers or poets, I think, had not heard of Newton and Shakespeare—but heard of Palmerston, and responded when I pointed out the Persian Minister, Sir John Malcolm. In the choir I had placed the Convention. Then I explained the scene of the Convention. Next to the Royal Tombs, in which he showed much interest, telling Sir H. R. in a very imperial style to take notes of everything I said. When I showed him the tomb

of Henry V. I said "Conquérant de France." To which he replied "Jusqu'à Jeanne d'Arc." Sir H. R. said in Persian "They burnt her as a witch." Shah, "So much the worse for them."

'Then to Henry VII's Chapel. There I had placed all our friends and children. I introduced Augusta, and Sir H. R. told him that she was Lord Elgin's sister—"Lord Elgin," said the Shah. "Dans la Chine, dans les Indes—mort dans les Indes"—and begged to see any of his children who were there. There was Louisa Bruce—and she was made to come out and see him. Then came Catherine and Mary—"Sœur, Sœur—des sœurs," and to Mary "Je suis enchanté de faire votre connaissance"—and so out—and so the visit ended.

'. . . . The Queen was delighted with him—and took him all over the Castle herself.'

VI 1873–74

In the autumn of 1873 the Dean went to Italy and we see him on the top of Monte Generoso. 'The deep dark shade resting on the Lake of Lugano and its mountains, just varied and veiled with a floating fleecy veil of mist, and the heavens in the east gradually brightening with the dawn. . . . We found at the hotel a volume containing Milton's "Hymn at Sunrise," in the *Paradise Lost*. It struck me for the first time that the five lines which speak of the "steaming lake" and their "mists and exhalations" whose "fleecy skirts" are touched with gold, as also the invocation of the pine forest which immediately follows, must

have been his recollection of these very Swiss or Italian lakes.'

In November, Stanley was in Paris, after staying with the Bishop of Moulins in his palace. And then, both Lady Augusta and the Dean hurried back to England, for the Queen wished them to go to Russia to be present when the Duke of Edinburgh married Princess Marie.[1]

[1] Later Duke and Duchess of Saxe Coburg.

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CHAPTER XIV

(1873–1876)

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(1873–1876)

I

1873–74

ALTHOUGH the journey made by Lady Augusta and the Dean to Russia makes the most brilliant chapter in their lives, it was so fully described in the later letters of Lady Augusta, that it must take a very small space in this re-telling of the Dean's story. The Dean was to perform the English ceremony at St. Petersburg and Lady Augusta was to attend as one of the Queen's ladies. They were to arrive in Russia in time for the Dean to see a festival on the Neva and the journey was to have a second pleasure in the renewing and strengthening of the friendship between the Prince of Wales and Dean Stanley.

There is a letter from Prince Edward 'concerning the observation of Sunday when we are at St. Petersburg.' The Prince adds that he is 'very liberal on that subject myself—and think that in England and especially in Scotland, we are rather narrow-minded and prejudiced as to the observation of a Sunday—At the same time, I should be the last person to wish to shock my countrymen by going to a Hall or Theatre on the Continent, if I thought I should be doing so. These I have never been to on a Sunday. . . . We are now such old friends that I can never be offended by anything you write or say to me—and shall generally I have no doubt, agree with you.'

They went to Russia in splendour, pausing in Berlin to stay with the Crown Prince and Princess. The Dean 'sat between the Crown Prince and Princess Marie—she is a very simple, innocent, pleasant girl.' He talked to Bismarck and to the Empress. With Lady Augusta, he arrived at the palace in St. Petersburg, where everything was new and smart, but 'dusty.' 'Oh! the smells,' wrote Lady Augusta, although the Dean made no comments. His own letters were written to the Queen. 'The Emperor received the Dean alone, and carried on the conversation in the most kindly and gracious manner, partly in French, partly in English. . . . The Emperor's eyes filled with tears, and he said . . . "She has been the constant joy of our lives. But so it must be. I trust that God will bless the marriage.'

One of Arthur Stanley's qualities is impressed on us as we read the letters which he wrote from Russia. Just as he sat at Westminster and understood, sympathetically, the religions of far-away countries, so when he went to those countries, the people he met broke down all barriers and accepted him, immediately and affectionately. It is almost strange to read of this English Dean, transplanted into St. Petersburg and within half an hour, enjoying the confidence of Emperor and Empress, so that they talked of their inner feelings and doubts, trusting him completely. In Germany, France, Italy and Russia, and later in America, he drew great people into his confidence. The Empress talked to him as if she were an Englishwoman, talking to a cleric she had known all her life. The Metropolitans and officials loved him and those he had met on

his previous visit threw their arms about him and kissed his cheek. Just as he unconsciously gave his love to everybody he met, so they instinctively gave it to him. There is something half amusing in the pictures of him, small and delicate, wrapped in enormous furs, driving in sledges with huge Russians, visiting the Metropolitans of St. Petersburg, Moscow and Kief. It was a glorious adventure, this going to St. Petersburg for the wedding, with magnificent services in the Cathedrals, processions of great people, heavy with jewels, and then, on the day of the ceremony on the Neva, with the processions of 'soldiers, chanters, Deacons, Archimandrites, Bishops, Metropolitans, the Emperor and all the Princes, bareheaded,' walking across the frozen river. The Palace was so immense that when Lady Augusta was summoned to the Empress she had to walk through miles of corridors. But the Dean and Lady Augusta very often withdrew from the splendour, to visit friends, in St. Petersburg and in Moscow.

Late in February, they took their last drive 'in bright sunshine in the sledge, down to the Neva, with the Laplanders and the reindeer. Then to the train.' They watched all the signs of Russia as long as they could and the 'peasants, wooden houses, gilded cupolas, fields of snow. At last all melted away.' They passed into 'the common life of Europe.'

II 1874

The Dean and Lady Augusta dined again with the Crown Prince and Princess in Berlin, and they arrived

back in England on the 25th of February. On that night, they were summoned to the Queen. From this day, Lady Augusta's health faded slowly, but still she wrote unending letters and performed unending services at Westminster. We find them both entertaining the Russian Court at Westminster, after Princess Marie arrived in England. The Dean was invited to meet the Czar again at Marlborough House and his letters record an amusing interlude, when Disraeli, who was then Prime Minister, walked out past Gladstone, recently dethroned. Disraeli turned to him and said, 'You *must* come back to us; indeed we cannot possibly do without you.' Stanley says that Gladstone turned to Disraeli with more than usual severity, and said, 'There are things possible and there are things impossible; what you ask me to do is one of the things that are impossible.' Disraeli turned to the Dean and said, 'You see what it is—the wrath, the inexorable wrath of Achilles.'

Two years afterwards, Stanley met Disraeli again, as he was walking towards Westminster Abbey and passing Whitehall. 'Suddenly Lord Beaconsfield came out into the street. I touched my hat, and was going to pass on; but he recognized me, and said something kind about what had occurred in the earlier part of the year.' [1] He then said, 'My head is full of telegrams. Will you allow me to take a turn with you and get some fresh air?' I of course assented, and we walked on towards Westminster Abbey. He said, 'To-morrow will be a great day in India. It will be New Year's Day, and the Queen will be proclaimed by her new title;

[1] The death of Lady Augusta Stanley.

the imagination of the Orientals will be strongly impressed by the pageant.'

The stories of Stanley's kindness and thoughtfulness are legion, each one contributing to that central truth—that he gave to life a hundred times more than it gave to him. His was the way of a saint, for he was always unconscious of his own needs and desires, pursuing no course that was selfish, and advancing no opinions which did not embrace the needs of others more than his own. His influence was far-reaching. The Old Catholics in Cologne and Munich looked upon him as their champion and yet, Roman Catholic prelates respected him. A French priest who aroused the anger of his Church, found a harbour at the Deanery and when the Baptists in Russia were persecuted, Stanley found a moment to speak to one of the Emperor's 'most trusted friends, to whom the matter was quite new, and who fully entered into my feelings on the occasion.' He followed up his plea with a letter. That plea, voiced when they were walking through the Abbey, led to a messenger being sent from St. Petersburg to the south of Russia, and from that moment the persecution was suppressed.

Mrs. Besant came to him, in despair because her dying mother wished to partake of the Sacrament with her. Mrs. Besant was torn between love for her dying mother and loyalty to the religious ideas she had adopted. She was the enemy of Christianity as it was preached by the Anglican Church. On her deathbed her mother had said, 'I would rather be lost with her than saved without her.' Mrs. Besant went to the Dean. She told him that she did not believe in Christ,

but that her mother was dying and fretting to take the Sacrament with her.

'You were quite right to come to me,' he said. 'Of course I will go and see your mother and I have little doubt that if you will not mind talking over your position with me, we may see our way clear to doing as your mother wishes.'

Mrs. Besant has told the story herself, with a generous understanding of the broad sympathies of the Dean. He went to her mother and then he talked with Mrs. Besant and set himself to understand her position. On the following day, he went again and celebrated Holy Communion by the bedside of her mother. Mrs. Besant writes, 'Well was I repaid for the struggle which it had cost me to ask so great a kindness from a stranger, when I saw the comfort that gentle, noble heart had given to my mother.'

III 1874–75

During 1874 and 1875, Stanley preached over the length and breadth of England, unveiling Bunyan's statue and recalling Arnold to the boys at Rugby on the thirty-second anniversary of his death. And while Lady Augusta was becoming weaker and weaker, her mental energy and unselfishness killing the strength which had already been undermined by the Russian journey, the Dean reached perhaps the greatest moment of his influence at Westminster. In far corners of the world, people read his books and their lives were made richer by them. Nearer, they came to hear him preach.

CHAPTER XIV

Towards the end of 1874, Lady Augusta was obliged to go to the French coast, for warm sea baths. He wrote to Louisa Stanley from La Rochelle: '. . . I have chosen this interesting place—this city of refuge for the Protestants of France—wherefrom to send my usual letter. Most tedious to reach—a long, long railway journey, with perpetual stoppages, but nowhere long enough to rest, brought us at 11 p.m. to this extemity of Western France. The first Hotel to which we drove was closed, the season of balls was over, the second, quite at random, an old woman put forth her head, and after a censure rebuking us for having passed her hotel before, took us in and we gradually scrambled into bed, not without bats and the like flying about. But we were quite rewarded on the morrow. We found ourselves on the slope of a beautiful bay, of which one end opened into the wide Atlantic, and the other closed in the town of La Rochelle, with its ancient towers, at the entrance of its little port.

'. . . It was charming to sit in the evening on the shores of the bay and see the bathers leap into the waters, and the towers of the ancient gates on one side, and the mound which makes the dyke of Richelieu rising from the waves at the entrance, and the unworthy commemoration of the triumph by a tall column and statue of the Virgin which have lately been erected at the place where the dyke touches the shore. Or still more beautiful to see in the depth of the night the full moon, casting a silver brilliance over the whole tranquil scene.'

Lady Augusta wrote to the Queen that she was 'Quite well, except for my knee—but the surgeons

say it is only tedious and I must have patience—Many people have great pain with such troubles—I must be thankful not to have that.'

By when they came to Paris it was hoped that the rest had restored her, but one day, when she was walking in the Champs Élysées with the Dean, 'her strength gave way suddenly.' She was taken home and then began the terrible illness from which she never recovered. It was typical of Lady Augusta, lying back in her illness, that she should watch the nurse from whom she 'learned alleviations I never should have dreamed of' and that she should have written a note to the Queen, commenting on the fact that what she had learned would be of great help in the education of the nurses in Westminster. 'I consider it one of the good things of this very severe trial that I shall now better understand what is needed in those who go to nurse the sick.' Then she wrote to her sister 'Confidential. My own, A. is out and I am up! Fire for the first time—so much better. . . . It is very slow.'

They came back to England and then followed months of suffering. The Dean sat beside her bed, day after day, finishing his lectures on the history of the Jewish Church, reading them to her until there came a time when she could bear the strain no longer.

In the year 1875, while Lady Augusta lay ill at the Deanery, the Dean worked as well as he could. He was elected Lord Rector of St. Andrews, receiving more votes than Lord Salisbury, and when he went to give the addresses as Rector, Principal Shairp wrote to Lady Augusta, then in her bed at Westminster: 'During his three days here he was at his brightest and

best, with but one thing wanting to make all perfect—your presence. In his Address on Wednesday he surpassed himself, or, rather, I should say that he was at his very best. I put his Address alongside of that wonderful burst of the Scott Centenary; only that was but twenty minutes, this was maintained for nearly an hour and a half. Everyone, old and young, was hushed and thrilled by it. I wish you had seen the faces of the students, how intent, eager, and responsive they were as they drank in every word.

'Then, at the two evening-parties, he threw himself among the students in a way that astonished everyone. Poor shy lads! they had never seen before, perhaps will never see again, such a man, addressing them in such easy, equal, and hearty terms. The naturalness and gracefulness with which he moved about from one to another surprised me, well as I knew the charm of his manner.

'His presence has been like a bright angel visit, that has sweetened many a heart not used to such things. His Address and his influence here will, I trust, be no passing, but a permanent good to the old place. Before the term of his Rectorship expires we shall hope to see him here again, and you with him, restored to health, as before.'

When Lady Augusta died, the Dean's loneliness was sad and terrible. The Queen herself came towards the end, 'to poor dear Augusta's bedroom,' and she records in her diary that the Dean told her that he 'only lived from day to day.'

The Queen wrote to the Dean: '. . . Let me once more try to express how deeply I feel for you! But it is

almost impossible, for I cannot distress you by saying too much. My sympathy and sorrow are too great. I know your beloved one so well, and love her so truly. She was with me on those two fearful nights in my life when my darling mother and when my precious husband were taken. She was so much with me during those two dreadful first years of loneliness, and was always so kind and helpful, that to think of her now as so suffering, or at least as so helpless, is terrible. May our Heavenly Father, who has sent this fearful trial, support, comfort, and sustain you!'

Lady Augusta died on March the first, in her fifty-fifth year, and when her noble and lovely presence withdrew from the Deanery, Stanley's life was emptied of its greatest influence. When his mother died, Lady Augusta came in to take her place. But this desolation coming late in his life was without remedy. Yet her strength lived with him until he died. 'Do not despair of the Church. Abate no jot nor tittle of hope,' she had said to him, almost as she was dying. And with the vigour of these sentences inspiring him, he went on through the years of life which were left to him. 'I live on, and sleep,' he wrote. 'I perform my indispensable duties. But the sunshine, the spring, the energy are gone. Will they ever return to me? Shall I be able to draw them from that brilliant, that inexhaustible past?'

Lady Augusta was buried in the Abbey, in the Chapel of Henry the Seventh. And yet in his misery, he pleaded, 'Do not pity me for Thursday'—the day she was to be buried. 'What could be more sustaining and inspiring than such a tribute rendered to the life

of my life, the heart of my heart?' And it was true, for the country mourned her. Every aspect of London life, from the Queen who sat in the Abbot's pew, to the pathetic people of the slums, came into the Abbey and heard him give the blessing at the end. He went into the Deanery then and began his 'Weary life again, without the sunshine that made it tolerable.'

IV

1876

Before Lady Augusta's tomb was finally closed, one of the workers found a little plant growing out of the earth. He uprooted it carefully, and took it to the Dean. 'It is now on the point of bursting into a white flower,' he wrote to the Queen, 'the emblem of beauty and purity springing from the grave.' 'I thought that Your Majesty would be touched by the good man's devotion, as I was. The little plant is now in one of my windows, waiting for the sunshine to bring it out.'

CHAPTER XV

(1876–1881)

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I

1876

AFTER Lady Augusta died, Arthur Stanley went to Portugal. His zeal for history broke through his grief at times, but he shrank from every place associated with his wife's memory. He went to Portugal, hoping to shake off some of his depression by being 'where my beloved one was not with me.' He took his grief deep into himself, and even feared the prospect of staying with Madame Mohl in Paris, in 'those dear rooms' where he had first met her.

But Portugal was 'marvellously uninteresting' in the main and 'the charm of seeing new places' had vanished. He wrote of 'the mediocrity of Portugal, in churches, castles, scenery and wine vintage—for the very wine pressers were more like convicts on a treadmill than the inheritors of the most ancient institution of the civilized world.' He crossed into Spain and was distressed to find that the Archbishop of Grenada had gone to Lourdes. 'Had he gone to Compostella that would have been right and proper; but that he should run after so brand-new a superstition as that of Lourdes is indeed distressing.'

Lady Augusta Stanley's death shows the Queen in a very tender and happy light, for it proves that her sympathy went far past the sentimentality of which she is so much accused. The Queen's underlinings of words and plethora of sad adjectives may savour of

sentimentality, but when one reads the letters she wrote to the Dean, one is helped towards a deeper understanding of what grief meant to her. The underlinings and the adjectives were no more than the plumes and flowers of the funeral.

The Dean wrote to her of every circumstance. We find him back at Westminster, sitting beside a servant who had become blind, pleading and explaining. We find him at Osborne, planting a Chinese juniper, in memory of Lady Augusta.

The editors of this book went to Osborne about two years ago, and tried to find the juniper tree. Perhaps it had been lost in the tangle of the woods, for it could not be traced. But the earth was sweet with primroses and violets, inviting Victorian ghosts to return to this beautiful place, so much loved by the Queen and her ladies. Even the Naval College and the sight of nurses moving about the lawns were not enough to tear and destroy the web of Victorian gracefulness, which was spread over Osborne.

II 1877–78

Lord Ernle draws us a picture of Arthur Stanley, returning to Westminster, 'his frugal breakfast . . . prepared as Lady Augusta had prepared it, and his *Times* taken from him and read aloud, lest, absorbed in its contents, he should altogether omit the meal.' This attention in his last years, was shared between Mrs. Drummond of Megginch, Lady Frances Baillie (Lady Augusta's sister), and Mary Stanley. The Dean admitted that there were two things he could not do:

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'One is to understand arithmetic, the other is to take care of myself.' A hundred interests crowded in upon him, to make these last years as active as any in his life. He preached in churches, far and wide, he finished the third volume of the *Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church*, he found new treasures in the Abbey, he read Scott again and again and, with almost as much hospitality as in the years before, he filled the Deanery with interesting people. The meetings of the Committee for the Revision of the New Testament were held in the Jerusalem Chamber, which is part of the Deanery, so he had an active interest for ever at hand.

Pio Nono died in February of 1878. The King of Italy had died a month before and the two dramas in Italy's story aroused the Dean to keen excitement. He wrote verses upon the occasion for the Queen and told her how much he would have 'enjoyed being there' for the election of the new Pope, and added, 'I almost think *we* should have attended it. But now I have not the spirit for it and Rome especially is a place where I should most painfully feel the absence of the companionship which made everything doubly charming.'

He threw his fiery eagerness into the cause of the Burials Bill, which was temporarily dropped.[1] Through all the parliamentary dissensions, he fought to preserve the good will between the Church and the Non-conformists, and it seemed that his power for promoting peace was as great as that of a hundred men who worked against it. Again in 1880, we find him standing

[1] The Bill was carried in 1880.

up before an angry meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. They tried to shout him down because he championed Colenso. The brave little figure was undaunted and he wrote later, 'Considering the provocation I give, I have met with a generosity and sympathy for which I must always be grateful.' He did not cease to be provoking until he died—that was, whenever a cause demanded it.

The charm and zest of the historian never left him. When he went to Keswick, to lecture on Southey, 'He traced every spot in the district which was connected with the life of the poet in whose verses he never ceased to delight.' We find him with a Quaker family, at Darlington, who wrote of him afterwards, '. . . Gradually he came out of his shell. First one quiet little remark, then another; then an anecdote or a passage of delicate drollery—and presently we were all listening and all charmed.'

Nor did he lose his capacity for making new friends, and even thus late, somebody whom he met for the first time wrote, 'I scarcely knew how precious was the little fragment of Stanley's friendship which I had till I found that I should meet him no more.'

When he went abroad, he paused at Domrémy, and wrote to the Queen, 'I saw a place which my dear one and I had always wished to see, and had not seen—Domrémy, the birthplace of Joan of Arc. I read again the whole story of the Maid, and thought it one of the most interesting and extraordinary mixtures of superstition, heroism, and good-sense on her part, and ingratitude, stupidity, and cruelty on the part of the French and English.'

CHAPTER XV

III 1878

Towards the close of 1878, Arthur Stanley went to America. For the last time, the spirit of adventure stirred within him and he sailed away, almost like a boy, reading Fenimore Cooper, gathering books of information, and setting out, very proud of the fact that he could already 'repeat the names of all the Presidents, and explain the meaning of Republican and Democrat.' America received him generously, and in return, he gave them a spiritual stimulus and an ideal which stayed with those who met him, for many years after he died. There was nothing old to entrance him, but the life and the vigour of a young country were a new experience for him.

Again we turn to Phillips Brooks, this time for a record of the first service at which Stanley preached in America. It was in Trinity Church in Boston, on the 22nd of September, 1878. 'He had been but a few days in America. It was the first time that he had looked an American congregation in the face. The Church was crowded with men and women, of whom he only knew that to him they represented the New World. He was for the moment the representative of English Christianity. And as he spoke the solemn words [of the Blessing], it was not a clergyman dismissing a congregation: it was the Old World blessing the New; it was England blessing America. The voice trembled, while it grew rich and deep, and took every man's heart into the great conception of the act that filled itself.'

Readers of these letters will know Stanley well

enough by now, to appreciate the description of him in the *Boston Post*. 'He was dressed in a faded and weatherbeaten overcoat, and wore, quite on the back of his head, a very disreputable-looking soft hat. . . . With the agility of a much younger man, he ran up the steps of his hotel and disappeared.' His excuse for the 'disreputable hat' was that it had saved him 'from the difficulty of diving to the bottom of the box, where the new hat is buried.'

At Westminster, his imagination could play over eight hundred years of history. In America, the oldest celebration he saw was the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the first Governor of Salem. But even here, he played with the past when he spoke to them, in the magic way which made it possible for him to take people and occasions from old centuries and make them alive, in a sentence of two.

He commented on the 'remarkable circumstance . . . that whereas, when the health of the President of the United States was given with the American National air, the guests remained seated; when "Our Old Homes" was given with my name, and "God Save the Queen" was played, the whole audience rose. This, I was told, was always done.'

His comments on all he saw were lively and interesting. He thought the newspapers to be 'by far the worst specimens of American life'; he stayed with Bancroft the historian, 'a wonderful old man of eighty-two, with all his faculties about him, and driving his two horses up hill and down dale, only restrained by the remonstrances of his negro servant.' Something of the energy of his Oxford days seemed to return to him.

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He paused in New York for three hours 'to catch the American Revisers of the Bible version, who were there for that one day only. They received me with the greatest delight.'

In Philadelphia, he stayed 'in a white marble palace with blue satin rooms' and when he preached there, 'Grove[1] corrected the proof sheets of the report. The printing was of the most illiterate kind.' He went also to a Negro Methodist meeting house, where the preacher 'was a Mulatto, not wholly illiterate but with a rant and raving beyond anything I ever heard. . . . A most hideous exhibition.' He went from city to city, 'the successive slides of a magic lantern—new scenes, new faces, new incidents in each.' Every little place with an historical association started the flame of the historian in him; he paused at the scene of the execution of André, and he walked over the country which was covered with stories of Irving. Just as the boy at Rugby had gone to hunt out the story of Lawrence Sheriff, the Founder of Rugby, so the older man walked over the ground where André was captured. 'The execution had been on the other side of the river. . . . It was a much more secluded region, the villages and names all Dutch. We found a most intelligent Dutch doctor, who said that he knew Egypt better from *Sinai and Palestine* than from anything he had ever read; and he took us to an old man of ninety-two, whose mother had been present at the death, and who himself had seen the open grave when the bones were removed in 1824. At Albany, afterwards,

[1] Afterwards Sir George Grove, who accompanied him to America.

we saw the very papers that were drawn out of his boots, or rather his stockings, at the time of his capture. It is astonishing what an interest still attaches to the story here.'

Niagara and the St. Lawrence awakened his descriptive talent, but he saw in both of them a human significance rather than a miracle of nature. 'It was midnight, the moon was full' when he stood on the bridge and saw 'the ceaseless contortion, confusion, whirl, and chaos which burst forth in clouds of foam from that immense central chasm which divides the American from the British dominion. . . . I saw an emblem of the devouring activity and ceaseless, restless, beating whirlpool of existence in the United States. But into the moonlight sky there rose a cloud of spray, twice as high as the Falls themselves, silent, majestic, immovable.' He saw in that silver column, with an optimism which was perhaps premature, 'an image of the future of American destiny, of a pillar of light which should emerge from the distractions of the present, a likeness to the buoyancy and hopefulness which characterizes you, both as individuals and as a nation.'

The Heights of Abraham thrilled him too, and he saw again 'the little, sickly, red-haired English hero, General Wolfe,' and 'his chivalrous adversary, the French Montcalm.' On the shores of Lake George, he found a maple 'like a burning bush,' growing apparently from the same stem as an oak tree. He saw in this, 'an emblem of the bonds of union' which united England and America. He stayed with Emerson, 'a very interesting, though melancholy

visit; his mind unbroken, but his loss of words most distressing.'

He adds a delicious postscript to one of his letters. It is after he has fallen under the spell of Americanisms, and he writes, 'Well, "I guess" I will "go right away," and "start out in advertising" you, lest you should "reckon" that I have been only "fuss and feathers," or "a frizzle and a fraud."

'I trust you have not "torn down" St. Margaret's, and that you have "picked up" all the seats. It seems "way off" to Westminster. We hear that Dr. Farrar is "a very lovely man." We have "gone ahead" every day, and our knowledge in this country is now "pretty considerable."

'. . . Everything has been "handsome." We have none of us yet got "a complete suit of hair," though often near to it. Now our appetites are "sharp set for dinner," so I must "mail" this letter, and ask you to "rush" its contents to Mrs. Drummond, etc.'

Before he sailed from America, he wrote to the Queen, 'The whole journey has given me a deeper impression of the great responsibilities of England. The Americans are evidently open to the strongest influence from our example, both for good and evil. They eagerly catch at any failure in public honesty, like the misconduct of the Glasgow directors, as an excuse for their own corruptions, and, on the other hand, any high character in the high places of the old country leaves a lasting impression upon them. How very much they honoured my dear Augusta!'

IV 1879

The stimulus of the American visit was short-lived, for he returned to Westminster only to find people passing out of his life, in death or, if they were young, to fresh interests. His secretary, Henry Montgomery,[1] left him to accept a living. Montgomery wrote a record of the last Sunday morning before he departed, when Stanley read a sermon over to him. 'After we had read it, he said "I feel like Abraham."

'I said, "Why?"

'He looked up at me and took my hand, and burst into tears, saying, "My only son! My dearly beloved son!" and could not go on.'

The dissatisfactions and dissensions over the Prince Imperial's monument depressed him and made him weary. His forces and powers were 'shattered and withered.' He sought the peace of Megginch, and then, he went abroad with his sister, to Switzerland and to Italy. It was a journey 'over the ashes of the past. It was the first I ever took with Catherine[2] when all was new; then again, with my dear Mother; then once and again with my dear Augusta; and now I feel that this is for the last time. . . . The one object that always seems to me of unfailing interest is Leonardo da Vinci's picture of the Last Supper. . . . In the midst is the perfectly calm, unmoved figure of the Master. It is brought out by St. John having withdrawn himself to one side, as if to let us see Him and by the bright light in the window of the chamber behind, through which we look far away into the blue hills of Judea.'

[1] Afterwards Bishop of Tasmania. [2] His sister, Mrs. Vaughan.

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But he came back to the persisting agitation against the erection of the Prince Imperial's monument. Jowett, for ever his friend, although these later letters contain too few references to him, wrote to him on this and other matters affecting the last years of his life. 'It always seemed to me,' he wrote to Stanley, 'that the last ten years of life are the most important of all (and for myself I build my hopes entirely on what I can do in them). I sometimes fear that you are allowing yourself to be crushed by personal misfortunes—some very real, like the loss of dear Lady Augusta, which I shall never cease to lament, but others partly fanciful, like this matter of the Prince Imperial, which really does not affect you in any important manner. Will you not shake this off and fix your mind exclusively on high things? I really believe that this "expulsive power" is necessary for your happiness. I am certain that your talents are as good as ever and your experience far greater. I am not flattering you when I say that you are the most distinguished clergyman in the Church of England, and could do more than any one towards the great work of placing religion on a rational basis. If you can accomplish this task you may effect more good and have a much more enduring fame than any Bishop or Archbishop of the English Church.'

Jowett urged Stanley to write a great and final book 'into which your whole soul and life may be thrown, all the better because the truths of which you speak have been realized by suffering.'

He pointed out that such a labour would require Stanley to withdraw a good deal from society and from Convocation. . . . As for Convocation, your

friends regret your going to a place where they are rude to you. . . . Will you reflect upon the whole matter? Forty years ago, we all expected you to be the most distinguished man among us, and you must not disappoint us.'

But another death was to come, with its new shadow, and he returned to Alderley to bury his sister Mary. 'It was like a dream,' he wrote, '—the yew tree, the little white cross, the rough Cheshire accent, quite unchanged.' Perhaps Jowett did not realize that it was Stanley's way to do his greatest work among people and not within the compass of a book. He did gather his experiences and thoughts together in a last volume called *Christian Antiquities*, but when 1880 came, his strength failed. 'I am too old for travelling,' he said—he was then sixty-six years old—and when he went to Oxford, he was sad, because he felt that he belonged to 'another period of its existence.' Stanley had belonged to his generation, as the gentle good man who walked with them, supporting them with the example of his virtue, inspiring them with his zeal and loving them, for their good more than for his own satisfaction. But his generation was passing and he imagined that the public were no longer interested in anything that he had to tell them. That fearful little admission of the old man, 'If I am still alive,' crept into his letters, when he spoke of a project and a new year. When he went abroad, he did not discover new scenes so much as remember old ones, and when he stood in the Champs Élysées, he did not look forward, but back to an old story. He stood there and waved his umbrella and recalled the speech Lamartine had made to save the Tricolour. He went to

a service in Paris, at the Chapel of Père Hyacinth, and we see him sitting *inside* the Communion rails, with his goloshes and umbrella, while the Priests moved about in gorgeous vestments, the Père himself in a yellow stole or chasuble.

At Biarritz the schoolboy made his last effort to enliven the frame of the old man and Bishop Montgomery wrote of him, 'Clad in a knickerbocker suit, with the addition of a huge sugarloaf hat, which completely concealed his head. Then he advanced at a hand-gallop across the sands at a dashing pace. He met a wave about two feet high and fell on his nose, vanishing, knickerbockers and all, for one brief moment. Then he turned and beaming like Pickwick, made for his shed. He was hugely delighted with his achievement, and afterwards, as he sate drinking his chocolate in the café, he said with glee, "I feel like a schoolboy who has done something wrong, to whom no harm has happened."'

The picture of any great man's last year is sad, when it is a year of slow fading towards death. But even thus ageing, in his sixty-seventh year, we find him in the house where 'young Prince Edward was murdered by "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence."' Then he adds, 'I insisted on the carpet being rolled back that I might see the blood stains on the floor.'

The century too was growing old. Carlyle was dead and Stanley had preached a sermon on his death. Disraeli too had died, and the Queen had written to Stanley from Osborne of 'his devotion and kindness to me, his wise counsels, his great gentleness combined with firmness, his *one* thought of the honour and glory

of the country, and his unswerving loyalty to the throne, make the death of my dear Lord Beaconsfield a national calamity. My grief is great and lasting.'

The Queen had signed her letter, 'Ever yours affectionately,' for in his later years, his character had impressed itself upon her more and more, and there are many letters which show how dear his friendship was to her.

In July of 1881, he was preaching a course of sermons. He was about to go into the Abbey, but Lady Frances Baillie found him 'walking up and down the library, with his face drawn and pale, and his hands as cold as ice.' He insisted on preaching and his sermon grew out of the words, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.' He did not preach in Westminster again, and on July 18th he died and was buried in the Abbey, beside Lady Augusta.

His death was as sad as his life was rich and alive, and his spirit, which still casts a glow over the story of Westminster, joined that company of uncanonised saints whose names may be forgotten but whose virtue was so bright in their time that it makes history radiant. Reading his hundreds of letters allows one to know him, and to have known him was one of the most beautiful experiences of the nineteenth century.

In his essay on Arthur Stanley, Phillips Brooks wrote that after Canon Farrar administered the Sacrament to him on his deathbed, 'the voice of the dying Dean was heard feebly blessing his friends and blessing the world that he was leaving. . . . Wherever he went, whatever he did, he carried a benediction with him.'

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